LUCKY BAG

STATES NAVY

1990

Color In A Black And White World

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THE CLASS OF 1990
Presents
THE LUCKY BAG
To
The United States Naval Academy

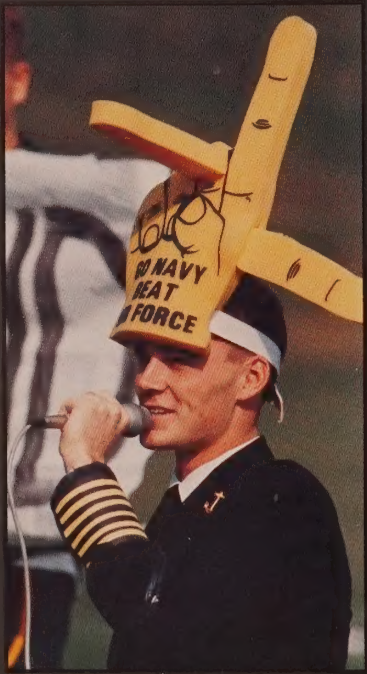
COLOR IN A BLACK AND WHITE WORLD

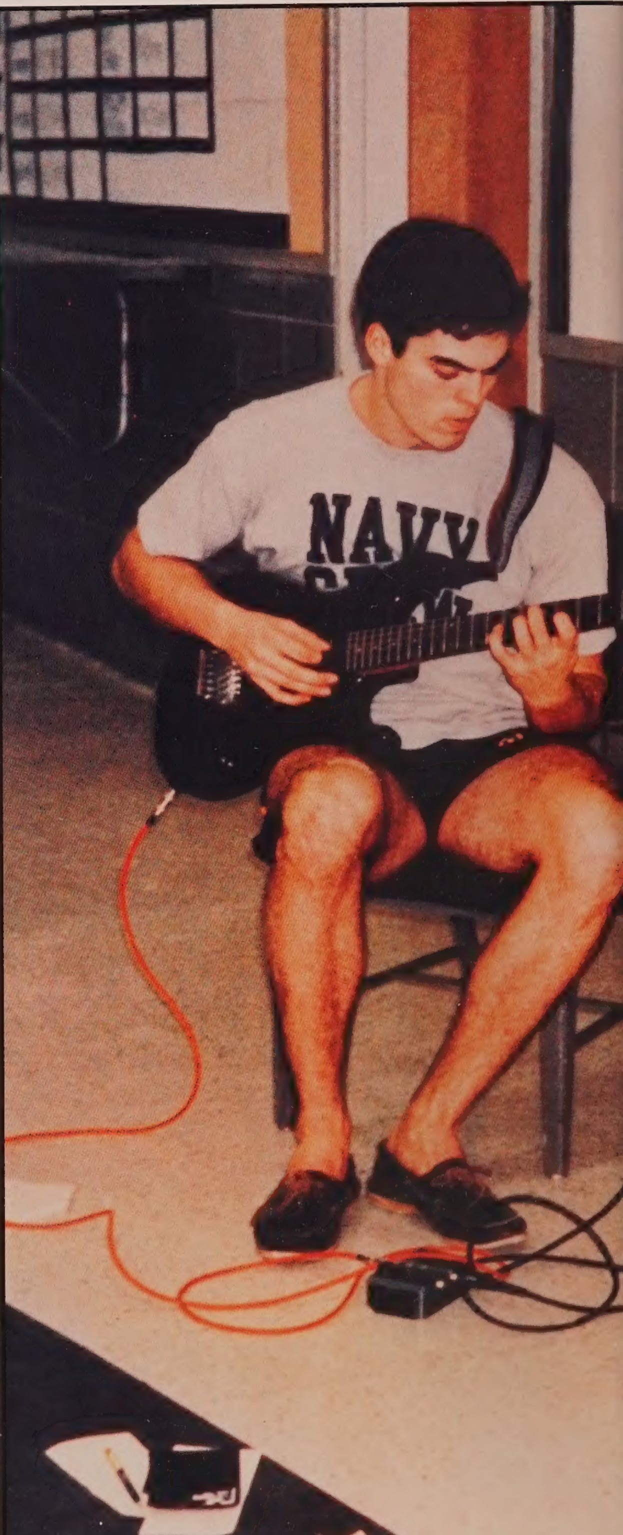
Following in the footsteps of graduates from the past 145 years, we midshipman participate in many traditions. Disciplined by austere regulations and rigorous schedules, all of us share nearly identical experiences in professional training, academics, and Hall life. And though the sharp Navy uniforms and closely cropped hair may sometimes make it difficult to discern one midshipman from the next, we are not stripped of our individual characters. Each differing personality adds Color in a Black and White World.

Color In A Black And White World

We are engineers and scientists always striving to understand the incredibly technical world we live in today. Our core curriculum includes two semesters each of chemistry, physics, and electrical engineering, four semesters of naval engineering, and six credit hours of mechanical engineering. Additionally, we study numerous professional courses that cover navigation, shiphandling, and leadership skills, but there is much more . . .

CETONE

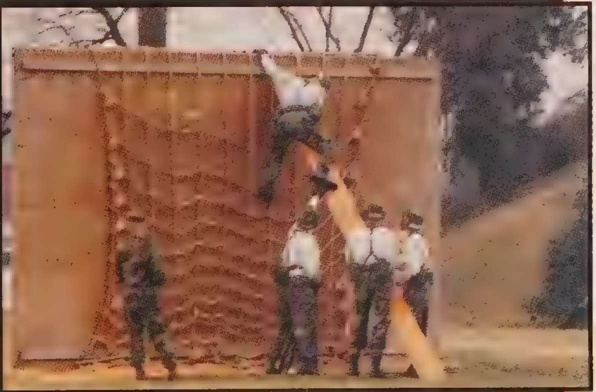

GO NAVY
BEAT
FORCE


NAVY

. . . more than the textbook rigors. Midshipmen are artists, poets, singers, musicians and comedians. Take a walk down the passageway on any given Friday night and you'll see a guy playing a guitar with a couple of classmates singing some familiar tunes. Perhaps, if you hear the Glee Club's mellifluous voices singing "Eternal Father" you'll understand the diversity that typifies the Brigade.

Color In A Black And White World

Outsiders often only see one side of our lives— the professional side. They see us at drill or on YP's and they conjure up visions of us serving at sea or in the field as Marines. Watching a Pre-Bulldog platoon in full utilities train at the O-course, it is easy for a bystander to assume we are fixated on the purely military aspect of Academy life. But if they would look a little closer . . .



. . . they would see friendships building and young people simply having fun. The intensity of the pressures we endure here are equaled by the intensity of our relationships. We enjoy picnics and barefoot walks in the grass just like our civilian counterparts. Perhaps we enjoy those little things even more because they are so rare in our lives.

Color In A Black And White World

As a memory book, the Lucky Bag endeavors to capture moments that will stir up emotions and thoughts we all associate with our time here. Of course, we can't catch every one, but we do wish to paint a picture of this year using the colors of the midshipmen spirit and enthusiam to cover the canvas of this book.

THE YEAR

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Seasons change as the year progresses. The same four seasons greet us all four years, but what makes one winter unlike the previous winter? What is it that distinguishes this summer from the next? The experiences of each member of the Brigade are the hues that paint the scenes of each time period in our minds. We hope this section triggers some of those memories.

Plebes

I-Day on seven July. Coach Tranquill says goodbye. Issued canteens. Computer screens. James Webb in office. Dave Robinson, our offense. A ninety second quarter pace. Plebe mixer, pretty face? Red corvettes. Football bets. Herndon lard. Army hits hard.

Youngsters

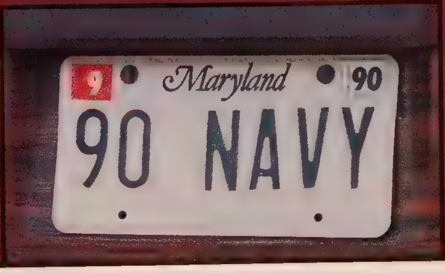
Scrambled friends. Gray hull ends. Mastering the rack. New Coach Uzelac. Stereos tune in. Upperclass weekends begin. Sunday liberty in town. An early youngster comearound. Working jackets out of style. Majors courses begin to pile. Being called "Sir" or "Ma'am." We lose to Army once again.

Second Class

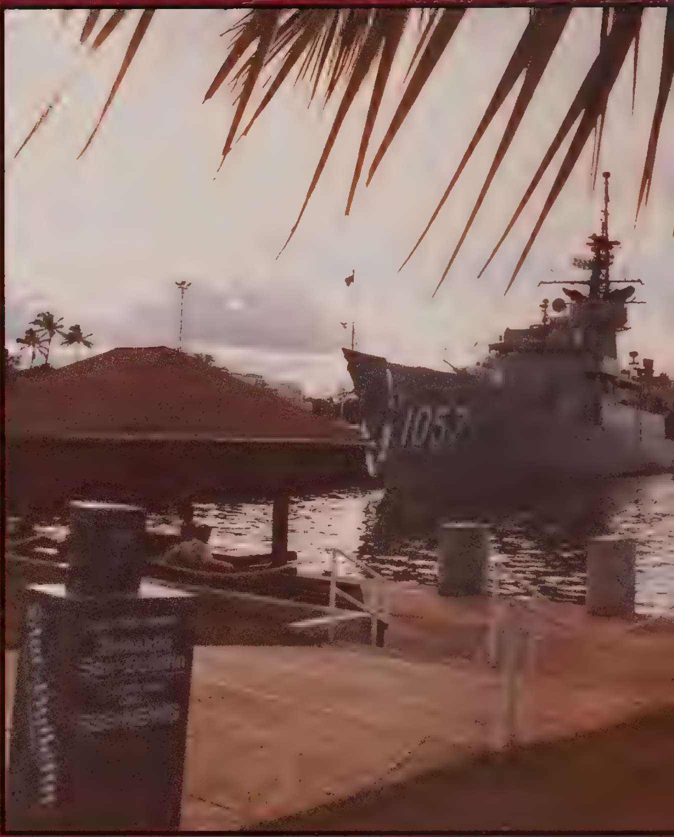
Ambush. Combat town. Noon meal comearound. Pensacola training flight. Public speaking stage fright. Admiral Hill. Captain Preuher. Forty-five hundred. The TEAM is here. Career loan. Class ring stone. Car costs. Another Army loss.

Firstie

Forty year swim test. Ceremony for the JCS. CDO watch bill. Honor grad, Mrs. Hill. O-club on a week night. Safety standdown. Security tight. Personalized license plate. "Navel" Academy diploma late. Graduation "Hurray!" yells. June Week wedding bells. Another class is history. With a nineteen to seventeen victory.



Gray Hull Cruise



Having completed another academic year, the mids go their separate ways for the summer to gain practical experience and a taste of life in the Fleet. Traveling all around the world on virtually every type of ship in the Navy, mids engage in one of the most important aspects of their training.

NAVY

M
BIG DADDY

Sail Cruise

The Command Seamanship Training Squadron offers midshipmen an alternative to taking a second grey hull cruise. During SAILTRAMID, the first class earn their "D" Qualifications by being a skipper of a sailboat and taking responsibility for a crew of six third class. For the youngsters, the voyages to the Bahamas and New England give them a chance to try out their seamanship skills.

Indoctrination Day

US NA
INDOCTRINATION DAY
1989

Their apprehensive minds overwhelmed with a multitude of activities and instructions, the Class of '93 arrives at USNA. The day seems to go quickly and yet last forever. Hair is cut and civilian clothes are exchanged for the familiar "Dixie Cup" and white works as the new plebes take their first step on a long journey.

BURKE '93
COBB '93
CLOYD '93
CLAY '93
BRUNS '93
RHOATE '93
DIBELLA '93

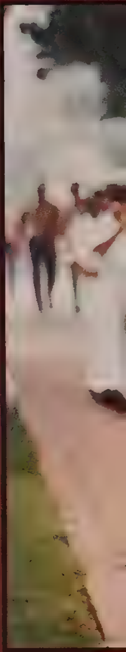
Plebe Summer

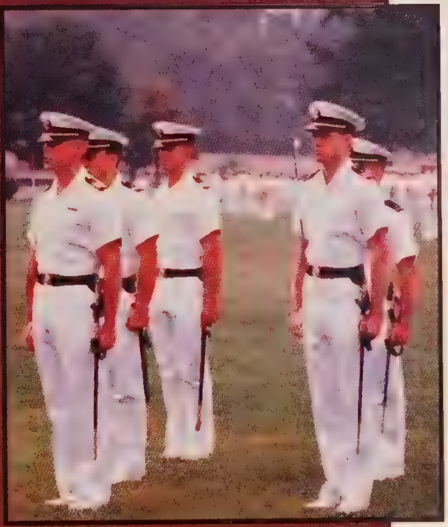
During the summer, the plebes must meet and overcome the challenges of uniform races, innumerable rates, physical training, military indoctrination, and the Annapolis humidity. A rigorously intense six weeks integrates these young men and women into the Brigade of Midshipmen.

16

Plebe Detail

At a place where the highest value is placed on leadership, the experience that is gained by the midshipmen who serve on Plebe Detail is invaluable. Much responsibility is given to these men and women who lead the plebes in their transition from civilians to fourth class midshipmen.





Plebes' Parents' Weekend

After five weeks of indoctrination, plebes and parents tearfully reunite. The next 48 hours is a time for plebes to exchange tales of success and failure, with promises of support from Mom and Dad.

Return Of The Brigade

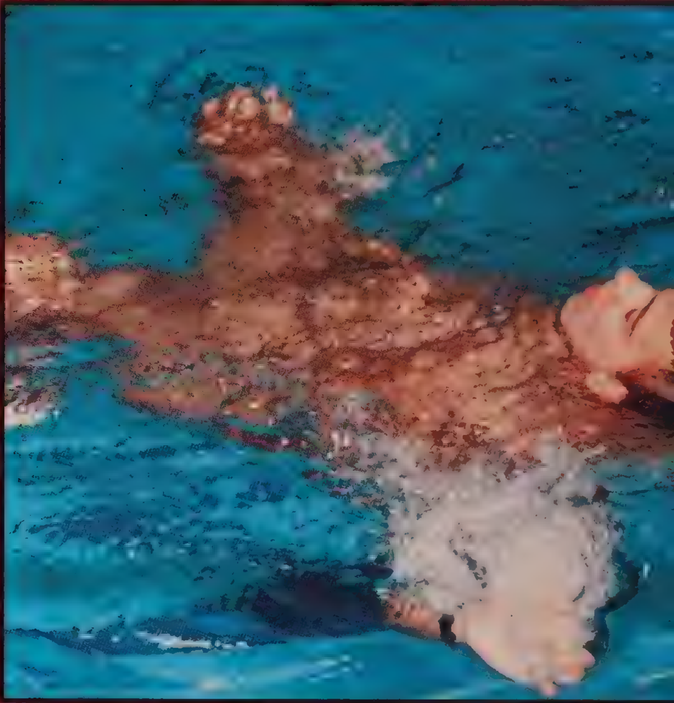
As summer draws to a close, upperclass midshipmen return to the Academy from all over the world. They prepare for the start of another academic year, and the plebes prepare to face and overcome yet another challenge as they merge with the rest of the Brigade.

WOMENS HEAD

Two For Seven

Committing to classmates, service, and country, the Class of 1991 affirms their loyalty to the Navy by signing on for seven more years.

Forty Year Swim



The culmination of a rigorous four-year swimming program occurs during firstie year in what has come to be known as the "40-year swim." Once finished though, the Class of '90 knew that they had met another challenge to their mental and physical toughness.

Parent's Weekend

Yo, Dad! Over Here!

Just three short years after bidding farewell to their plebes, the parents of the Class of '90 return to the Academy to visit their sons and daughters as leaders of the Brigade. Highlights of the weekend include an outside formation, a meal or two in King Hall, a football game, a class tailgater, and, perhaps most importantly, time for family get-togethers.

Hi Mom
!!
Hi Dad

PEPSI

Admiral Crowe's Retirement

A Heart of Gold

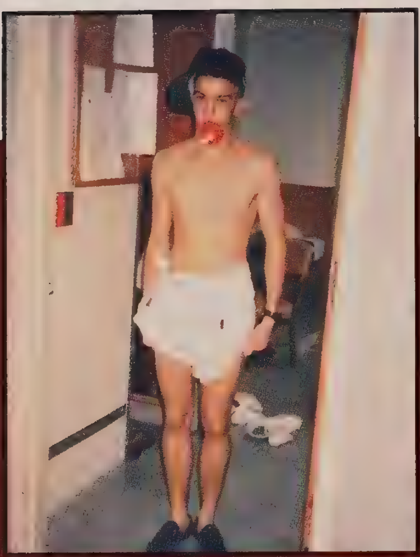
Amidst a mass of police and Secret Service Agents, congressmen, heads of state, and even our Commander-in-Chief gathered to witness the retirement of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral James Crowe. First class midshipmen, dressed in choker whites, had the honor of attending the colorful event.

Pep Rallies

Hords of mids pour into T-Court just minutes before taps in a demonstration of comradery and loyalty to 4500 THE TEAM. Call them spontaneous, call them planned, but USNA pep rallies are always fun interruptions in the schedule.

NAVY
NAVY

Stupid Mid Tricks

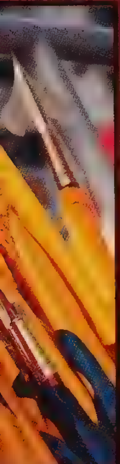


Military bearing and professionalism are occasionally set aside to allow midshipmen to demonstrate their ability to perform strange and colorful acts. This provision of comic relief is usually the result of a friendly bet that no one really loses.

March-On

Sounds of bellowed cadences and stomping feet halt as the Brigade forms to tip their covers to the opponent and cheer for Navy. This eloquent gesture can probably be interpreted as, "May the best team win."

91
NAVY
91



Game Entertainment

Cheerleaders, Mr. Pep, Bill the Goat, paratroopers, and WRNV DJ's keep us entertained while we await kick-off and another Navy victory.

NAVY
NAVY

1953

Tenth Co. Players

The Tenth Company Players endeavor to provide mids, who through the week are immersed in the rigors of academy life, a chance to sit back, relax, and laugh at themselves.

Tailgaters

Tailgaters are as much a part of Navy traditions as its football games are. They provide a place for midshipmen to congregate, socialize, and to quench the thirsts they have worked up in cheering on Navy football.

NAVY
77

Air Force Week

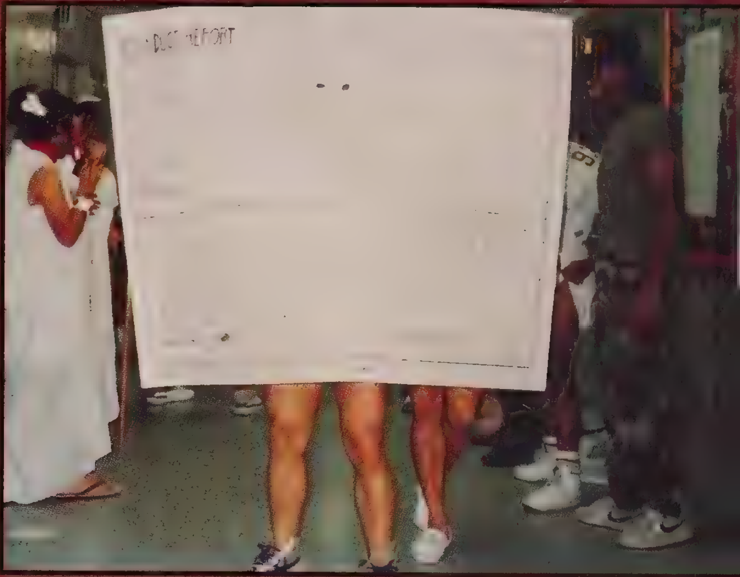
The traditional Falcon Roast, the push-up contest, and recon raids conducted against the exchange Zoomies all characterize the week prior to the Air Force game. Though initiated by Air Farce, we won the push-up contest hands down.

NAVY

NAVY

Pump it up!

Halloween



Just as do children of all ages, midshipmen don makeshift costumes on this traditional night of pranks and capers. After dinner, Trick-or-Treat goes in company area and upperclass get their fill of chocolate and candy.

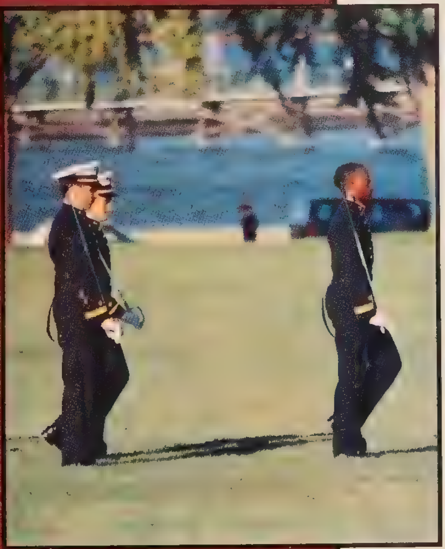
SMOKE

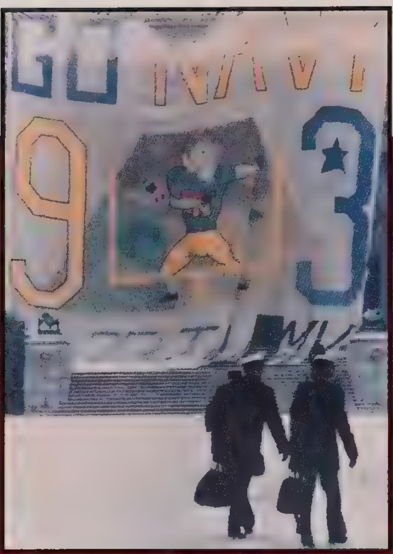
Plebe Mixer

At the invitation of the Naval Academy, young ladies from around the region come to Dahlgren Hall to meet and mingle with the Class of '93. The mixer is a welcome reprieve to the hectic plebe schedules as it is a prime opportunity to relax, listen to music, and interact with members of the opposite sex.

Psyched For Drill!

Following the barked commands of a platoon or company commander, we proudly display our discipline and teamwork while drilling on the many fields and roads of the Academy. The platoon drill competition was a little more difficult this year, but it surely made the parades look sharper.





Army Week

Recons, shaving cream parties, rumbles, pep rallies, bonfire, sheet posters at the Pentagon, exchange cadets on the run and finally the football relay to the Meadowlands. Homework? Class? Too much fun, so little time. . .

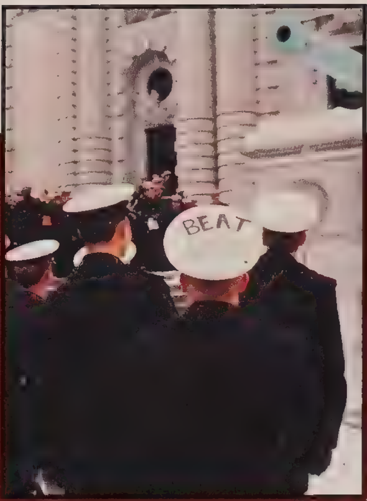
BEAT ARMY
BEAT ARMY

BEAT ARMY

Army/Navy Game

After a week of hoopla and highjinx, it all came down to three points in the last eleven seconds of the CLASSIC Army/Navy rivalry. The Class of 1990 tasted victory over the Cadets for the first time during their tenure at Navy, but it was certainly worth the wait.

BEAT ARMY



Bell Ringing

Bell gongs resound through T-Court to signify Navy's many triumphs over Army. On this day our proud athletes receive the recognition they truly deserve. Well done!

Our Town

Make-up and costumes transform midshipmen into citizens of a small community as the Masqueraders take the stage in Our Town.

Winter Scenes

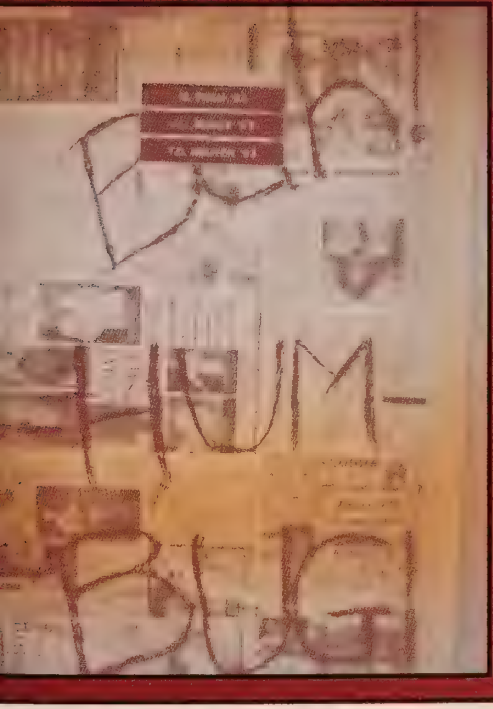
A blanket of white covers the Yard, making it seem even more beautiful and peaceful than usual. Classes still go, and the steps of thousands of mids going to class turn the pure snow into slippery slush. But never fear, we can find enough snow to wage the occasional snowball fight.

UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY
FOUNDED 1845

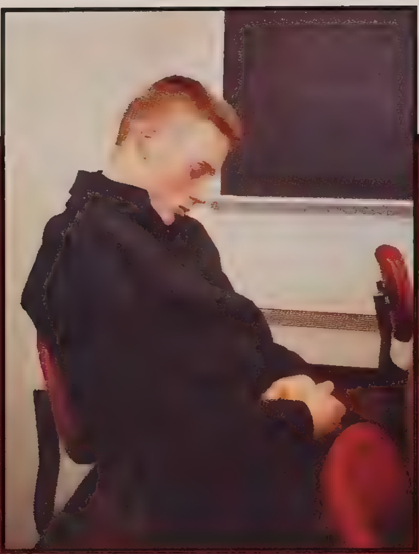
Christmas In The Hall

Midshipmen deck the halls of Bancroft and the walls of their rooms with Christmas decorations of all shapes and forms. Christmas carols replace the usual rock 'n' roll music as everyone prepares for finals and his long-awaited trip home.

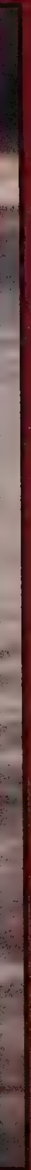
NAVY
SAILIN


HUM-
BUG

Dark Ages



"Dark" aptly describes both the days of winter and the spirit of the Brigade during the period between Christmas and our next leave. Spring break seems a world away, but, despite popular belief, the Dark Ages do not last forever.



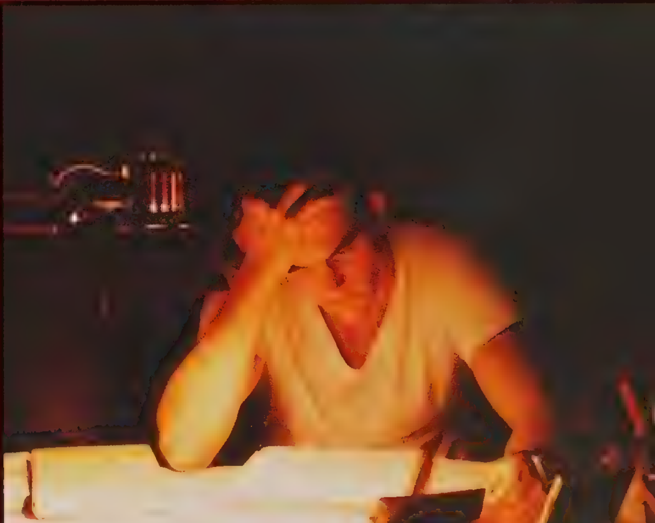
Blood Drives

"Give the gift of life." Each Tuesday a different battalion sponsors a blood drive from 1000-1400. Mids demonstrate their willingness to help others as they freely donate their blood in the hope that their sacrifice will one day save a life.

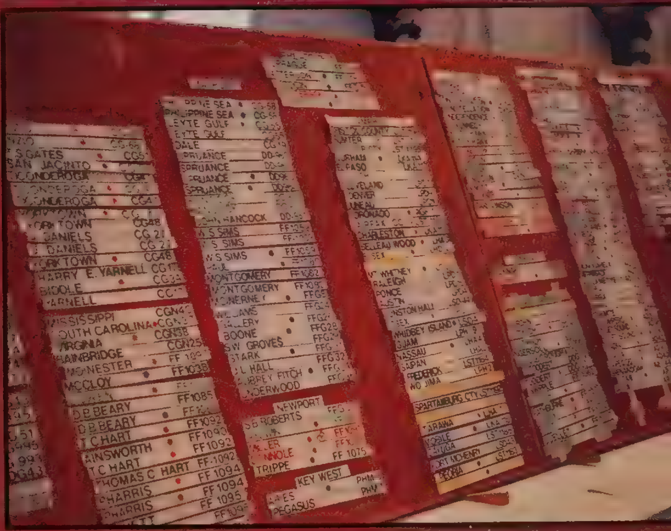
SOMETIMES
SEEN
BUT
HEARD
10"

Study Hour

Hall lights are extinguished and plebes cease chopping and sounding off. Another study hour commences as midshipmen settle down to write papers, read assignments, and study for their upcoming tests.

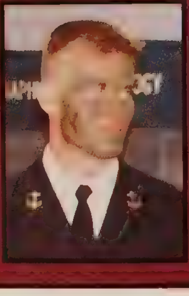


Service Selection



S GATES
SAN JACINTO
TICONDEROGA
YORKTOWN
DANIELS
HARRY E. YARNELL
BIDDLE
YARNELL
MISSISSIPPI
SOUTH CAROLINA
VIRGINIA
BAINBRIDGE
MCCLOY
D B BEARY
T C HART
AINSWORTH
THOMAS C HART
HARRIS
PHILIPPINE SEA
LEYTE GULF
SPRUANCE
JOHN HANCOCK
W S SIMS
MONTGOMERY
BOONE
S W GROVES
STARK
L HALL
UNDERWOOD
NEWPORT
S B ROBERTS
TRIPPE
KEY WEST
PEGASUS
EL PASO
CHARLESTON
MT WHITNEY
RALEIGH
PONCE
NASSAU
SAIPAN
IWO JIMA
SPARTANBURG CTY

On this day, the first class choose the first duty station of their careers as officers in the Navy or Marine Corps. Ninety did some deep thinking and hoping before this decision, and it seems that both they and the Navy got what they wanted.



Spring Break

Mids celebrate the end of the dark ages and take a much needed respite from the second academic semester. They journey to Florida, Hawaii and other exotic (or not-so-exotic) places, often in search of the perfect beach and the perfect tan.

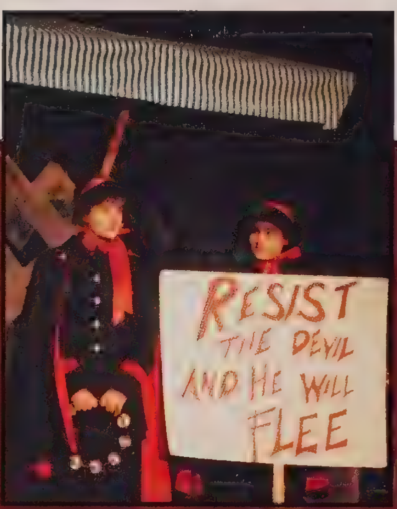
Dinings-In

Toasts are proposed, glasses are clanged, and spirits are lifted as the members of the company gather together for a night of fun and laughter. The dining-in is full of tradition and military protocol, and is typical of the many ceremonies in which officers in the Fleet participate.

Hops

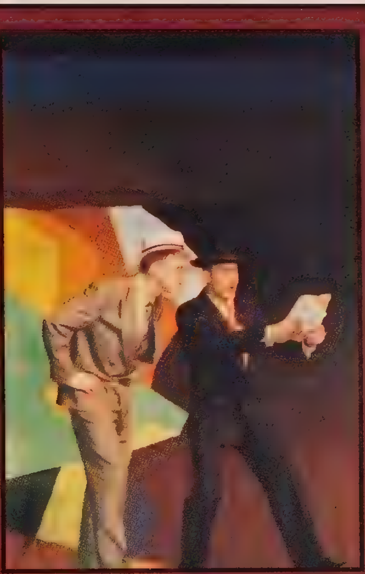
The academy invites civilian students from area colleges to attend the informal hops and to mingle with the midshipmen. At the formal hops, the mids dress up a little more and usually escort dates. Dahlgren Hall provides the setting for evenings of fun and possibly, romance.

Guys And Dolls


RESIST
THE DEVIL
AND HE WILL
FLEE

The Glee Club treated both the Brigade and Annapolitans to a night of song and dance. In their rendition of Damon Runyon's *Guys and Dolls*, they portrayed the pristine Sarah Brown and her whirlwind romance with gambler Sky Masterson.

LL NIGHT
CRUSADE
against
HE DEVIL
& ALL
THERE IS NO
PEACE UNTO
THE WICKED
SAVE



42nd
The

Special Olympics

The Special Olympics present an opportunity for midshipmen to be altruistic in service to the community. Today, academics and training can be put aside as the mids befriend some extraordinary people.

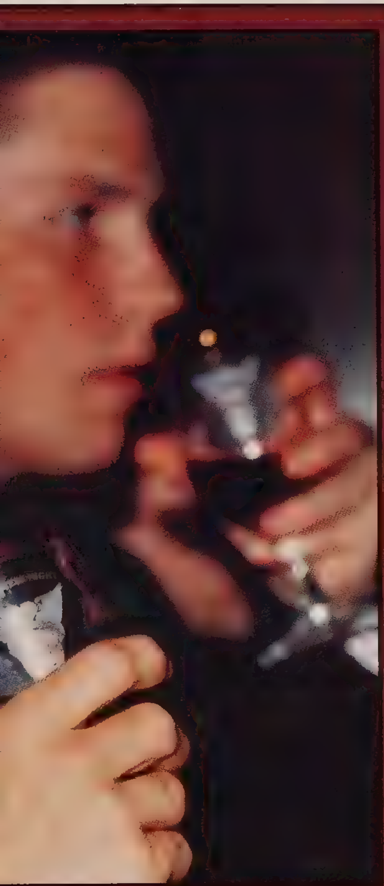
RUTH EASON
STARS
SPECIAL OLYMPICS
NAVY
150

NAVY

NAVY

NL303 Mess Night

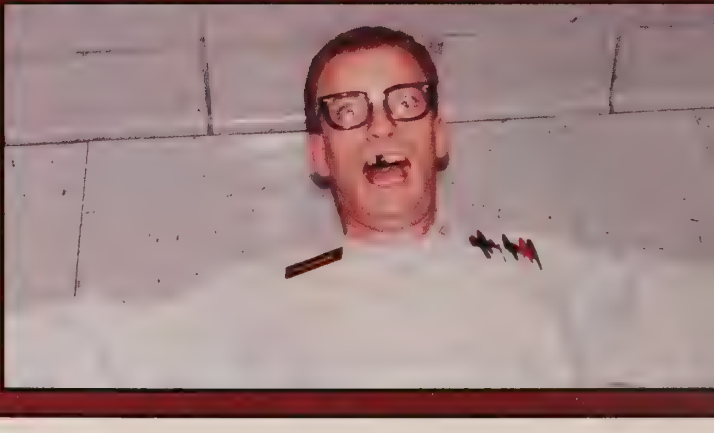
The President of the Mess proclaims "This beef is fit for human consumption" as dinner is served for NL303 Mess Night. All the second-class midshipmen gather in King Hall, where they watch Scottish bagpipers, raise their glasses to many toasts, and rub elbows with admirals and generals.

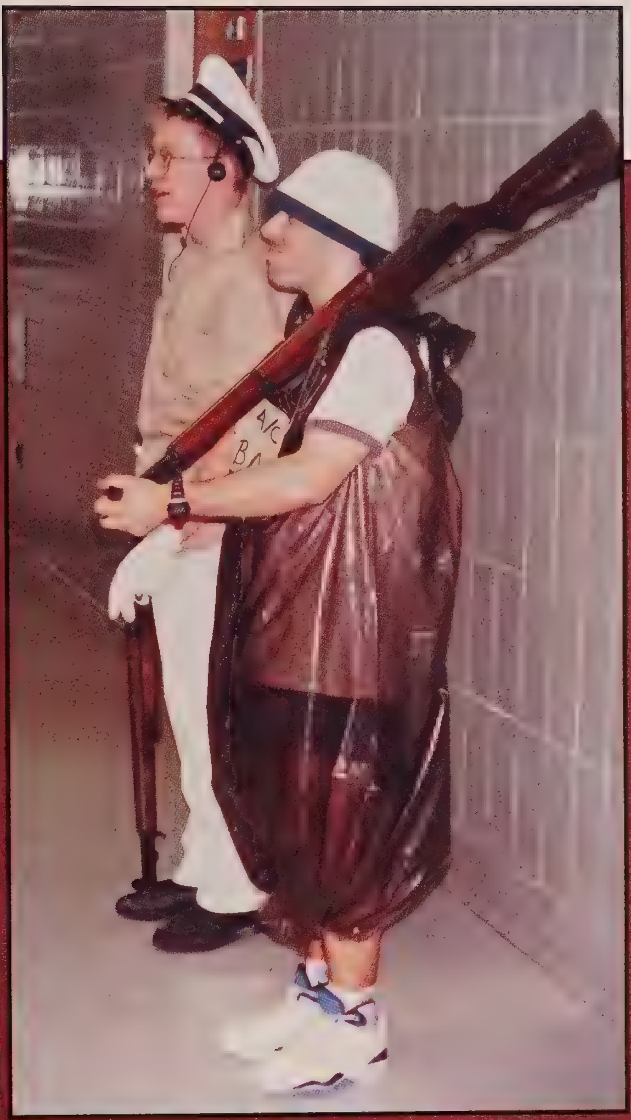


90's Night

Firsties take a trip down memory lane, and plebes get a glimpse of the future, as the two classes switch roles for just a couple of hours. The plebes enjoy the power they are temporarily given, and the firsties are reminded of how far they have come.

NO CHOPPING
SHIT!





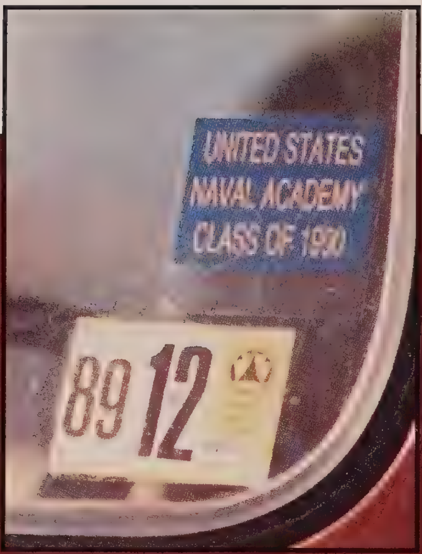
Forrestal Lectures

Carl Sagan and retired Vice-Admiral Watkins spoke at this year's Forrestal Lectures. The former discussed the threat of nuclear war and how to avoid it, while the latter informed the Brigade of the moral decisions they will be expected to make in the Fleet.

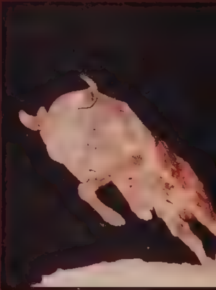
NAFAC

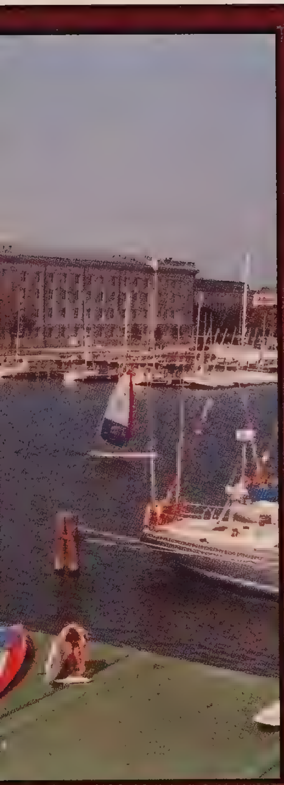
Foreign dignitaries, ambassadors, military personnel, and students from other colleges travel great distances to attend the Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference. They discuss current world social and political issues, and enjoy the opportunity to meet and talk with other people.

The Yard


UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY
CLASS OF 1990
89 12

Most midshipmen, too busy to pay much attention to their surroundings, often do not appreciate the true beauty of the Naval Academy grounds. The beautiful landscaping, the architecture of the buildings, and the many monuments all account for the aesthetic appeal of the Yard to tourists and visitors alike.

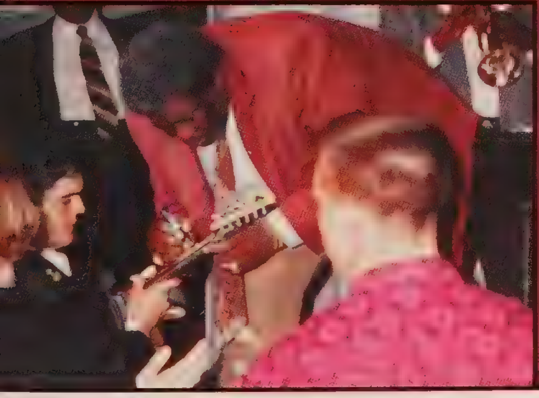




N

Songs And Laughter

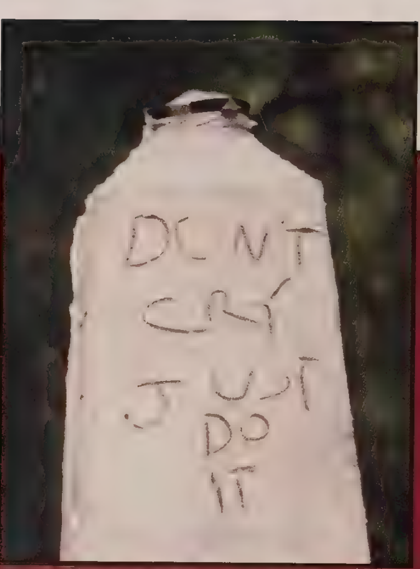
The Brigade gets a taste of the blues with the visit of B. B. King in the spring, and during commissioning week, Jerry Sienfeld tickles the mids pink at a picnic held at Hospital Point.



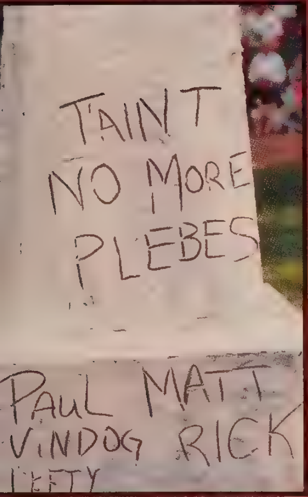
Dedication Parade

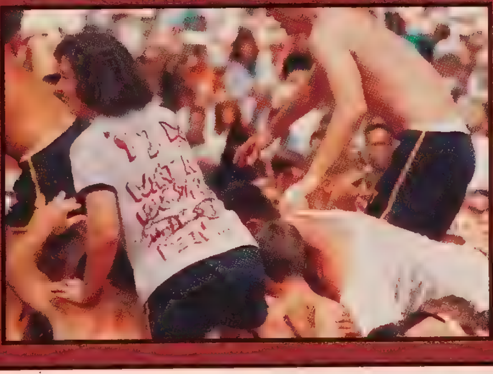
The entire Brigade honors the members of the outstanding Naval Academy faculty by drilling and parading on Worden Field. The Brigade recognizes those professors who are retiring, as well as those with thirty or more years of dedicated service. The academic departments present awards to their faculty members who have distinguished themselves through exemplary teaching.

Herndon



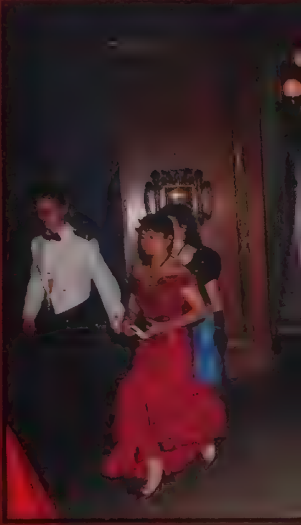
The 15 foot tall gray obelisk seems 100 feet tall when it is covered with 200 pounds of King Hall lard. The plebes, who have been anticipating this event since I-Day, struggle against both time and the heat to replace the dixie cup with the combination cover. It is their last official act as plebes.

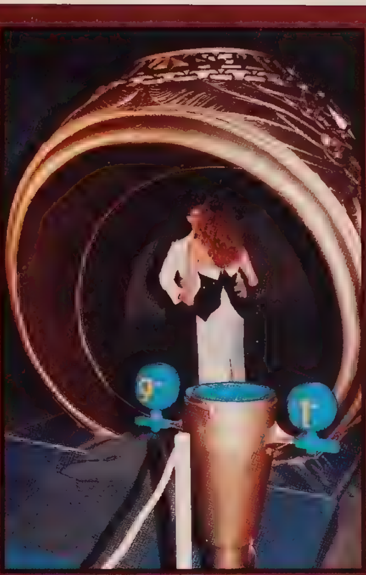

TAIN'T
NO MORE
PLEBES
PAUL MATT
VINDOG RICK



Ring Dance

Escorts of the second-class dip their dates' rings into the Water of the Seven Seas. They have their pictures taken, eat dinner, and dance a little. The night ends with a cruise on the bay or perhaps with some sight-seeing in Washington D.C.

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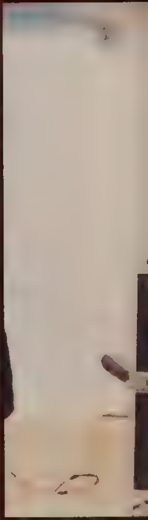
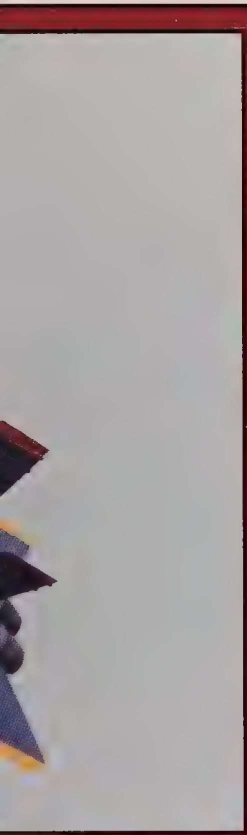
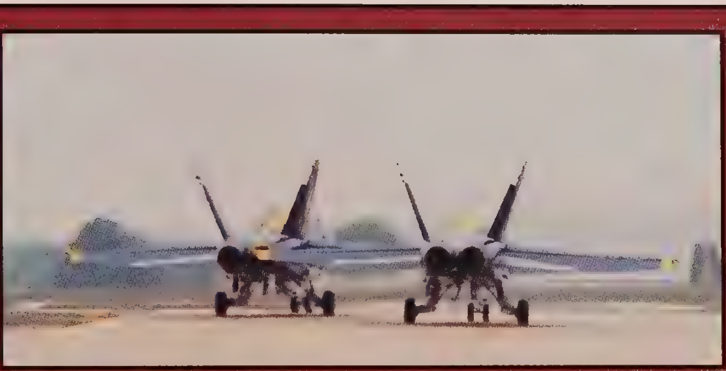
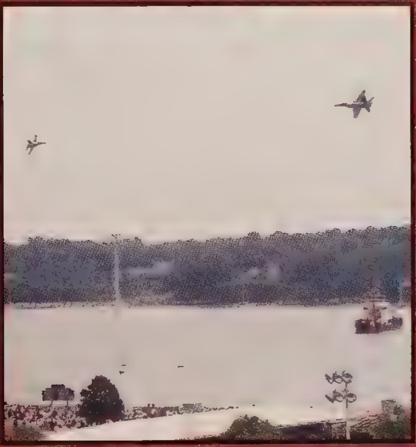
Blue Angels

The Navy's world-famous Blue Angels provide one of the highlights of Commissioning Week as they practice and perform breathtaking aerobatics in the sky above Annapolis. After the show, the pilots meet with awe-struck fans and sign autographs at the reception.









"N" Dance & Grad Ball

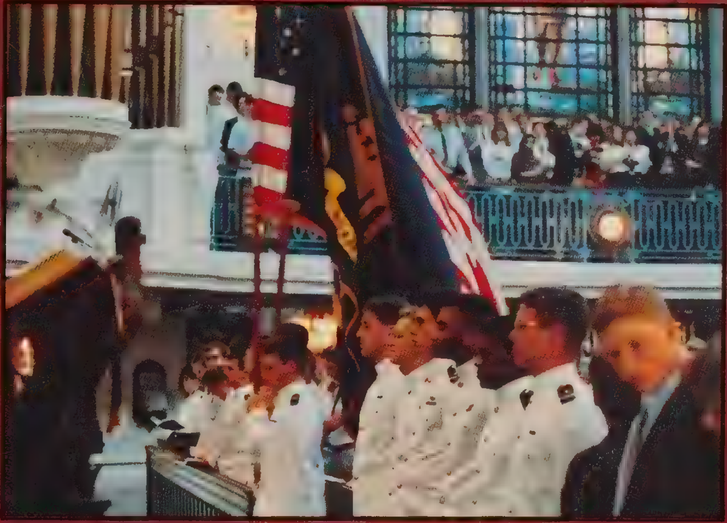
The Academy varsity letter winners, along with their escorted guests, socialize in the formal atmosphere of the N-Dance. At the Graduation Ball, members of the graduating class meet with family and friends for one more night of celebration and fun.

HUBBARD HALL
'N-ROOM

Class of 1990
Graduation
Ball
USNA

Baccalaureate

The baccalaureate worship service is an act of thanksgiving to God for all the blessings and graces He has bestowed on the first class midshipmen. Those midshipmen who, through the academic years, worshipped at the altar of God, rejoiced together as the end of their term approached. This special worship service asked God to continue to sustain them as they entered a new dimension of their lives . . . Officers in the Marine Corps and Naval Service.



Color Ceremony

Inclement weather turned this year's outdoor Color Parade into a Color Ceremony that was held in Dahlgren Hall. Eighteenth company finished the academic year with the most color points, and for this reason was designated the Color Company--the Academy's best.

Graduation

Now college men from
sea to sea
May sing of colors
true,
But who has better right
than we
To hoist a symbol
hue?
For sailor men in battle
fair
Since fighting days of
old,
Have proved a sailor's
right to wear
The Navy Blue and
Gold.

Anchors Aweigh

Four years together by
the Bay
Where Severn joins
the tide,
Then by the Service
called away,
We've scattered far
and wide;
But still when two or
three shall meet,
And old tales be
retold,
From low to highest in
the Fleet
Will pledge the Blue
and Gold.

ARL HARBOR

WAKE
CORAL SEA
MIDWAY
SAVO ISLAND

May 30, 1990

Three cheers for those
we leave behind:

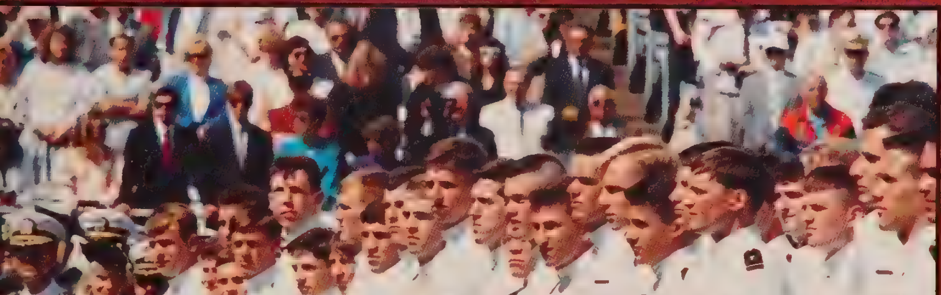
Hip, hip, hooray!

Hip, hip, hooray!!

Hip, hip, HOORAY!!!

MIDWAY

HIERR



Admiral & Mrs. Hill

Rear Admiral and Mrs. Hill both took very active and visible roles in the life of the Brigade. Admiral Hill helped to keep the midshipmen's morale high at pep rallies and other spirit related activities. In return, the Brigade supported him through the problems that surfaced at the end of the year. Mrs. Hill, often seen at her husband's side, was made honorary graduate of the Class of '90.

June Week Weddings

"Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails."
-- 1 Corinthians 13:4-8

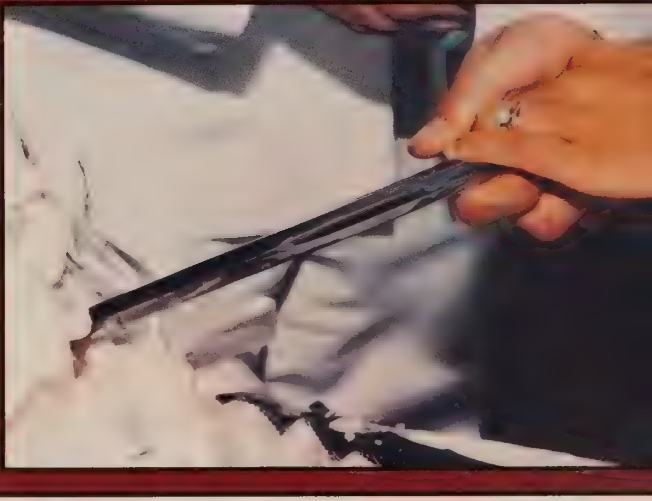
The Former Donna Thurow And Michael

The Former Catheryne Buckholtz And Brian Nicholson

They do!!

As time goes one I realize just what you mean to me.
And now that you're near, promise your love that I've waited to share.
And dream of our moments together, color my world with hope of loving you.
-James Pankow

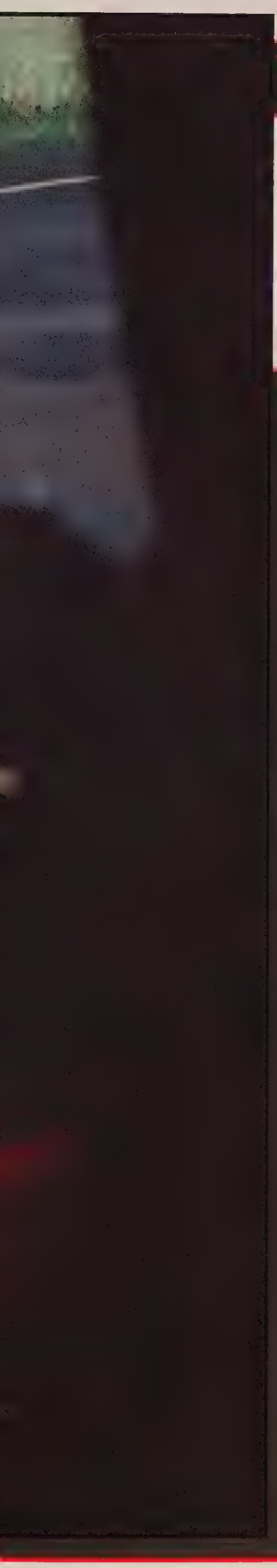
The Former Margaret O'Neil And Sean Leary



The Former Sandra Enzinger And David Sanders

The Former Kathleen Kersten And Jim Bartelloni

Tyler And [illegible]ky Shepperd



CLASS OF 1990

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As our careers as commissioned officers begin so does the last decade of this century. We saw many changes for the better during our four years and responded with a positive, take-charge attitude. We conformed when we had to, but did everything with a style all our own. Here are the First Class, each with his own story, but all with the pride of being NINETY!

Thomas

Sara

1st COMPANY

Thomas Robert Allbee
West Des Moines, Iowa
Submarines

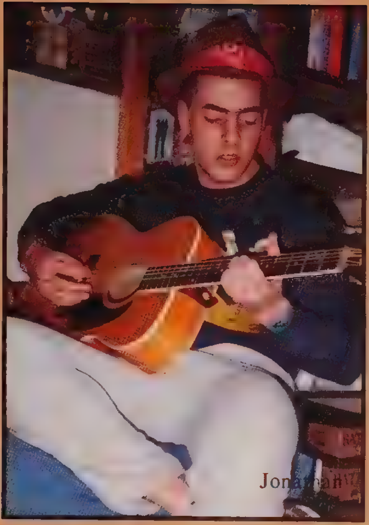
It was a hot summer day in July when a tractor with Iowa plates pulled up to Gate 1. Tom jumped off with a pitchfork in his hand and a piece of straw in his teeth. Tom spent 4/c year in 19th Co. with Hawg, Scheipe, and Thang. He breezed thru plebe year and arrived at Fun. 1 ready to sow his wild oats. 3/C year Tom lived with King Crabber and Batman. T-Giving Tom went home with the King. After patronizing the local establishments Tom left his mark all over the streets. With the help of visits from Jen and Ach along with Barbara's vittles Tom coasted through 2/C year. Tom's interest in this period ranged from his intense study of the Russian language to his fascination with Louis Scholnik. UHHH! UHHH! 1/C year saw Tom taking advantage of his striper libs as he and the King spent more time out of the Yard than in it. Tom and the King stayed together until the end and neither will ever be the same. Good luck on the outside, Louis, never forget the good times together by the bay. You're the best! H.L.G. a.k.a. Gilbert, K.C.

Dean Byrd Lee Asher
San Diego, California
Submarines

Dean "Oingo Boingo" Asher spent his Plebe year in Club 34, where he and his roommate, Bone, tried not to take things too seriously. He ended up in Fun One with two new roommates PRM and JSG. Dean spent the most of 3/C year getting ready for Air Borne with Fish, standing restriction for taking girls on sailboats and partying after finals, and getting aquainted with his major, Physics. 2/C year found Dean with Performance Boards, sarcastic come arounds, singing plebes, his only D, L, and more Physics. On 11 Feb 89, EAE was trawling for mids. Dean took the bait and she took his love. As a Firsty, Dean was a Squad Daddy, boyfriend and Co. Commander with more problems then any mid should have to deal with, but he always tried to do the right thing. Thanks, Dean, for being a great roommate and an even better friend. Finally, this Stinking Irish Pig has an Old Gaelic Blessing for you, "May the roads rise with you, and the wind be always be at your back, and may the good Lord hold you in the hollow of his hand." Good luck, Squeek Oink, PANTHRO.

Sara Teresa Burke
Alexandria, Virginia
Oceanography

Sara Teresa Burke entered this world as the first of 8 children. With winged feet and strong lungs she came to USNA as a recruited cross country runner. The 35th company was where Sara spent her fun-filled plebe year. As for youngster cruise-did anyone notice the beautiful scenery in Detroit (through binoculars)? Through the years in Fun One, Sara was seen as having a very shiny smile. If you ever want to know how sunburnt someone can get, you should look at the Daytona Beach trip pictures. Then there was 1/C cruise-I was wondering if my feet would ever be the same. What culture we discovered in Tijuana-nothing like a tequila popper! New York-the fast trip to see Phantom of the Opera and another time to go with her singing buds (what an interesting apartment and a fun game of Trivial Pursuit). The ride to NC-how does shifting work? As for academics, she is the only person I have ever known that has had a 1.61 and a 4.0. She has picked Rota Spain for her oceanography billet-tough life. Watch out for those Spanish men!! Best of luck Sara-you've been a GREAT friend! CAS



James Peter Cartwright

Coronado, California
Special Warfare

And I awoke . . . and knew not where I was. Who buzzeth in mine Ears I am a spirit? Do not torment me, prithee - I'll bring My wood home faster. My name is August West, Promontory Rider - Territory Ranger. Just a lonesome L.A. cowboy.

"All that is gold does not glitter - All those who wander are not lost. And James smells sometimes." - J.T.

"The first days are the hardest days." - R.H.

"What were you thinking?!" - Anon.

"I'm hungry." - Jed

Gregory Gary Gillette

York, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

Greg (AKA Eddie Munster) came to "Boat U" because he really didn't have anything better to do and his parents were about to kick him out of the house. Greg's easy-going ways allowed him to excel under the Admin Conduct System - who else could've lead the company in demerits and still have been Company Commander. He had a great rapport with Lt. Schmick. Greg also had a special way of picking up girls - "hey, baby wanta see my truck?" Believe it or not, it worked and now Greg is engaged to a great girl (he always was lucky). Greg's heading back to the Corps after graduation, but what he's going to do there is still a mystery to everyone, especially him. Good luck and Semper Fi, Greg.

Jonathan Scott Glennon

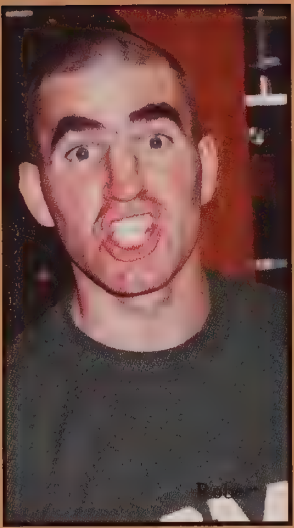
Hamilton, Michigan
Marine Corps

Jonathan, a 9th Co. plebe, spent his 4/C year marching tours and working on the first of many doomed relationships (Amber: 1st time). 3/C year found Scott in the Fun Co., where he acquired the alias Ranger Snack, due to his consumption of toe clippings, earwax, and the like. His motivation and AIRBORNE dedication quickly set him apart as a spirited USMC candidate. His music (Vetoed!) and his love affairs (?) helped create the Snack we all know and love. He happily looks back upon such milestones as Amber (2nd time), Michelle, Christy from Goucher (he juked HER), Amber (3rd time), Brenda, Cecilia from St John's, and Monica S. (REM concert, thanks JS). Known for his distinct styles of dressing and dancing, Scott was the life of parties (who ever paid for that window, anyway?) 1/C year Snack spent much time in the loft as ATU Ops, and the rest of the time directing or acting in plays. His redundant E-Mail was a constant reminder of his training billet. We're happy you finally found a girl worth keeping. We wish you good fortune. Semper Fi. PRM & DBA

Thomas Edward Grattan III

Winthrop, Massachusetts
Marine Corps

"Who invited Grattan?" This native of Boston was a street kid who came to the Naval Academy on a whim. In his thick Boston accent, Tim would entertain his friends with explicit stories of his weekend endeavors. No one ever checked on his escapades, but he always invited us to. As a true survivor, Tim did not let the Admin-Conduct system get the best of him. After reliving his youth in Cancun, Tim felt the Academy had extended his weekend so he could attend a hockey game..."Hey, I had box seats!" Coming from an athletic family, Tim played basketball and boxed before finding his niche with 150's. As an English major, Tim could BS with the best of them but he had his moments as one of the deepest, sincerest humans around. Anyone who had the privilege of reading his poetry could attest to that. Tim loved to talk of always hooking up his friends, but if we hadn't kept him from fighting every biker in Daytona, where would he be now? The Marine Corps is getting a good man in Tim Grattan. Just remember us when you're famous. Tim, Mark and Sal



LIFE-GUARD
PENSACOLA BEACH
He

Henry Lee Guy, Jr.
Smith Island, Maryland
Surface Warfare

It was a hot day in July when Henry reported to Halsey with his basketball shoes still wet from the ride over the bay. Hank, Tension, and Morm spent plebe year together in 4. Although the King Crabber came to shoot the pill, a broken ankle forced him to look to other, more peaceful sports, such as rugby. His nose took the punishment this time, in 6 places to be exact! Youngster year Henry wound up in Fun One with Batman, The Tongue, and Corncob. After Batman and The Tongue left USNA, Henry stuck with Corncob for the duration. He would never be the same! Although 2/C year challenged Henry, frequent trips to Ewell and SSU kept him refreshed. By the way, I'm sorry I snapped at you, Gilbert! UHHH, UHHH! After re-reading The Lord's of Discipline, Henry was ready for plebe detail. 39 plebes will hate him forever! 1/C year Henry returned to USNA in his new BMW, ready to graduate. That he did! Good luck with on the Count, pal, I know you'll do great! Go Atoms! T.R.A. a.k.a. Louis, Corncob.

Robert William Hansen II
Bowie, Maryland
Marine Corps

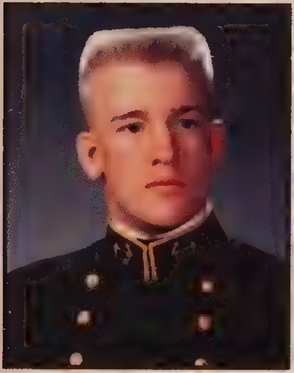
Ever since Swede was given his first pair of combat boots and a KA-Bar at the age of six days, he knew he was destined to follow his father's footsteps and become a Marine Corps officer. A graduate of NAPS, his main vocabulary consisted of "Fellas", "Cool-Cool", and that dreaded "M" word. Dancing with his girlfriend and a pitcher of beer in hand was a favorite activity of his, although he spilled more of it on his friends than he drank. Roadtrips were always an adventure; Army at Philly '88 - with a quick stop at WAWA's and Hidden Valley '90 - nice condo Swede! How about those parties at U of Maryland? Who's the three man? Next time remember to duck and maybe we won't bruise our knuckles. How many were there anyway? I hope the Marine Corps and married life do you well. DO IT TO IT! GDH

John Victor Hardaway
Maple Valley, Washington
Medical Corps

John "Debate Commando" Hardaway came to USNA from the metropolis of Maple Valley, Wa. with one aim -- to go corps. When his upperclass over plebe summer asked him what his service selection was, he would reply "Corps," Medical Corps, that is. With Navy Medicine as his goal, John signed up for the USNA premedical major, Chemistry. It can not be said that John exactly liked chemistry, but he still did very well and was acepted to USUHS, with the associated honor of being an Ensign for 4 years. For all of his labor he is about to sign away 20 of his life for the big bucks of Navy medicine. When John was not enjoying himself in chemistry lab after school, he was hard at work preparing for exciting weekend debate trips, which always seemed to leave on the Thursday before Friday room formals. His hard work earned him the title of "Debate Commando" and the position of president of the nationaly ranked USNA Debate Team. However, John's love for debate waned once first class year arrived with distractions such as his Porsche 911, his Rolex, and his various female friends. BPP

Gregory Donald Houldson
Missoula, Montana
Submarines

Greggor emerged from God's Country and entered the civilization of east coast Annapolis via stage coach; where is Missoula anyway? He entered the Naval Academy swinging both guns and usually led with his chin. For some reason he was never happy unless the odds were against him. What did you say at UVA to make those guys so mad? The odds at College Park were a little better, anyway, 3 on 9. He proceded to make Army road trips as memorable as possible, "Sure you can use my room..." At Catholic U., Greg could be seen driving away in the campus security police cart, until Johnny Law forced a quick escape. A little close on that one, Greg! For Greg, Iceland has a whole new meaning after the Hidden Valley experience, "What was she saying..?" After earning medals and shooting his way through four years at USNA and trading his green utes & boots for a glowing Navy blue poopy suit his voice changed from OOH RAH GET SOME to AROOGA DIVE DIVE. He's trying to become the only bubble head capable of taking a "head-shot" at 600 yards. Best of luck in them Nuke tin cans. SH



Stephen Dwayne Johnston
Palmetto, Georgia
Navy Pilot

Swamp Chicken was hurled into the fast-paced Academy life still wet behind the ears about the military regimin. He came to Annapolis in pursuit of those "Wings of Gold" armed only with his Coppertone tan and slinging his slow, sincere Southern twang. By youngster year, mom was shocked to find that her boy had seceded from his native tongue. After living with ER,VN,PC,& TG, Stephen had built up quite a tolerance to roommate abuse and was ready to put what he learned from his loving roommates to practice against the species FEMALE.In his 15 career bouts against FEMALE, Swamp came out 5-5-5; 5 wins, 5 Heismans, and 5 "I won't tell you my name if you don't tell me yours." His pursuit of those "Wings of Gold" almost came to a screeching halt;a tramatic knee injury during an intense game of intramural soccer. In the end, everything worked out-he got a medical waiver, a date to the Ring Dance, and an invitation to swim and run 1000 miles in Pensacola. Through it all, Steve came out ahead, which is where he expected to be. He has been a great roommate and friend. FLY NAVY!!! ER

Joseph Shayne Kiefer
Fairless Hills, Pennsylvania
U. S. Air Force

Lit'l Joey came to USNA from PA as everybody's All-American boy. You Know apple pie, Chevrolet, and all that good stuff. Joe set high goals in academics and athletics, proving he would do almost anything to keep his 3.0. Finally he got his Supt's stars 2nd semester 1/c yr, Oh those extra libs. Soccer took the majority of Joe's autumn's with the highlight coming 2/c yr. He helped Navy to its first CAA championship and a NCAA tourney bid. Much of the rest of his time was spent with a certain Blue Hen from Delaware. Oh well Joe, you still found time to go out with the boys once in a while. We always had a blast. U of D youngster year was one of Joe's best performances. The volcano in the car youngster cruise was a hit, too. Joe decided Navy boats weren't his thing and chose to Fly Air Force (AIM HIGH). Joe is headed for bluer skies and bigger things. We'll miss seeing you in the Navy/Marine Corps. Good Luck!! AJL, BG, JJ, LS.

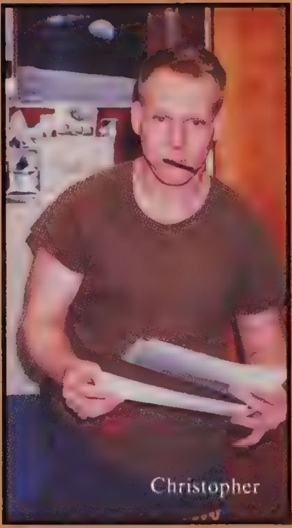
Tina Marie Lawson
Perry, Michigan
General Unrestricted Line

Just a small town girl from Perry, Tina's eyes opened wide when she joined the Navy, but her two "civilian years" in Turkey did not prepare her for the spartan life & the paycut at USNA. After a year in Seventh Heaven, she settled in at Fun One for the duration. Tina always ran towards her goals at a 90 sec quarter pace. Two years with Heinz as a conditioning squad instructor are ones she'll never forget- you have to wonder about someone who runs the 1 1/2 mile for fun. Unfortunately, a few live wires fell onto Tina's path, but with her scientific knowledge, she threw the pizza right back into his face. Tina always faced her problems and shared them with others, using her genuine concern and caring. She will never forget the Red House, crazy ladies, and a fateful afternoon in March. Soon she won't have to escape each weekend, but will be living a normal life as a Gen URL in D.C. Good luck and God Bless. LSD

Andrew Jason Leung
Phoenix, Maryland
Marine Corps

Local boy Andy came to USNA totally committed to upholding its highest standards and ready to challenge the system to its limits. Plebe year saw Andy playing lax and making trips home. Maybe taking advantage of too much liberty as he got to see the Supe and his friends for his academic excellence. Andy flirted w/ academic, conduct, and performance problems 3/c year, but he survived. 2/c summer brought great times but sad departures. Only 3 of 5 made it to 2 for 7. Bleaks and Smitty went on to bigger and better things. 2/c year brought lots of nightly adventure and many Stribling sprints and other embarassing moments. Who won Wrestlemania in Killington? Prebulldog for Andy and BG involved intense nightly PT. During Pistol Detail you could find Andy and Jack at the Turtle, Gibby's, or The Crease. Firsties at last!! Road trips to "real colleges", finally an A-N win, and singing the Blues in Vail. Now on to graduation and one last summer together, lets make the most of it. Special thanks to Mr and Mrs Leung-You're the best!! Good luck in the Corps, Andy!! BG, JK, JJ, & LS.

EAST
INTERSTATE
90
Patrick



Christopher Lee Lovejoy

Cornish Flat,
New Hampshire
Marine Corps Pilot

Chris took a four year vacation from the Marine Corps so that he could cop a free education compliments of Navy U. From the day he arrived, he never stopped fighting to have a good time. In the ring or out, Chris was known for his aggressive pursuit of winning - everything but a tan. Whenever those plebes got out of hand, the only safe place was right behind Chris. I guess seeing one of their classmates barely escape death was all it took. Amongst the fruits of his liberal education, Chris kept his weekends and made lots of new friends in the English department. He lettered in 150 lb. football and finally bought the jeep we both always wanted. Chris got his wings, stayed true to the Corps, and managed to keep his hair for the few remaining years.

Patrick Ryan McGrath

Newport Beach, California
Surface Warfare

Squeek-Oink! Both a California boy and a Navy brat, Ratpig gave up UCSD for successive tours at NAPS and USNA, where he was cradled in 31. After a year of varsity track and staying out of trouble, Panthro entered FUN ONE and found himself in the role of parenthood (married to DB and father to Ranger Snack). . . Rock Blocks and successions of Night Ranger, Ozzy, & Fantasia. Then L: "Your coffee is spinning." Academics dragged on until the "deciding" on General E (with 2 bonus semesters of EE!). His black 'Bird brought new meaning to the term "creative financing". Don't forget Naomi, deLane, Trish, Rosa (what a sponser!), Melissa (Try Delt), Binker, & Allison (keep away from my sister!!)--if you had only had weekends. . . Mellow Mail calenders, Wizardry marathons, "getting huge" with Trapper, writing about Glorya. . Knowing his speed-lust, he'll redesign the turbines on the McInerney before he quals EOOW. Don't forget the words of L: "I've always liked leave alot better than liberty." Best of luck to you on the surface! You'll always be like a mother to me. DING

Troy Dean Miller

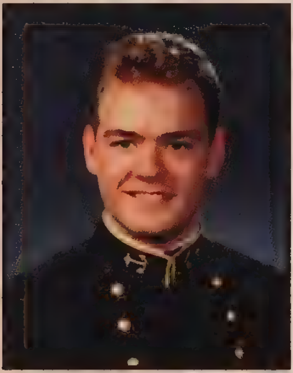
Butler, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Troy strolled out of the backwoods of Butler wearing an eyebrow and a pair of overalls. He saw his first big city, Newport, while attending NAPS. It was here he read his first novel, The Complete Works of Dick and Jane. He then traveled to the Academy and played some football till he was called to intramurals. Though his ears never developed fully, his biceps more than compensated and earned him Mr. Ocean City. Ain't he sweet in those little red briefs. He hoped his studies would get him into Subs, but the only sub he saw was sub squad English class. Luckily class taught him the word dumped. Oops, the Kitty is out of the bag. Troy is living proof that a twelve ounce beer will create two hundred pounds of luggage. His high point at the Academy was spending quality time with his roommates. For someone who geeked so much he did turn out "Dumb as the clock on the wall" in the end. A little advice: "Delta means change. It's time to get on with your life." You have your own coast now. Stay there. Five years is enough. -- Your Supporting Cellmates -- WJM GRN

Walter Joseph Morris III

Bronx, New York
Surface Warfare

Walt emerged from the ghettos of the Bronx where he attended the infamous Fordham Prep school of lower education. His permanent address is unknown, but it is believed that he can be found at any of the local taverns in the Riverdale area. It is from these streets that he found his true love in the third grade, unknown to him but known to all. After proving that he could read more books than Steven King could write, he deployed to USNA to embark on his career in the Club, but got scrambled into One. Walt's first equation that he learned as a youngster was EE=F. (Come on!: 1. Read the problem, etc.) He will be remembered in the Bethesda Hall of Fame for having the largest medical file in the Academy's history. Despite his sick humor, he could always find a way to compound your troubles. Florida is his destination, but it is the sea that calls. DEPLOY ME!!! All good things must come to an end: the Celtics, Bird, PCRs, Mile and a half, roommates, this tribute and being a bachelor. Hey Wallydude, don't have a cow. GRN-TDM



Vernon Eugene Neuenschwander
Del City, Oklahoma
Surface Warfare

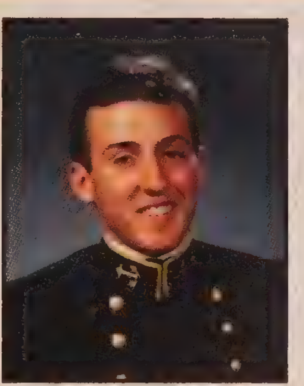
Vernon Eugene Nuenschwander, a.k.a. Butch, came to Annapolis off the tailwind of a '55 Chevy pick-up truck. An Okie from Del City, Butch, at first, personified the midwestern mindset. On any given day you could find Butch in cowboy boots, jeans, and with an AC/DC tape playing at deafening levels. It didn't take Butch long to adjust here though, only a performance board and a couple of academic boards and ol' Butch was singin' "Blue and Gold" like the Navy swo-man he is today. On those rare occasions, when Butch did get a weekend, he was seen with some of the "eligible" females of the D.C. area. "Gee Butch, why were they so eligible?" Actually, Butch did alright with the ladies, or at least he told us so. I guess it's because you can't help liking Butch for being himself. He's a real person and a good roommate. Best of Luck, Kid. T.E.G. 17

Gregory Richard Nicolay
Rochester, New York
Marine Corps

Greg won the Rhodes Scholarship to NAPS. From there it was all downhill. He had left Rochester, the Center of the Universe, and somehow found himself in Newport, then Third, then One, but no Fun. The Lombardi winner of intramural sports, Greg found his inner self after The Academic Board. He knew how to prioritize his life: Giants, Knicks, Springsteen, Visa card payments and then studies. And once in a while he would strumm us a few notes. But on his more serious side, his only side, he cherished his precious few weekends spent with his roommates. For an Economist, he could never hold onto money. For a person who loved leave, Greg just never seemed to get any. Though he never let us know he had fun, he loved every minute of it. Yes you did. The Marine Corp, the Peace Corp, he joined one and she joined the other. You know you're really going to miss us. Hey man, we could have said something nice, but why should we break old habits. Amen. XOXO TDM - WJM

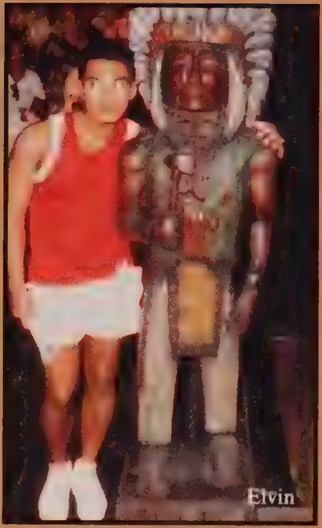
Bryan Paul Ponce
Cincinnati, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Bryan lives his life by 5 laws. It may come as a surprise that he needs only 5 laws, but God only needed 10 and, coming from Cincinnati, Bryan doesn't like to be ostentatious. A history major, Bryan prides himself on his lack of mathematic ability. His 1ST LAW is "I'm a history major, I don't do numbers." Bryan's love of history spawned his love for collecting antiques and his 2ND LAW, "He who dies with the most toys wins." His interest in German military history hints at his Prussian mentality and his 3RD LAW: "When attacking a problem, apply force liberally; if that doesn't work, apply more force liberally." The best example of this law is his attempt to repair my radio. When he was done, I needed a broom for the pieces. Bryan's 4TH LAW, "Trust me, I know what I'm doing," must be taken with a grain of salt. Thankfully, Bryan does not trouble the fairer sex with his notions. His 5TH LAW is "Women, you can't live with them, you can't shoot them." I thank you, Bryan, for your friendship and advice. We all need examples, both good and bad, to shape our lives. JVH



Daryl Keith Potter
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Surface Warfare, EDO

Potts came to USNA via NAPS with his glass half empty, but that wasn't gonna stop this 'little man.' He claimed the links as his true home from the start. He, Marv and Harris skated through the Rock Hard One but the glass was still half full. In order to fill it up the little man got huge, that's what probably enabled him to carry out ROTC maneuvers at JMU, what was her name anyway? It didn't matter, 'Yes I just got my license' to the Fuddrucker's Amazon. Potts traveled down the U of Life with Wolfe, Rob, Swede, Greg and LFL. 3 stripes and a 3.6 but 'I'm just a C performer.' Ring Dance, Booze Cruise and the Floor, what a night! PCR and Service Selection didn't help the glass but 'the hat looked nice so I picked it.' Best of Luck in CHS, its been an experience. Hey! Buddy's only half a word and beauty's only a light switch away. ELZ



Elvin Arias Rodriguez

San Diego, California
Navy Pilot

The Latino Lover came to us from a Navy family out of Adak, San Diego, and Fallon with his guitar in one hand and his pimpish wardrobe and Elvis tapes in the other. With his chest stuck out with an over-inflated ego, Elrod survived by mixing minimal school work with countless basketball games while keeping his girlfriends from finding out about each other on the weekends. Discovering his pursuit toward the ultimate Academy goal (graduation) hampered by an intolerant computer science prof, he quickly made the transition to the more challenging general science major. Physics, pistol detail, and cruises(three medals?!) made his summers complete. He never won the Beat Army T-shirt contest due to biased or blind judges, but he went on to be immortalized on the FIL-AM T-shirt and 90 Beat Army buttons. A successful ring dance, except for Tim's car.. Firstie year treated the Pouting Filipino well, except for Atl. City, birthday parties, PCR's, and physics(again). Usually he was on the road in the Celica looking for another party or girlfriend. Commitment? S C H I I I...!! SDJ

Cindy Ann Schultz

Houston, Texas
Civil Engineer Corps

Hey Y'all!! Cindy brought the Texas sunshine to the north when she came to USNA. Always cheerful, her big smile and Texas drawl could brighten anyone's day! She started plebe summer off right with a midnight pizza party with Kim's Uncle Steve. Plebe summer was just as strenuous as her future brother-in-law bombarded her with Air Force trivia. Hubbard was her haven- a perfect place for focusing the sun's rays! Trips with the Three Muskateers from Puerto Rico to San Diego culturized her - but the science of morphology eluded her (m-o-r...)! Back to San Diego where Cindy learned to play the game of Hearts (and breaking hearts) in Air Div. Watch out for those beaded curtains in Tiajuana! Seattle - the city of combos and cookies and cream! First class year - Cindy returned with instantly long hair and a position as M/Lt playing McGruff the Crime Dog. She made Supt's list (all of her diversions were in Texas!) to get year round three striper libs. Cindy - congrats on CEC - you deserve it! I still owe you that 6-pack but what do you say to double or nothing? Love ya always! STB

Linda Slootmaker

Prospect Park, New Jersey
General Unrestricted Line

Linda hails from exit 155p, oops, I mean Prospect Park and she came to USNA destined to be a great fencer, but first she had to learn her way around Mother B. "What's a mates desk anyway?" Her performance in Calc II,"I know I'm sleeping" persuaded her to choose English as a major. A strange change came in Linda's youngster year when she became a supporter of 150# football, racing and all things Philadelphian. Funny, her hubby to be has the same interests. Not to be outdone, Linda earned 3 letters in fencing and attributes her very cool & calm attitude for her success out on the strip. Linda always has a smile and nice word for everyone. Her squad firstie year even calls her "mom". Linda will be driving a desk as a Gen URL and will be successful in all her endeavors. Good luck and thanks for being a friend! SCD You also can't forget the flying cat routine, forgetting your locker combo and the Dynamic Duo. I was proud to be a member of the "Not a word before morning quarters" club. There's nothing worse than a smiling face at 7am. TML

Michael Wilson Umstead

Bostwick, Florida
Navy Pilot

Mike "Mymainman" Umstead came to us from the backwoods of Palatka, Florida to "git an edukashen." Unfortunately, Mike had other plans: naval aviation, parties, and a girl in every port. Remember the ride from Hell with Joe, Pep, and me from Marley Station or the time we met KP at Winston's (Luckily, I bolted that time). Then there were the more famous adventures: the Safari Club with the limo, the "Bia Party" (Hey! Who's the girl Ed's with?), the weekends at Loyola with Kirby (What! Are you winging me?), and finally our Spring Break in Daytona. So listen up, "mymainman," good luck in P-Cola and don't forget the great times we shared. Enjoy life the way it was meant to be - Comfortably Numb. CES-27

2nd COMPANY

Robert Francis Waters
Dallas, Texas
Marine Corps

Rob came to Canoe U. originally as a member of the Class of '89. On 17 July 1985 (1 1/2 weeks into '89's Plebe Summer) he successfully scaled the Chapel Dome and placed a Dixie Cup atop its spire. Rob joined the Class of '90 after he spent a forced one year retirement as CINCCIVLANT between Second and First Class years. After he was readmitted, he climbed the Chapel Dome again on 5 October 1989 and put a combo cover on it to let the world know he was back. Rob applied for admission to West Point while he was a Youngster, but he remained at USNA because an age waiver could not be granted for USMA. Rob worked in the Airborne Training Unit S-4 shop as the head rigger his First Class year. He can pack an MC1-1B almost as fast as Adrianne can. Rob Waters trivia: he had NATS in his room two years before the Brigade, electronic eavesdropping: "sorry Angela and Cynthia", "Cornhead lives!", "14 Leadership traits in 8.9 seconds, go", "any day", and three consecutive Axe Boards with Surfer John's support all the way.

Edward Leo Zawislak
Olde Mill, Maryland
Supply Corps

The two major faults of Chip is that he was born in the wrong century and he grew up in the wrong state. I'm sorry Chip but Maryland just doesn't really fit the mold of a real southern state. Having to look at LEE'S LIEUTENTANTS and models of Union soldiers, it became easy at times to think that our room was a remake of a Civil War battlefield. Like the soldiers in the Confederate army, Chip managed also to run in a few problems. During his four years, he became very familiar with the Academic dean and the Superintendent. Being the tough character that he is ,that must be why you drive a Dogde Dakota. Chip survived and keep moving forward at all times. On weekends, when he got them, the Zawis could be found at home, at his high school???, or at a Cap's game. It's always nice to know that the Caps decide how ones week will go. Lastly, I would have to say that your Peter Pan shoes are out, but it is kind of hard to compete when your mysterious woman say they are in. On a serious side though, you have been a great roomate and thanks for everything.

Herbert Edward Ball III
Rock Island, Illinois
Navy Pilot

Starting at forward, a 6-1 senior from Rock Island, Illinois, Herbie. Soon to be 5-11 at the rate his hair is going. In 1987 Herbie came to Big 2 from 25 in the supplemental draft. He brought a jolly laugh. He sometimes betrayed his New Jersey youth, i.e. after exams. 3/C year we rarely saw him on the weekends due to his devotion to the dragon of D.C. After summer school and cruise, he returned a kinder, gentler Herb, second only to Merle as the Company comedian. It was during the strenuous study hours of second class year that he discovered his true talent, taking his follies on the road. He finally reached stardom, the 360, with a cheering crowd on hand, or in hand. After Beth, Herb found his true love...Sally. On firsty cruise the fieldball general and USNA luge champ proved himself a worthy Aviator. He escaped the conduct problems that befell most of his classmates 2/c year, but as a firsty he made up for it by being convicted by the Plebers' Court for discrediting Second company at the Army game for his substandard performance in front of his classmates.Good Luck CAR

Joseph Anthony Bertoldi III
Clearwater, Florida
Surface Warfare

Joe came to the boat school from Clearwater, Florida, ready to take on the world from the underwater perspective. He spent his time as the epitome of the culturally diverse midshipman. He earned his dolphins as a youngster and then jumped into the Mech E curriculum while also participating in D & B, Karate club, and an unusual amount of Shakespearean type of things that most other engineers shun. Alas, this Cinderella story hit a snarl as the Rocket convinced him of the age old truth that "sooner or later, you'll go general" and he turned in his dreams of being a sardine can sailor for a salty life on top of the high seas. Joe will be long remembered by his classmates in Loose Deuce.

MJW

Billy Windsor Castleberry
Clayton, North Carolina
Surface Warfare

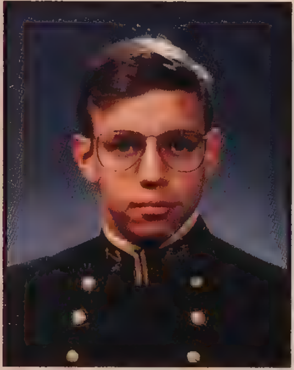
From the fields of Clayton and the sheltering arms of Momma and Deddy you came, the last of the deep south plantation owners, to find your fortune at USNA on the way to superintendent and 30+ years. Who'd have thought a nice Southern Gentleman like yourself could make it through? Bet Craig is sore over that one! But with friends like Ka-rone, Jenny Buen, Whit-dog, and the girls on 6-2, how could you fail? Joining the elite ranks of the D&B, as well as those of the ac board bound, sure made an impact. A switch from Aero to History twisted that QPR from 1.3 to 3.1, but your soul belongs to the Corps forever. Wait--which Corps? The women's gymnastics team couldn't ask for a better groupie. Remember your athletic abilities, as well--when you flew to fame in the batter's box for your famous toenail-painting excursion. Speaking of flying--How many five-inch guns are there on a P-3? Remember: Karon knows Hollywood better than you do, macaroni is cheaper than pizza, Georgia is north of Florida, and nothing in life is free, except tickets to Magic Mountain. jmb&krl&wwk

Gregory Michael Colandrea
Oak Brook, Illinois
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

After an Illinois judge sentenced him to serve in the maximum security Naval Penal facility, Greg soon realized that prison life wasn't so bad after all. During plebe summer, lessons in geography introduced him to his favorite African nation as well as the evils of Naval Academy sailing. An aspiring young seaman serving under the auspices of PODS, he first found a home on Seahawk, then on Mo Lite. Sailing held a higher calling, and he was confronted by an uncooperative Nelco and B&G (which according to an unnamed skipper, he never quite mastered). But soon it was Greg's turn to trim the backstay, and trim it he did-making the boat move through the water with all the right sounds but at all the wrong speeds?-truly a "well-oiled racing machine." His sailing exploits also brought him to Brown's Marina, where the Calypsonians opened windows of opportunity, out of which he readily threw a certain Purdue alumnus. Newfound freedom in hand, he set out to discover Kenya in sunny South Carolina, and will no doubt stake his claim. Best of luck from your most important crewmember. SK

Derek Matthew Cribley
Farmington Hills, Michigan
Submarines

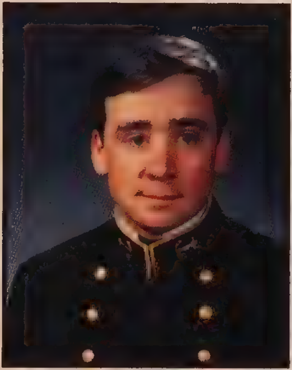
Cribbs jumped off his cycle, journeyed from the theft and gambling area of Detroit, to the Academy, with only two loves, his money and a perky little gymnast back home. After a professional plebe year in 5, he hastened downstairs to mighty 2. Soon he got stuck in his books and stayed there until he made it to the top of the class, a striper and someday nuke school. He spent hours polishing his Tau Beta Pi bent and perfecting his boomerang throwing. Derek can down suds with the best of them, but soon the suds have an effect on his judgement. Many times we have seen Derek at his best: Halloween 87 (in action), Goucher - twice, U of Penn (depends), and the entire 2/c summer. But when the rusty diesel could make it back home, he would hit the road as much as possible; as long as the key would fit in the ignition. Soon he was saving cans for gas and an engagement ring, for the ball and chain. He started off on 150# and ended up the sub-squad god, you looked great in those yellow shorts. To the brightest and best guy in the world; the best of luck.....KLS



Kelly George Dobson

Grand Forks, North Dakota
Marine Corps Flight Officer

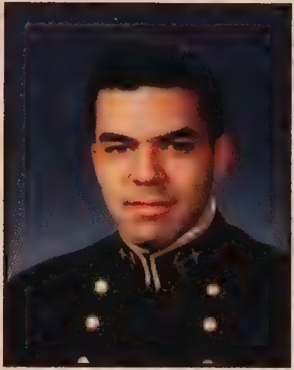
Kelly didn't have enough schooling as an enlisted nuke, so he decided to extend his commitment by coming to Canoe U. Plebe year was spent in the ROTC battalion on 8-1. Transitioning to Form-Two was difficult for Kelly, but he brought his own nickname with him...CUJO(?) Sailing and the mysteries of Electrical Engineering kept Cujo occupied most of the time, but he always was able to contribute to Company activities, Glenwood, Soda Mess, and sponsoring needy kids. Cujo vied with Whit to be the most computer literate of us all, but he never learned to keep his valuables locked.(Security Officer?) The Company knew that in a pinch, Kelly could be counted on to add his effort and his opinions. EE demanded dedication and imagination, but the Rickover mentality never completely won over, as Kelly loved to quiz people on the latest trivia and gossip, or hit them with a headbutt. Bulldog and a wrong turn in his sailboat (BIG $) convinced Cujo that Marine Air was the life for him.(F-18D!) Energetic and forceful, Cujo is sure to excel in the wing. Best of Luck... LDL JGK JO



John Shea Downey

Los Altos Hills, California
Navy Pilot

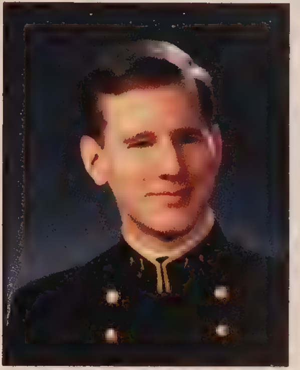
Sack-Jack came to us from lazy California under the impression that all Giants games were televised nationally or at least broadcast by radio-during drill? A Rasta at heart, he skanked his way through youngster year with "dreadlocks" and the LT on his back. 2/c summer brought a bevy of assorted mockeries: Camaro, Cold Cash, friendly cops in VA beach, Abu at O.C. A distinguished graduate of NASAP he liked restriction so much he slept through his last muster. His shack in Utah attracted many new friends for a week of debauchery and decadence: Snow phallics, hot tubs, beer races, and the "1o." Fudd's friends will remember him fondly for his luck with planes, cars, cops, women, etc. "Nice sack Jack." Who else would be sent to Pakistan when he had a woman waiting for him in London? Jack, always the financial wizard managed to squeeze a $25000 BMW out of a $5000 car loan, even though it was a year late. "Who's driving?" was his battle cry. Sack= Chinese food, snoring, arm punch offenses, Taco Bell on every road trip, and hugeness. "Blah" to you from we three ERW, EDM, MRR



Andrew Scott Garner

Kalamazoo, Michigan
Surface Warfare

It was a quiet,slightly chubby kid who wandered out of Kalamazoo,MI. and over to the boat school. As a plebe in 19th Co., Andrew didn't stand out, which is good for a ploober. Rooming with Andy, was definitely an experience. The best times we had were youngster year,esp. commissioning week-trips to VA. We drank too much slept a lot less. Our biggest mistake was 2/C year when we found him a girlfriend; Then one women was never enough. The funniest time was when he "lost his cookies" almost in the 4th Co. mail desk one Saturday night after a good party or when he got sick at the Hood Ring Dance w/ Sarah-she was pretty mad. First class year, he bought a sporty, black Saab and we never saw him again. He was always out with some 27 year old 'Women'. Andrew was a real gunge puppy and thought the Corps was his calling. That changed after Bulldog showed him that he wanted the leisurely life of a SWO. Good luck in Hawaii. Every Oreo Cookie will remind me of you. Don't forget the Pentagon w/plebers, Hood, and Ginny & Billy -they are the best. Army/Navy-we finally won. PIZZA & DOT



Joseph David Gombas

Valdosta, Georgia
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Gumby arrived at Canoe U. from Valdosta Georgia, home of the best high school football in the nation. Not being part of the great football dynasty, he decided to demonstrate his physical prowess by running far more than the ordinary mid. In between runs, he could be found in horizontal meditation or valiantly fighting mythical beasts on his $3000 friend. Being a patron of the video arts, Joe Dave has provided hours of movie entertainment for his classmates on weekends, even the dedicated late night viewers. As the sole male heir in the mighty Gombas clan, Dave has distinguished himself with a fast car, an awesome bowling trophy, and the only moose slippers in Big Two. Dave will be fondly remembered as a true friend by all his classmates in the company.
MJW

Joseph Edward Gugluizza
Cortland, New York

Word on the street is that Joe had, shall we say a high energy childhood; he hasn't changed much since. Joe came to us from a rather rough plebe year in 20th CO [Form 2x10]. In his quest for adventure, Joe was always near trouble. Amazingly youngster year was survived without getting into conduct trouble, despite Joe's affinity for crawling in at 12:44 on Saturday night in civvies. “What are we doing this weekend? “I don't know, I was kind of thinking of another adventure-in-a-keg over at Bill & Ginnys’.” The party that began that May continued well into the summer and then 2/c year; When Joe took up a new pursuit; bumming rides up to Hood. After a run in with the Red-Snapper, Joe amazingly settled in with just one girl. There was much fun to be had at Hood, including; “I can't close my door” & “The seatbelt doesn't work.” First Class year shall be remembered for its roadtrips; ‘Land of the rich and shameless’ on a Tuesday afternoon, “Andrew, relax, this isn't the Autobahn”’, and of course Army...GO NAVY. Welcome to the Corps Joe, may it treat you well.($#@*!) Andy-...DOT.

James Olin Johnson
Brooksville, Florida
Surface Warfare

The Bear arrived in Crabtown from Florida via a different path than most. Marine Recon and Swamp Lejeune spurred his desire to be a Naval Officer, and following “Capt. Red's” advice he showed up in front of Halsey on a hot July Day. 4/c year for Jimmy was spent in 32 (BIG PLEBE) perfecting his attitude. Youngster year brought JO to a Marathon and Rugby. Rugby brought knee surgery and Vitamin-M. All nighters and War with Mad Vlad produced a Russian scholar-(Ludmilla's Olin) Enoch and tequila at Steve's, a new LT and bad grades marked 2/c year. Firstie year brought out JO's entrepenurial spirit, but he still had time to travel to Cornell with PA beer lovers. Wearing three stripes but still “on our side”, SWOJO saw that the few good men didn't always care for theirs and broke with the Crotch. A steady friend and a solid leader, the “real Navy” is richer for having him. LDL

Whitney Wren Kemmey
Richmond, Virginia
Surface Warfare

RRRRRRRRRIIIIII NNNNNN GGGGG! That cursed reveille bell begins most mids' days, but not Whitdog's. That measely bell doesn't stand a chance against Whitney's 90 minute sleep cycles. (But come to think of it, his alarms (that wake adjacent wings) and myself don't fare much better. But never fear, class was ALWAYS motivating enough to stir Whitney. Right? Getting back to bells, there is one bell that Whitney won't miss--Those wedding chimes. Of course, there is no future femme...yet...but who knows, by the time of this printing, Whit Jr. may be on the way. If that name won't suffice, one of Whitney's baby books and calendars will surely supply something. This is assuming he can find those things under his usual weekend piles. If he can't, he'll have to resort to one of his “programs.” Whitney runs those occasionally to solve life's little mysteries. (like if you have only the Ace and the Two of spades...how many tricks can you take?) Go get em' Goob. Take charge of the Connole Patrol! BWC

John Gerald Kurtz
Green Bay, Wisconsin
Naval Flight Officer

Kermit the Frog. Annapolis life, far from his Green Bay lily pad, was a culture shock. As a plebe in 26, John quickly distinguished himself here at the Boat School by “protecting his classmates”. The world of chemistry always fascinated the Frog, especially the distilling process. Youngster year associations with Geronimo (The LFI), Stein, Mud, Greek & Woots left a confused but fun-loving young man.(Never take Llew's beer!) Although called the Frog, most think he is more closely related to a horse.(Batt X-C Star) Ma Frog was always supportive of the company with Biweekly chow packages. Adopted by the good Dr., Kermit practiced Interior Decorating on a new level, with projectile painting. Second Class summer and Firstie Cruise in Rota served to affirm his love of the back seat. As 1/C Ac-O, Kermit redefined accountability and proudly earned his MIR eagles. A loyal and true friend, Kermit is the “Quality People” the Navy needs. LDL TLJ

Chris Khoi Le
San Francisco, California
Submarines

Coming from San Francisco, Chris first landed in 21 for Plebe Year. He hoped for any company except 2 and 17, but luck reigned and he joined us in Form-2. Chris went right to work amassing one of the largest greatest hits collections ever. After serving a tour in Wiederland, his new roommates changed his ways. During his years in 2, Chris earned the titles of the lightweight king and Frick(or Frack). Chris still maintained his professional side, grilling the Plebes for two summers, helping the NAVTAG team reach second place(twice), and being restriction muster color man. Chris somehow managed to sneak his way into the back door of Tau Beta Pi, the cheap vacation society for engineers. Female encounters have been quite an experience. The queen of the Victor Delta was a fanTAZtic time, but don't kiss and tell. Although he had plotted many times, Chris never did go to the Dark Side. Chris went through a rough Nuke interview, but made it into subs on his impressive humanities record: money may not be the fuel, but it's a good lubricant. Good Luck from ELM, DMC, HEB3,CAR.

Thomas Joseph Leonard
Montville, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Tom came to us from some Podunk town off of Exit 10 on the turnpike. He was thrust into 26 and immediately made friends with the second class especially one W. Brisson. As winter came Tommy found his first love Hockey. From this he received his permanent nickname, Dot. 3/c year thrust Dot into his worst nightmare,big 2. Tom's first day began roomless, by choice, but it all worked out. Skating again took up Dot's time and he approached it with Vigor,Vigor named Amy. Not to forget his friends,well his roomate,he always shared when it came to women: Army,Sasquatch among others. 2nd semester 3/c year Dot found Navy Football in the form of LD(Nice hands-I've got you now). 2/c class year found a new hobby Amy 2(2nd to none). In discovering true love, he also found Smoke Hall.(Thanks classmate) He also learned that studying really did help one's grades. 1/c year found Dot commuting to Navy from Hood, his last true love was also found, his Vette."If you sleep 12 hours a day you're only here for two years!..Time Flies when you're unconscious!"Go SWO and don't dissapear-EDM&JGK

Llewellyn David Lewis
Scranton, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

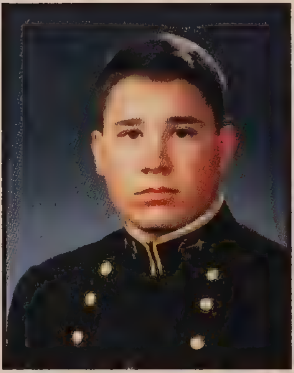
Lush-ous Llew, full of fire & fury, came from Four, destined for stripes but 3/c WESPAC showed him the sights & sounds of the world and began to defroc the boy from Scranton. Youngster year with Enoch & LFI continued the process.But nothing could stop his determination,not even the O-course(or his nose).2/c year came, Geronimo went & was replaced by the bear,or the hoarding Swede (I forget which). Lucifer became a EE god (for three semesters) but didn't let his professionalism slip (up for reveille every morning) despite his cultural expansion (forget Huey. Reggae, the Dead and Floyd). After scores of road trips and parties at Steve's (Tequila-till-ya-blind comes to mind, sort of...) the Hoser's work ethic paid off and by some trick of fate he became the baritone Batt Cmdr who loved his libs & class treasurer. Service Selection night was fun (my eye was swelled shut in my passport photo) but showering the next morning wasn't. Llew was, if nothing else, a faithful friend ready to lend an ear and help out. Keep your head in the clouds, see you on the other side. JO MRW KJH JGK

Eric Louis Mersch
Cincinnati, Ohio
Submarines

Eric come to us from the midddle of nowhere, Cincinnati. He started his career in the 3rd company, and will finish it in the 2nd company. He is one of the few to spend his entire time in the first batt, with its advantage of being close to main office, and its honor of having T-court formations. Eric started out as a bundle of nerves and will finish that way except that the bundle will be better drugged by graduation. During his time here, he impressed people with his mad play on the fieldball team, but got himself out of everything else by being on the Brigade Training Committee. First class year came and found Eric driving a black mustang, and studying harder than ever in search of that nuclear power bonus. Eric will always be remembered for his dedication to duty. He was high enough in class to select any NPS date, Eric, however, made the sacrifice and chose the earliest date, giving up his two months of TAD in Germany where he would be celebrating Oktoberfest courtesy of the Navy. For his dedication to duty, he is awarded the 2nd company Handy-wipe award.

Edward Davis Murdock
Macon, Georgia
Surface Warfare

Ed, Dave, Davey, Mud arrived from the promised land with cotton in his ears, hair on his back, peanuts in his pockets, baggage, care packages, and car. He confused "between the hedges" with "behind the wall." Described as that "non-descript guy" Mud used this anonymity to create the most far reaching intelligence network since the KGB. Mud always knew the rumors and where to get the gouge. LT came to him for information. Mud's existence inspired "mudspeak" i.e. mudrock, mudlove(and not just with his rack), mudcar (midstang), mudgirl (Gertrude?), mudrun (nevet again!). As a 3/c he braved "Larry," Dot and Freddy. 2/c summer included an assorted bevy of mockeries: Orthodontists, conventions, New Orleans(twice), 14 yr. olds at O.C., and way much beer. His obsession with the exotic led him to Britain and Spain but left him only a calender to worship. Mr. Professional was awarded two stripes and a bear. He used his unexpected power to protect and serve those who believed. Blah to you ERW LDL MSS Dago



Scott Micheal Murray
Lander, Wyoming
Surface Warfare

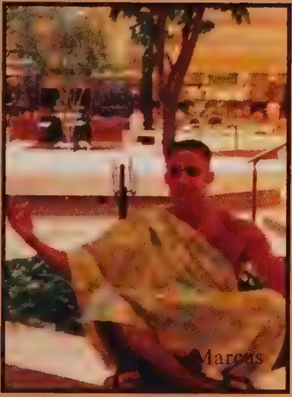
Merle journeyed off the ranch, threw off his boots, and strapped on his boondockers. He loved them so much that he wore them out on the town, along with his blue rim and working jacket. He entered big two as the company clown and ended up the restriction king with a black N*. He has greatly impressed his classmates with his outstanding taste in women. Asthma, stopped his dream of becoming a green machine, and always slowed him down on the 150# field, when he wasn't on his back or holding. We still don't know where he hid all those pounds for weigh-ins. But he definitely found them for his summer cruises. His greatest talent is his ability to sleep through study hour with a book in hand. His glasses will also show for that. Keep your eyes open in the hall for this sugar-high exhibitionist dancing in his skivvies and posing for pictures. He poured his money into a Quad 4 and a 49 chevy pickup and never saw it again. A true-blue SWO, the Tico found the best man around. KLS

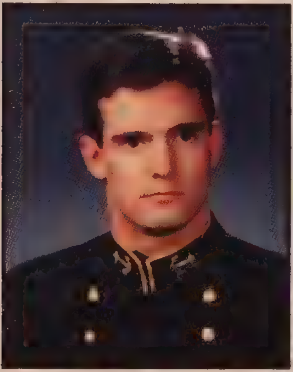
Alan D Philpott
Teague, Texas
Surface Warfare

Texas tumbleweed couldn't keep Al from signing up and shipping out for "four years together by the bay." As a Mid, Al has sent many of his classmates ducking for cover while his arms flailed about to aid his speeches about his convictions or his orations in defense of his one true team, the Dallas Cowboys. Al's reputation as a ladies' man has been formed as he has courted several wholesome women from his church, demonstrating his ability to be the "soul of tact, patience, justice, firmness, and charity. Everybody wishes Al the best. Not a bad word can be said about him because he is truly a friend to all in Deadly Deuce.
MJW

Curt Anthony Renshaw
New Albany, Indiana
Surface Warfare

Our frugal Fletch, a diaper-dandy from the Hoosier State, Curt entered Big Two sweating; but he gave it up when he saw how useless it was. His D&B background didn't affect him too adversely, and we have Silva to thank for that. Chemistry was his major, history his forte, and some tab him as the Smartest Man Alive. He thought about being a doctor and an NFO, and it wasn't until service selection that he flipped a coin and picked USS Shilo. Curt is the All-American boy, and he prefers the Indy 500, Bobby Knight, or a Reds game to a stuffy play or opera. His trusty American Oldsmobuick took him on adventures to the "show" in Oxford, Ohio, U of South Carolina, etc. In Cali, he and McAvoy made it to Psycho IX. We all love him and wish him the best, but we're not betting that "Mr. Ann-Landers-face" will write and keep in touch. Stamps cost too much. HEB3





Michael Rolf Ruehring

Baltimore, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Herr Ruehring swam his way down the Chesapeake and into the record books here at Navy. The first weekend of social interaction with his new friends youngster year, Jose rescued a damsel from the lascivious Randy, and we never saw him again. In fact, he will officially clamp on the ball and chain three days after graduation. Swimming occupied most of his time. If he wasn't swimming he was sleeping; studying never played much of a role in his existance. Mike always reveled in the fact that in three years his roommate only beat him to bed twice, yet could never match Mike in academic achievement. He often enjoyed a good wrestle, as long as he did not have play by the rules. Mikey had by far the smoothest legs in the company, a trait which endeared him to our former CO, Lt. Steckler (we always wondered how he got that halo). He accompanied the band in search of boards, bumps, booze, and women in Utah, but the band saw little of our young hero and his snow bunny as they were busy getting engaged. Good luck with life and wife Mikey. ERW JSD EDM

Kevin Lee Steck

Storm Lake, Iowa
Cryptology

We knew that Kevin was cut out for the Navy as soon as he got into uniform. Ol' Popeye had the head, forearms, dixie cup, and jumper. All he lacked was a pipe and some spinach. Kev came to the Academy to wrestle, but found his niche on the 150's field. However, the intensity that earned him the MVP never quite made it into the hall. "The Mole" was probably better suited for subs, since he hated sunlight and paid money for radiation tanning at the salon. Convinced that Storm Lake was the center of the earth, Kevin didn't bother with geography. By graduation, he could locate such exotic places as Abu Dhabi, even if his spelling still needs some work. Stecker ran up quite a list of accomplishments during his tenure: receiving mail order beer, drinking beer at tail-gaters with the C.O., and letting us all know just how many women could not resist his charm. Kevin also proved the "well rested, well tested" theory, demonstrating that one can make Dean's list without missing a wink of sleep. Kevin, best of luck to the best of men... SMM

Marcus Stavros Stefanou

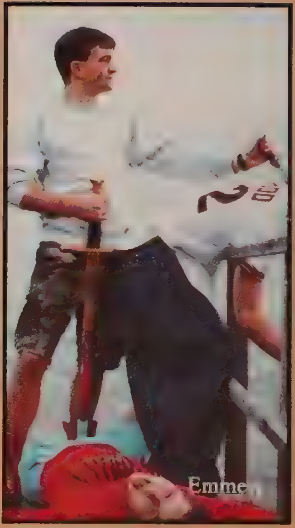
Charleston, South Carolina
Marine Corps

Arriving to Annapolis by way of Greece and God's country, Marcus quickly established himself as SUPER PLEBE. He came to 2nd Co. with no set reputation or nickname (except swimming class) He became 'Gimp'. 3/c year with Frog and the Randy was quite a shock for our young lad. The eternal quest for 16' took up most of his time, but he still found time to pursue the light load of EE. 2/c summer saw the Greek one with a new sense of life and service selection (NFO, no Surface,no subs, Marines-NEVER!) New Orleans (Great with women, except the ones that liked him)and a bevy of assortied mockeries. Marcus threw himself into 2/c year with great enthusiasm despite the loss of RAH to Air Farce for a semester. He stumbled on EE, but still managed to trek far and wide(Citadel-the stelth plebe, USC, Colorado) 2/c class year also brought Spoo and the concept of weekends without books. As a 1/c, EE threatened unsatness(I'll never get weekends); but he came out unscathed. The Navy lost a good man but the Marines gained an idiot. A better friend we never had and to you we say BLAH!-ERW&EDM

Michael Ernest Wallis

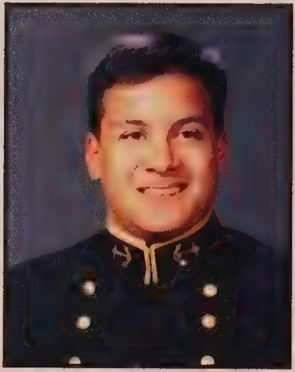
McAlester, Oklahoma Navy
Pilot

Wally was born right into the Navy with a salty Master Chief as Dad. A last minute offer from NAPS ensured that Mike would someday be delivered to USNA. Known for his easy going nature and small stature, Mike sought to incur the favor of fellow Napsters by meticulously inspecting their covers for ip's. But whatever overzealous bug attacked Wally at NAPS was dropped like a bad habit when he stomped into the boathouse at Navy and began his bid for "TOP COX". And top coxswain he has been for 3 yrs, leading the Navy "8" through hell and highwater from the Severn to the Eastern Sprints to San Diego("Oops,sorry dude watch where your *!!%$#@? steering!"). The highlight of his rowing career to date came 1/c summer when Mike was selected to attend the national rowing pre-elite camp in Ohio. While there's no doubt that Mike spent most of his time rowing or going to class in between rack periods, he found time to cruise in the Mk1 up to the spider's web at Hood. Mike quickly rectified that situation and again, Oklahoma became OK. He'll be a great officer and always my great friend. AZ



Michael John Wilson
Omaha, Nebraska
Submarines

Mike came to the Academy from his hometown of Omaha and quickly set about making a name for himself. He became known as part of the nuclear triad and the bubble room. Mike has maintained a high QPR without becoming a stereotypical nerd. Nerds study to make good grades, Mike does not. Mike also gets more time off from the Academy then any other mid. He takes trips with the Glee Club and an occasional business holiday jaunt to Washington. When he is around, Mike likes to entertain his classmates; most notably is his behavior at dining ins, which is notorious. Mike is also an avid book reader, especially the ones with all the pictures in them. Another of Mike's goals is to bulk down during his senior year. He has almost acheived the minimum weight and we do not let him outside in the wind for fear of losing him. Mike will be missed by his classmates.



Mark Edwin Rios Winick
Burnsville, Minnesota
Submarines

Enoch of the Lakes, Winnie-the-Pooh, our Dead Head Panda Bear spent plebe year on 4-0 wondering what happened to his tie-dyes and the Vikings. Transition to Form-2 brought back his Pink Floyd CD's, Powerlifting and introduced the love of his life, Electrical Engineering. The Blue Magnet never found more willing disciples than Mark and Geronimo, the LFI. Being unsat and dip helped Enoch find the strength to study late, keeping his Bull Major roomies awake. Road trips to Ohio, Syracuse, South Carolina and the hot tub in Utah were ways to blow off steam. Whether face down on the lawn at Weem's Creek, becoming a canvas for artists at OSU, hitting nude beaches on Labor day, searching for Shenoch, or lifting at Nationals, the round part of the "number 10" always gave his all. On a FOREX cruise to the PI, Mark represented us well, while enjoying his Mother's native culture. The world's shortest Platoon Commander, Mark's sense of "duty" made him a perfect Co. Sub. Straightforward and loyal, Mark will always be a true friend and a superb Officer. Run silent, run deep.......LDL KLS

Emmett Randolph Wootton
Atlanta, Georgia
Naval Flight Officer

Randy came to us from the aristocracy of Atlanta. One of the few remaining survivors of 25, his plebe year prepared him for everything except the Naval Academy. As a youngster, he began his quest to try every sport at the Academy. After 4 years he never found one to please him. Woo Woo established himself as the ultimate "golden boy." He breezed through as a "sophomore" breaking hearts and gaining notoriety among many local females. Thr-rift Inn, Army (thump, thump), remind us of the Kubla days. Pipes, poetry, and pleasure rounded out his year. As a "junior", he ventured away to Air Farce for fun in the snow. EE for fools and Stacy still gave him time for a 3.9. The halo effect was in full effect. 2nd Semester found Ran Ran sliming out of EE, worshiping Paulina, and preparing for Norway FOREX. While on pilgrimage to Utah, the Gods blessed Rah again--Theo. As a senior, Despot found his purgatory impaled on the Trident. Weird Wootton was never accused of being the normal mid, or for that matter normal. dirty dances, sideburns, and monogamy. Blah to you-- Mud Sack MSS

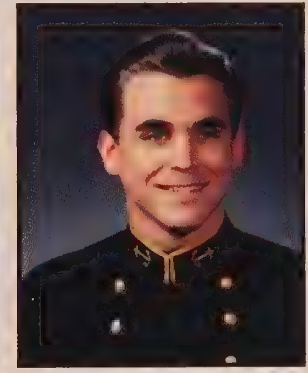
Allan Ziegler
Wellsbourgh, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps Pilot

Zig came to the Academy from Allantown Pa., home of the Northhampton koncrete kids. Al excelled academically our first year. He also started his lucky streak with the admin-conduct system, Taps, beer and girls, but he never got caught and never would. Zig never served time in Smoke Hall. 3/c year came and academics became Al's Achilles Heel. He quickly became a master at taking finals, especially dynamics and engine math. Luckily for Al, Rugby would get him away from the Academy during unsat weekends. By 2/c year Zig had established himself as the A team Scrum Half. Through his sport he made some of his best friends, male and female. I'm sure he will always remember the Waterbug. Between trips to Cally and notorious parties, Rugby managed to win the PRU's and take runner up at the Eastern Championships. 1/c year Zig was rewarded for his efforts by being named 2nd semester co. commander. Although he was the Zigdolo, he did a great job. For service selection he chose Navy, Marine, Navy, Marine Pilot. He will make a great officer. Go Hoffer, Fight! MEW

3rd COMPANY

Dwight Edward Barnett
Fontana, California
Surface Warfare

Dwight came to the Thirsty Third company from Dirty Thirty, and he always lived their mottos to the fullest. Rarely studying, Dwight was always up for a good time. There was nothing better to Dwight than either falling down drunk in Baltimore after a 6000 style Navy game, taking over UVA fraternity parties, or trying to get mugged at Greekfest. One of Dwight's best qualities was being Slim Pickens, whether he was "Hollis E. Wood" or "Mr. Taggart." "Slider" could also do some pretty fancy sliding on his knees, even in front of the girls' dorm at College of Notre Dame. He had a good arm with a six-pack afterwards, too. So, did Dwight manage to get serious for service selection and maybe even decide to make the Navy a career? Sorry.....five- and-dive! Hey Dwight, be wary of Scams in Long Beach.



Aaron Call Bartlett
Pittsfield, Maine
Naval Flight Officer

As we come to the end of our 4 fun-filled years at THE Academy, we asked all the women of your career what they had to say about you: Susan, Anna Maria, Laurie, Christina, Fadia, Tammy, Kristen, Christine, Bev, and the knockout Wendy; but the editor couldn't print those words. Cars were a major pain in the wallet. Corvettes don't handle all that well in snow and Camaros aren't good frisbees; you hated the station wagon, but it sure was the safest and least costly. Speaking about money-Financial Woes! Mr. AT&T, VISA, Mastercard, INSURANCE (Major Risk), Bartabs, and $680 in one week for one girl (Are you in Love?). A few things that you will be remembered for: "I only drink hard liquor," going to Chi Chi's dressed as a Nerd, English Majors never do any REAL work, spending weekends shooting at small black circles, 4000 the team. So what does all this lead to? USMC? No-(Look at the Funster) Nuke? N/A-(So what does Admiral Demars know anyway?) SWO? No-(But you did look) Pilot? No-(Commitment) NFO? That's it. Best of luck with your Naval visit and life after. Mark and Bob.

Paul Alexander Beckley
Lindenhurst, New York
Navy Pilot

From across the yard, this prehistoric throwback could be distinguished by his gorilla-like gait. As a prior Napster, Paul exhibited his individuality throughout Plebe year. Paul's first love was wrestling and he could be often seen tossing larger opponents through the air. Due to his wrestling acquaintances, Paul had the priviledge of joining the "Toughest Room in the Brigade". However, he jeopardized his membership by journeying to the darkside. Each night he would surreptitiously meander over to Nimitz for his study hour rendezvous. While most people maintained a rigorous academic schedule 2/C year...Paul slept. When he roomed with Jeff he couldn't sleep much at all. One Way Beckley was more than a friend to us, he was a leader. We could always depend upon his sage advise in times of need. Becks always had the Master Plan which everyone waited for him to reveal at the wee-hours of the night. Paul humored us with his sarcastic wit and variety of impersonations. As he practiced, "You're entitled to your own opinion, but you're not entitled to be wrong". SPR,JWM,MWD,JHH,TEG

Mark Douglas Behning

Phoenix, Arizona
Submarines

Mark Douglas Behning came to us from the sunny metropolis of Phoenix and has been recovering from jet lag ever since. He is surprisingly able to sleep 27 hours in one day. When not asleep, Mark is usually complaining that he is awake. If not for Kim, whoops! Margaret, he may never have gotten out of bed. But now, he's burning calories and nuke bonuses hunting for a ring. Although not noted for his physical activity, Mark did manage one boxing appearance in company area. Accompanying the title was a 4000 and 20 days of hard time. Realizing Mark's inability to serve, however, the Funster granted a government-paid vacation to Air Force. Famous Quote: "ZZZZZ...!" Remember: 3-1 jungle gym, The Booze Cruise, Service Selection Night, 99 cent drafts and free pizza, and cars and snow don't mix! Congratulations on your first 4.0. Good luck at Nuke Power School. Fly Subs! Take 'em by storm! AB JM JF

Michael Lee Christ

Morrisville, Pennsylvania
Supply Corps

Michael Christ, known to some as Milton, came for a free education from Morrisville Pa. He puked his way through the next four years to pursue an NPQ career in the supply corps. Whatever it takes was his motto to get what he needed. He was told plebe year he had to study hard and since then he's been hardly studying. He spent his time playing football or playing with his brain. Up at the crack of dawn and always striving to improve his professionalism, he was a pillar of leadership for the brigade. Remember these; Hey Mike, work out with me and I'll rip you into shape, John did you save that? road trippin to Towson, the RoadWackers, Did you take the same PCR we did?, the Datsun, Paddywagon, Paddywagon, Paddywagon. Beware of subways and warm sap trees on tropical islands, Roach I'm taking my belt off!

Raymond Leo Cournoyer

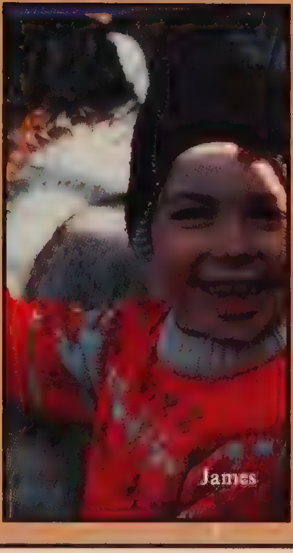
Manville, Rhode Island
Surface Warfare

Handsome.Clean-cut.Intelligent.Modest.Hard-working.Wholesome. An All-American kid from RI. Butch to his family. Born on skates, Ray became a viscious, punishing madman on the ice. 4 letters and Navy Hockey captain as a 1/C. Ivan to teammates. Roommate Raf completed Tres Locos 3/C yr and it was fitting that the noisiest room in Third Co. would hear the 0530 garbage truck on Tuesdays. Raf was amazed at Ray's malleable putty face and Jeff wondered how his honker toes fit into the skates. With Raf studying in Florida, teammate Jack moved in 2/C yr. No weekends all year and earplugs didn't save Ray from a May Ac-Board. ADM Hill said to trade Jeff & Jack for Shawn to keep Mech E and The Ring; what a romantic Ray of Hope Ring Dance was, A drunken tonsilectomy! Finally weekends 1/C yr! For a while anyhow. Fast hockey, a faster car and a rekindled flame from home kept Raybabes movin. Opponents fear him. Women desire him. Funster recruited him. One woman with a Secret tamed him. Such an Emotional Guy. We just love him. Best of everything, Ray! JWM, JWP, STC, RAD

Shawn Thomas Cullen

Milsboro, Delaware
Special Operations

Shawn, a.k.a. Conan, and the Squatty One, came to us from that Metropolis of Milsboro. Shawn's positive attitude and zest for early morning starts made him a definite standout at the Academy. Shawn's weeks were spent studying, working out, and playing 150's for which he earned all-conference. His weekends were spent taking road trips to Delaware Univ. to see his one and only-well at least for the first six weeks anyway. We'll never forget the, "I'm just going to pick up some detergent" trip after our second class dining in. Shawn earned the title of most musically diverse when his CD collection was completed with the addition of the Les Miserables sound track. Shawn also developed his technique for clearing a room that was second to no one. Shawn was always troubled about whether to make the Navy a career. It seems now that he is destined to go twenty. He spent his final years racking up speeding tickets and sleeping through every Thursday. Our hats, even though smaller than yours, go off to the official Budman of 3rd Co.. This Bud's for you Shawn! Dandy



Kathryn Elizabeth Dailey

Charleston, West Virginia
Surface Warfare

Kathryn inspired the "Quote Log" on Oct 28, 1987, when she deadpanned, "Everytime I see a really good movie like this [Fatal Attraction] I feel like quitting the Academy & getting into film." So she did-sort of, in "Our Town" as Mrs. Soames, the snivelling town gossip. When she made the Glee Club specialty group, 50's music was never the same. K is VERY close to her loving Dad (who writes 5 times a week signing them "Your Father '51"), Mom, & the rest of her Wild, Wonderful, WV family. She loved Plebe Summer-anyone would if their father was living in 2nd wing! We'll see you in a Disney studio someday, after law school, of course. For now she'll be suffering in Hawaii! Aloha! love you-DVG...Kath as a CREWBA-1st boat plebe yr w/JC, Kath was bench pull queen, 4th at DV's, 3/c yr w/JP(great legs), jumpies, ergs, & the revenge against... "Carnivore"-undefeated & Gold at Vails, kept your shirt & everyone else's too. Kath was one of the '90 "originals" & always will be. Crew brought us together & what we built thru crew will keep us together-Amy Jo

Donald Anthony D'Andrea Jr.

Old Saybrook, Connecticut
Navy Pilot

This post office brat from Jersey, aka Rudy the pizza man, did time in Bama before hitting USNA. Dandy's gung-ho attitude showed all that he and USNA were one. Don had great aspirations for his youngster year until he met the Wingnut. Don's first year in third was spent racking, doing ab workouts, reprogramming absent***, and plotting Reza's demise. Dandy's frig and construction work won him the Funster's attention and restriction too. One thing that Don did attribute to the Academy is his financial genius. Somehow he managed to juggle his $25 K debt by only paying $10 a month-thanks Visa, MC, D & Mom! Don's early desires for subs faded into P-3's by service selestion night. We on 1-0 know that he made the right choice. Good Luck Dandy and never forget the Nic's in Third. BVR

Mark William Deets

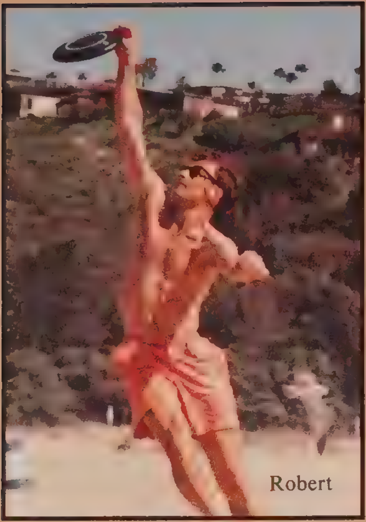
Beloit, Kansas
Marine Corps Pilot

"Sometimes you gotta get mean and I mean plumb mad dog mean". Nobody got meaner when the cards were on the table than Mark Deets. This tenacious Kansan pummeled many an opponent on the mat. He and his lover the Doberman practically wrote a book on drilling. Deet's intensity was carried out to the streets and his antics range from Balt to DC, just ask that young Maryland coed who fled from his grasp. Deeter wasn't always out partying, he could rarely afford it. Deets may have always been in debt, but he was meticulous about paying it back, he once wrote Sal a one dollar check. His voracious appetite was often the cause of his indebteness. Within a month he devoured over forty dollars worth of honeybuns. In debt or not this place would not have been the same without our silver-tongued, guitar player from Beloit. From the mouth of this gentle giant flowed some of the most beautiful lyrics and soothing tones. He will always be remembered as our most sincere friend. Thanks Deeter and we'll be making way for a fighter pilot. PAB SPR DSO

James Waldrip Forrester Jr.

Georgetown, South Carolina
Submarines

Little Jimmy came to us from "The Land of Cotton," where everything is perfect except for the fact that there are no men over 20 with hair!! He's a member of the Southern Gentry who still has the gall and lack of taste to wear a khaki suit with a polka-dot bow-tie (not even a clip on). Jim always had an affinity for old contraptions that didn't work. One was a humidifier/noisemaker that would roar like an angry dragon and another was his heater/poisonous gas bomb. His most famous was bobo's sister. Somehow, Jim helped run plebe summer and scammed four stripes when no one was paying attention. Otherwise, he would have been pegged as a no good politician and shot. "It's midnight! Let's go to Hardy's!" "Y'all got any cookies?" "Damn, I'm starting to talk like a yankee!" NAFAC Smack (Bubbles). "Pam, the girl he should have married...?" Is reading the newspaper all you do in Honors Poli-Sci? "Reeeeport." When you're president Jim, make sure you do the Kennedy Pose and give us all jobs. JPM TBH SSW SCS DAM



Robert Lynn Frye

Thousand Oaks, California
Submarines

Boob-need we say more? Age: 25, going on 13. The man who parked his motorcycle on the yard as a plebe, then proceeded to get fried for his Cadillac youngster year, then borrowed M.C.'s car to take his youngster 3-striper libs (he wasn't much for rules). Honorary member of the Bobo Assault Team (the man with the golden tongue somehow got out of it). Remember: Jennifer, Lori, Jennifer (the other one), Julianne, the girl in Bermuda, and others, and the present victim - Kelly. "Pyro" of Hardcore 1-3 fame. He owes his first-born to Marine Midland, and other debt collection agencies. He liked Nuke school so much that he's going back again. He played a mean (in many ways) bass for the band of the 90's - Vintage. The man should wear a sign, "Don't give me sugar." Remember the Nerds at Chi-Chi's and the world's first Iroc frisbee. The man who avoided haze grey and underway by taking two sailing cruises. The glass man who's putting the podiatrist's son through college. Good luck at Nuke School - watch out Orlando! AB EL GAG

Julius Alfred Fuchs

Pittsfield, Ma.
Surface Warfare

Julius "Rusty" Fuchs came to Annapolis from the metropolis of Pittsfield, Ma. just down the road from Boston. With a cheesy grin and a hideous laugh that set off Richter scales, Rusty introduced himself to third company. Slow was not the term for Rusty. In fact the common slug found Rusty's pace unnerving. Third and second class years were spent bulking up so he could become worthy of the status of all Monte Carlo SS owners. Although it smelled of mothballs and got negative three miles to the gallon no one talked bad of Rusty's baby. His second class year was highlighted by his shakemaster title and the three hour facial cream session in Daytona. Certainly the Joynes' new full well when they invited Rusty to dinner, his forty foot tape worm would be accompanying him. After having too many psyche courses, Rusty temporarily lapsed into the role of Dr. Fuchs and dazzled us with his postulates on life. We're all gonna miss you granny. Good luck even though we all know you can accomplish any goal once you set your mind to it. BR, DD, MC, JW.

Gene Anthony Granados

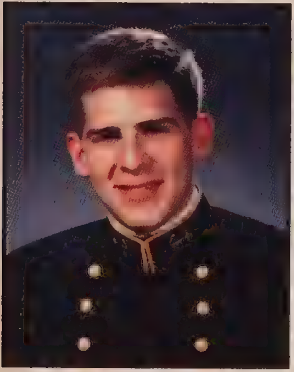
Oxnard, California
Supply Corps

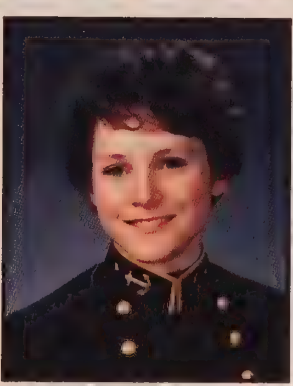
Gene came from California with the bare essentials; a complete Polo wardrobe, a Porche 911, and a case of hair spray. To this day, he still refuses to wear anything that doesn't sport a Polo Pony; except, of course, an occasional bucket of Mid Ribs. His basic academic premise for his Mech Eng Major was that he could camouflage his ignorance with a MacIntosh and a Laser printer. During 2/C year, Gene proved that he was dangerous with an empty Pepsi can - 4000 THE TEAM: OOH RAH! Soon after retiring from his hazing duties, he took up Varsity Rack with a passion only exceeded by his desire the ladies. We will always remember Gene for: Cappucino, Julie Andrews, his disgusting yellow pillow case, co-inventing the Lonely Heart Special, his CD collection, his quest for frequency response, his ability to eat his own weight in one sitting, and did we mention his pillow case? Famous Gene quotes include "It's better to look good than to feel good," "My car won't start," and "I have no cash." Gene, good luck and be careful while you're driving your desk. Love, RLF and JPM

Deirdre Victoria Gutierrez

San Jose, California
Supply Corps

The 3rd youngest member of '90, Deirdre ("spelled like weird") arrived at USNA mature & wise to the ways of the world. But Deeaar-dra soon learned that she wasn't in San Jose anymore, taking over as head restrictee after partying between watch sections. "But my weekend was approved," she told the OOW. She has an elephant's heart & the bladder the size of a pea. She was famous for singing her way to the men's head at 0300. "I laugh like Marilyn Monroe & Roach hates me; I'm such a loser!" The Brigade's token PortoWop, she was an attraction, esp. after the Cat in the Hat became a permanent fixture in her life. Everyone admired her underwear, esp. thru her summer whites. Yeah, Tigger! Extraordinaire, "D" wowed 'em w/ dissertations from religion to sex. One prof could only describe her as "exotic and untroubled." He never watched her try to reach the monkey bars on the O-Course! Although she left her Hart in '89, she's gained a million more. Je t'aime, mon amie! I couldn't have made it w/o you!--KED





Todd Benton Hastie
Phoenix, Arizona
Naval Flight Officer

Todd Benton Hastie came to this fine institution from the midst of the Arizona desert. It is theorized that this is the origin of his "sunny" disposition. Todd, also known as Hassle, Hastie Cakes, or even Shake 'n Bastie, distinguished himself as being the most depressing midshipman ever to haunt Bancroft Hall. Even Allison's tender touch was not enough to dispel the ever-present stormcloud hovering above his head. Famous Quotes: "What's a Watt?" "Because I'm Fat!" "I cannot win!" "Why even try?" "Jim, you and John are not my friends." "I don't drink." "Sir, I'm just going to my sponsors'." Remember: Studying until 3, 3 weeks on the singles' scene, BAC roof, Old Forrester on the jetty, Clash of the Roommates, cars at Gate 8, Hood and all it offered, Van Halen and Football, and Lent competitions. Todd, take care--We know you'll take Pensacola and the Navy by storm. Stay tough!
JM JF

Aimee Kathleen Hodges
Stonewall, Texas
Intelligence

AIMEE(like toothpaste w/ 2 e's not a y)was shipped to the infamous Canoe U. via general delivery from a podunk Texas town not located on any map-.Proud that home is located on Ranch Road One!Big step for Hodge-Podge—from wearing jeans and driving tractors to learning the word weekend. Geek spent Sat and Sun in Nimitz.Reason why ranked 500 spots ahead of me(highest in company). Named first female midn NAFAC coordinator in organization's 30 yr history(Praise goddess of computer-pedestal is getting too high!).Athletics(too many to speak of)-cheerleading(only one w/ real ability-could do more than smile),tennis,heavy wt football,cycling(loves it and the special man it brought into her life).Developed into social butterfly.Two-stepping,drinking margaritas(w/ or w/o salt-what a rebel!),driving w/ top down, marathon trip to DC.Nicknamed "Bubbles."Two loves-classic black VW ragtop "Aimee K" bug and family to whom she calls just to say "I love you!"Thanx for 3 wonderful years!How's the living down under?Good luck w/ Intel and CH!LUV YA-EJW

Lisa Marie Kleinfield
Barnegat, New Jersey
Surface Warfare, Ocean Option

SuperNav came to Canoe U from NJ (exit 67), joined L-33 & lived up in the clouds. L got a start on upperclass life w/a single room (Thanx Brandy), D&B trips (remember the hotdogs?), Zito, & Dead Week dares. Don't forget Greg & Missy's influence & L's debut at Xanadu. It is no surprise that she was on Log staff to protect herself! After a memorable European trip w/Missy, OceanO jumped into 3/c yr & impressed enough people to be selected for plebe detail. After 2/c summer 0000 workouts she was set for PEP, or at least returning from a night w/the STBD Batt Adj when the 4/c went out. 2/c yr had Matt2 & a 17 hr silent drive. On 1/c cruise, the true LDFH came out (thanx to a 21st B-day!) The sisters consumed many Saipan Slings and L never could remember where her car was. She moved onto 3-0 where there were Shivers, Kar-el, Email came hourly & PBFTW emerged. The 6th Co member (or is it 3rd?) learned the secret SWO handshake (Lizard & I hope she'll use it wisely in Charleston). I'll miss my best friend and roomie. Good Luck, stay out of jail & don't get too Comfortable!
RLR

Jeffrey William McCauley
Oswego, Illinois
Special Operations

Loud?...Yeah, he's loud. This Oswego Patriot hailing from the farmlands of Illinois could be heard at any time, and we mean any time, of the day or night wailing at the top of his lungs, usually to the music of the Rolling Stones. After dabbling in Aero and Mech E, Jeff finally found his niche in General Engineering by direction of Reza and the Ac Board. But Jeff wasn't just studious, he was also quite the fashion plate as illustrated by his "GASSERS-"...Nice shoes, Jeff! Other than the few wrinkles in the Prix, the only thing that could quiet him down was his siamese 'Cat'. First class year visited Jeff with a Company Commander billet and and a few black eyes and dislocated fingers as a price for his Rugby letter. But alas, the memories of Jeff won't all be of his voluminous nature and suspected lunacy. True friendship, loyalty and an unrivaled knack for brightening up your day is what he has left us and what he will bring with him wherever he goes. Jeff, may the halls never be silent when you're around.
RLC,PAB,JWP

John Patrick McGrath

Neptune, New Jersey
Submarines

We could have called it Three's Company, except one of us wasn't wanted-sorry Bobo! Then came Todd and the battle of the roommates began. Famous quote: "I'd do it ...IN A HEARTBEAT!" Eventually, his taste became more refined, but his technique still left a lot to be desired-"Remember the Alamo!" He chose his major by which set of profs gave him the most A's-he was never really good in English anyway; besides, he looks like a double E. 1/C year saw John with 3 stripes (we really just wanted him out of the co.) Fortunately, we still saw him enough for some laughs. Remember: Cappucino, Julie Andrews, the Little Mermaid, revenge by newspaper, "Trust me she'll dance with you!", "Serpentine! Serpentine!", co-founding the Lonely Heart Special and Joe Gross. John always had something nice to say "I hate people-if I had a gun, they'd all be dead!" Still, we know he'll make it big in the world, provided he loses that awful tie. Always remember: "THE BODY CAN ACHIEVE WHAT THE MIND CAN PERCIEVE!" You'll be missed. JF TH GAG MB

Duncan Shaw Owen III

Richmond, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Duncan, a.k.a. Donuts, Diesel, Outboard, and Cooter, came to USNA from a place called Richmond where huntin', fishin', and chewin' tobacco are the only way of life for real Virginians. When Dunc first came to 3rd Co. his unique talent of never letting anything worry him stunned his roommates. The last two years of Duncan's life at the Academy, fueled by SWO juice, were marked by incessant rituals. The most profound of these was his morning shower routine. Somehow seeing Donuts out of the shower wearing only his dog tags and dock-sides and rolling deordorant onto his chest made those depressing days humorous. Anyone who has ever roomed with him can tell you about the nightmares inflicted by the all to familiar "tink, tink" of his favorite desk lamp, and certainly no one ever doubted he would wind up with a Blazer come second class car loan. Certainly his last billet as company 1st Lt. was a popular one. His daily room inspections and little notes were a joy to us all. Well Dunc, as we depart, 3rd Co. would like to leave you with a thumbs up "buddy!" Dandy

John Ward Powell

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Black Jack, Brown Hornet, Powell arrived on the shores of the Severn from the "Iron City." Keeping a low profile, not much is known about his plebe year and all that remain from his youngster year are: the Kevin Jauch Log, the words pico, wraper, pickle, and crackle, and rumors of motrin and dollar bills. By second class year, although occasionally taking off for a "secret weekend," usually when the boys of three were out to play Jack was leading the pack. After racking as 2/c drill (o), as 1/c drill (o) Jack lead 3rd to a distinguished 30th place in the Brigade. Jack found it more his style being wardroom and soda mess president. Thats funny, Jack was the only 1/c without financial troubles...nahh! Jack was & always will be one of the Thirsty Third greats. BVR

Salvatore Phillip Rafanello

Short Hills, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

This scrappy NJ native, hailing not too far from "See-un Hawl," was a veritable fountain of ideas. But eventually, he settled upon becoming a fighter pilot. Cacciatore was known for mysteriously acquiring his friends' clothes. When laundry day came, Sal was the only midshipman with 8 or 9 alpha codes. A would-be ladies' man, Sal's high standards kept him celibate most of his days at the Academy. Sal never hit the town out of vogue, and he could hold his own in any bar. Army-Navy '87 was testament to that. Spring Break '88 saw him achieve legendary status at a bar in Cancun. But Sal had to give up the good life second class year. It tore our hearts out to see our jolly little Italian suffering to make 118 lbs. Sal showed true grit in earning an N* and 12 mos. later and 40 lbs. heavier, Sal could look back on his accomplishment with pride. In 20 yrs., Sal will probably be either on the bridge of an aircraft carrier or incarcerated for selling junk bonds. Either way, we'll always love ya, Sal. And remember, "They're goin' in! They're goin' in!"

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
Michael

TOPGUN
NAVY
Baron

Baron Vaughn Reinhold
Miami, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

Baron Vaughn Reinhold, a.k.a. Barry, Bear, The Fourth Reich, and Mr. Take Charge, has spent the past four years doing what it takes to graduate. This quality, instilled in him up at NAPS, has propelled him to the top of his class and possibly a long career in Naval aviation. Bear learned early on what the terms "star-dot-star", "repeat double E", and "goo-hey" meant. His philosophy was: "Why start my paper now, when I can pull an all nighter to write it?" He left USNA with the true sense of what it's like to juggle women like only a true Navy man can do and how not to spill beer on a prospective babe at Club Beverly Hills. He honed his skills of check bouncing and putting up with roommates from hell(Kevin "The Space Cadet" Jock, The Brown Hornet, Mr. Dallas, The Forgetful Wonder, and Dandy D) to a fine edge. Fashion has always been a priority in his life. His fine assortment of pink shirts, silk ties, and porous underwear earned him the title of best dressed in the company. It's all finally coming together eh Bar? Dandy

Michael Andrew Stanzel
Dallas, Texas
Supply Corps

Although no one was certain where Scamzel was from we all ruled out Jersey. Helen began his colorful career at USNA in 12th Co. where his impecable conduct earned him the distinction of performance summer school. Soon thereafter, Mike began making a name for himself in Thirsty Third. Adopting third's motto,"Avoid Pain Pursue Pleasure," to every aspect of his life he never took more than 15 hrs or had less than three youngsters a week. Let it never be said that Mike didn't have a unique thirst for knowledge. If the truth is to be known, Mike spent Mon-Fri planning his weekends in Georgetown and expanding the tales of his previous weekend's conquests. Helen was always good for a laugh and always good for the GOUGE. We in third wish him the best, our only advice... don't get caught! "HE HE HE LOOK AT BUTKUS"

James Cordahl Vestevich
Marriottsville, Maryland
Medical Corps

With a hearty BEAT ARMY, GO MEDICAL CORPS, King Jim from the Univ of Md began his merry-go-round adventure at USNA. Whether it was a weekend of MCAT studying or a long evening in Luce 104, Jim never let the pre-med, a.k.a chemistry major get him down. But if spine-tingling adventure does not find Jim, he will find it. Case in point: not content to flame on plebes, Jim took on some real contenders and earned Thirsty Third's Golden Gloves award. But there's a compassionate side to this guy. Jim helped organize USNA's Big Brothers Club and became Big Jim when he adopted a Little Jim of his own. Everyone needs a friend like Jim. He's a friend that can be counted on in good and bad times. Yes, Jim ranks with such immortal best buddies as B.J. (Big Jim) Honneycut and Hobbes. Jim will always be "King" to me.-JVH

John Fredric Gerard Wade
Port Washington, New York
Surface Warfare

Johnny Wade, otherwise known as Duke, Lobster, and Captain Intensity, came to USNA straight out of Port Washington High to be all he could be plus a Lax player. Let it never be said that you could pull the wool over this man's eyes. In the beginning, if it wasn't for Cheese, he wouldn't have made it through plebe year. John was always good for a lot of laughs. His buddies Mike C.,Rusty,Ken,Bob,Pete E.,Dwight,Mike S.,Mike P.,Alden, Paul F.,and Joe will always remember him by all the good times they had together. He was as good a story teller asleep as he was awake. Remember: Coach Meade, the hard work; and all the guys on the team; the T's; the condemned plebe room; the games sting and hellzone with the paddywagon; Uncle Duke's story hour; the jokes on him like pigeon brains, cointricks, and Sandinista spies; all the missions; all the Army Weeks; brawling in the Voo; and Greek Week. We wish you the best of luck Johnny Wade and thanks for being such a great friend. Know that each goal #23 accomplishes, his father is watching. J.F.,M.C.

Robert

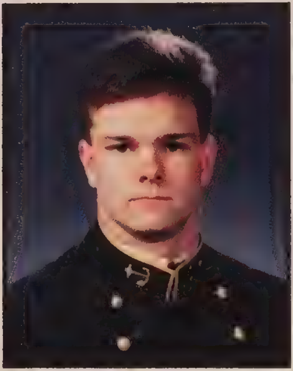
PROP ARC
JET BLAST
Elizabeth

Daniel

4th COMPANY

Elizabeth Jean Warnick
Woodbridge, Virginia
Navy Pilot

It's a bird,it's a fish. What,a flying-fish? That's our Beth,the multi-qualified NCAA swimmer soon to grow her wings. Upholding the traditions of Thirsty 3rd,Beth could drink anyone under the table,just give her beer,Bailey's or berry winecoolers. Unfortunately,her peanut bladder stopped her. But,there are two other honors which Beth has earned. First,she's the one woman who has kept Victoria's Secret in business. Are those reg? For her love of green,Beth would have joined the USMC just for the suits. Surprised your car isn't green! Second,her rack is the only one to beat the model room rack for the longest time between sheet changes! Don't be too grossed out,Beth used her unreg comforter that semester. Speaking of comfort,sorry to break it to all you guys who had a crush on Beth over the years. Beth's comfort is in Panama,just a call away on her "Carlos ECA Pres." phone! After 3 agonizing years,night after night,haven't you figured it out that the trash-can moves after you shoot. Wait, who put that wall there anyway? Beth, best of luck. Thanks 4 being a special friend. AKH



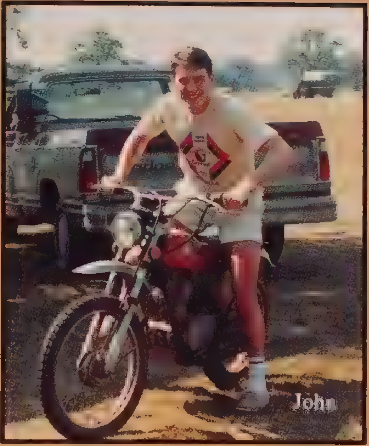
Robert Dean Weissenfels
Richland, Washington
Navy Pilot

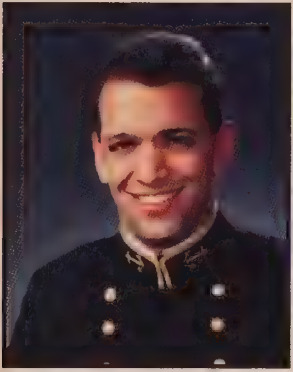
Bob was the All American boy, the rags to riches football story. He walked on as a plebe and four years later, as team captain, led Navy to a victory over the Army gray. He'll always be remembered for his emotional, tear jerking speeches. Bob was also known to have a hollow leg that explained how much he was able to drink. The stains still haven't come out of Rusty's car. Bob used to be one of the boys with Rusty, Mike, and John but then he slipped away to the darkside and was seldom seen again. After taking care of business 1st semester senior year on the gridiron, Bob felt confident that he could fight the system as company commander second semester. At least he tried.

By the time this little biography is put under Bob's ugly mug, we know he's going to be the new Navy record holder for the decathalon. A Jack of all trades and master of a couple too! If your not president in 20 years we'll all be let down. Mike, John, and Rusty.

Daniel James Bishop
Albany, Georgia
Navy Pilot

The Piglet is a direct descendant of Junior. Danno came to Canoe U from Al-beny Ga. After plebe year in the ROTC Batt, Danno went west to Racine County and then to the color company with Boogie. Football dominated Dan's life here at USNA. His perserverance finally paid off, 1/c year as starting center. If the Piglet wasn't at Mama Lucia's or the Ram's Head he could be found at Steve's with the boys from Two. In the hall at night, when he wasn't geeking Mech. E, he was out throwing looks, indiscriminately. 2/c car loans gave Dan the Monte-SS (where's the gun rack ?) An unforgetable firstie Christmas: the Deb' Ball, Gallager, Deer Hunting ?, "Bag's Lasagna". Service Selection, a leather jacket and a ticket to Pensacola put Dan a "Hat Toss" away from a promising career. JO & LDL





Mark Brannon Chenoweth

Houston, Texas
Civil Engineer Corps

Mark came from Houston with an ego bigger than Texas itself. By 1/c year, he finally figured out the source of the clogs in the sink. Don't worry, women think its a distinguished feature. Behind the wheel, Mark defines grace under pressure. When he first got his car, trips on Rt. 2 were an adventure. However he became a master of all-terrain driving by Army 1/c year. Mark was slated for subs until medical drafted him for the 'Corps.' Tell us Mark, how did you pull that one? He does have his good sides. Unlike some people, he doesn't mind mowing the lawn. He is also well rounded in athletics, academics and social skills. After devoting his plebe year to the JV Hoops team, he decided to forego his three years of eligibilty and the NBA draft to dominate company 3 on 3. He encountered problems when he pulled his hamstring. Now his roomate has a higher vertical leap. I guess we will never really know who is a better athlete, Jordan or Gretzky. Mark has what it takes to go far in life (and having a great family doesn't hurt). He's a great friend. JPC, JAG & WGM

John Paul Chimenti

Albany, Oregon
Submarines

Johnny Q. came to us from the great state of Oregon. A veritable fashion plate. Liked the socks and weekend attire. However, John's expertise was not limited to fashion. John, what about a bike? YZ80 or ATK? If he didn't have a ready answer, "Dirt Rider" was there. Even though John refused to mow the lawn on weekends, his ability to make the most of his spare time was often a topic of discussion (and concern). Maybe you should stay in and study for the 1/c PCR this weekend. Despite his professionalism, John managed to split time between 150's and the wrestling team. When he wasn't on the playing field, he could be found at his desk learning the intricacies of Mech E. The studying paid off, though, and John made those occasional weekend journeys to Oregon to see that special someone. Of course, the trips to Oregon were nothing compared to the snowy trip to the Army game 1/c year. Sorry John, just needed a nap. Not everyone spent the week with a druel pillow and quilt. John, you're a great friend. Best of luck in the Silent Service. Ska-doo-hoo. MBC, JAG, JFGJ, and WGM.

David Frederick Clipsham

Albuquerque, New Mexico
Navy Pilot

As the supreme sacrifice, Dave left his life of fast cars, fast planes, and fast women to attend USNA and fulfill his life's ambitions to become a nasal radiator. However, Dave strayed to the Dark Side plebe year, but tactfully used the force to break free of the influence after 9 1/2 weeks. A smart guy, Dave's door was always open for E.I., but his only customers seemed to be 4/c females. This is hard to believe, as Dave was always so very patient with those individuals slow to learn or of lesser ability. After a colorful semiconscious Thanksgiving in Jersey 2/c year, Dave swore off alcohol until he was legal. As a result of the weekend, Dave suffered paralysis of the neck. Out on the town, Dave looks sharp with his monochromatic fashion sense driving his orange utility vehicle with the programmable horn of justice. A squash fanatic, room volleyball and bag tag did not rank among his favorite sports. But now Dave heads for the land of the sun to meet his ideal woman provided she doesn't run into a submariner. SAM and AJM.

Leonard Cy Dollaga

Vallejo, California
Submarines

The Wingman came to us from Vallejo,Ca. Small of stature but big on motivation, he impressed his upper class in everything from his pro-knowledge to his driving ability. Never being one to throw in the towel, maybe he should use a sponge for that ever-present sweat. 3/C year brought the Wingman down one deck in altitude as he joined the Fightin' Fourth. Life as a struggling EE further clipped his wings, rumors flew but he didn't and pulling the Mech. E ripcord solved the problem unleashing him on the civilian world. Second class summer, and a weekend in Virginia Beach brought Suzy into his life, and they were making beautiful music together, but a D flat/C sharp closed the show a Midsummer Night's ... A bittersweet Ring Dance, plebe summer, a Christmas formal on the darkside sandwiched in between cheesings were all until a car-eer starter loan brought something JETBLACK and true romance into the Wingman's existence. (Twice on the Darkside?) Thanks goes out to Dave M. '89 for Brigade Parade and the evercheerful Maj. Griffin. Demars was unimpressed by your Timex. RS

Patrick

William

Arthur

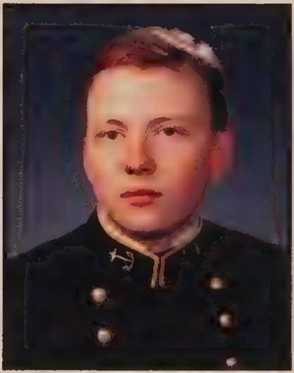
Dean

Dean Anthony Ebert
San Mateo, California
Marine Corps

You rule Ebes! What can we say about Dean that hasn't been said? His California blood emerged his first liberty weekend. Doing lunch with George. Black "N" his rooky year. After being forced to sea Youngster summer, Ebes eased into 3/c year. Dean loved animals and started a Wild Kingdom with sea monkeys, tadpoles, and rubber chickens. Spring Break on the road. General engineering. 2/c summer left Ebes yearning for the Marine Corps and he arrived back at school as the spontaneous flamer. It smells like fish in here! Friday: cards, roulette, name the game, yo! PFT, intramurals today. Staying up late, sleeping later. The nose, the dime trick. You're soooooo cool! 1/c summer Dean excelled at Bulldog and learned how to overcome a night on the town with a few minutes in the chamber. As one of "America's boys," Dean proved himself as a scholar and breezed through the semester. Ooo rah, Ebes, shave that head. Quantico bound. Set for life. With Snoopy blanket in hand and a full toy box, he made us all laugh. Never a dull moment. Who are you kidding?' PJS, RAR, PJH, SJM.

Patrick Donald Flood
Arvada, Colorado
Surface Warfare

Pat's story began in Colorado, notable as the home of Coors and Mork and Mindy. For as long as he could remember - at least two years - Pat wanted to come to good ole USNA with dreams of being a warrior and/or the next David Robinson. After toying with basketball, Pat finally saw the light and realized his destiny to become an oarsman. He stumbled into the boathouse and quickly drew attention to himself, despite his 78" frame supported by no muscles. Entering Steve and Al's body shop armed him with a "man-style" body, and Pat established himself as a rowing power. Pat's academic prowess is also commendable. He has amazed all with his ability to sleep through every class and still do well, with myself standing a close second in this endeavor. Never forget all the good, fun and stupid times: car shopping, baggies, drink one/wear one, slam dancing, alternative musical tastes, Carbo Fuel, and of course the endless miles up and down the Severn river. Here's to Ten Eykes and visions of '92 gold. God bless and thank you for everything. CAH



William Patrick Garrity
Newark, New Jersey
Intelligence

All of us still wonder if Bill volunteered for Navy or came as part of a deal with his parole officer. He started down the path of academics as a physics major, but became lost in the woods and emerged as a general science major. Fortunately for Bill, he was luckier in love and found his Goucher honey early in youngster year. Bill's love also included fish, which he fed daily on summer cruises. This led to his coveted intelligence billet. Bill's first assignment will be to a defense language school for English. He will then be fluent in two languages, English and New Jersian. Hugs and Kisses, XXXOOO, Dave and Pete.

Arthur Gibb III
Annapolis, Maryland
Navy Pilot

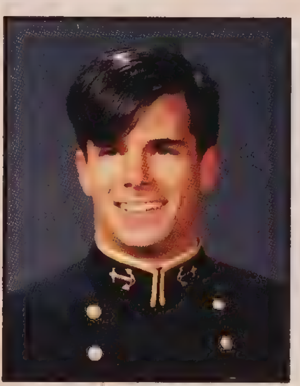
Our resident Annapolitan came to us via Hotchkiss, Dickinson, and Dirty Thirty. Every weekend of plebe year was a feast of Craig's humor and Mom's home cooking. Once a brother, always a brother (Theta Chi), Art spent most of his free time youngster year using his thumb to get back to Dickinson and Paige. When Art wasn't using his thumb, he was riding bikes in town. Finally, he mustered up enough strength to pass the PFT and earn his jump wings (always second in line). Marathon counseling sessions with KJ and Rodney. Room rumbles were popular second class year (How come you always wore boxers?) Ring Dance was great, thanks for the dinner. The beard went over well in Europe: Maria, Balmer's, and cafe tables. A hippie was born first class year (hat and magic bus included). Winterfest '90, "make me another drink...and another..." Sky is the perfect name for a future Naval Aviator. Just remember, you'll always be one of the Guys, and "as pleasant as a Doll's company may be, she must always take second place"...well, almost always....CLH & JAM

John Alden Guiliano
Longmeadow, Massachusetts
Cryptology

Dego followed in the footsteps of his brother, coming to USNA and going on to become the successful Navy Hockey captain. However, the road was not always smooth for John, but he never met anything a change in major couldn't solve. A quick journey from Rickover to Sampson and off to Colorado he went. What was it in Colorado that could wake you from your deep slumbers? Maybe a certain snow bunny? Always the prep, 1/c year brought the practical and safe Saab. The beginning of 1/c year meant adventures in O.C., Fell's Point, and on the seawall. The room phone of senior year created the need for more privacy for those super-sensitive phone calls. However, he couldn't hide those special messages. Service Selection meant maximum secrecy, stress, and the characteristic search for advice. Of course, things worked out for the best and the secret was out – Crypto in Japan. Best of luck from your friends. Things look good. MBC, JPC, WGM, & JFGJ

Lyle Edward Hoag
New Orleans, Louisiana
Submarines

Lyle Hoag enlisted in the Navy and was offered a nomination to the Academy after he demonstrated superior capability in nuclear power school. His friends are delighted to say his life has never been the same since! We are now talking about a man who enjoys racing in the mountains on (get this) his Rockhopper bicycle, sleeps with an authentic imitation Indian blanket, and clomps around Bancroft Hall in elephant skin cowboy boots. He is the veritible master of flatulence in whom resides a great affinity for the Manhattan Transfer. Besides his $4000 ring, Mr. Hoag enjoys the simple pleasures of life such as his Trident Scholar project, internship at the Los Alamos Research Center, and participation in the Naval Academy Men's Glee Club. He may often be heard singing "Campaign Songs," one of his favorite musical pieces. Lyle's loyal buddies in Fourth Company would like to remind him, if he feels compelled to humbly object to such praise, "you're free to leave."

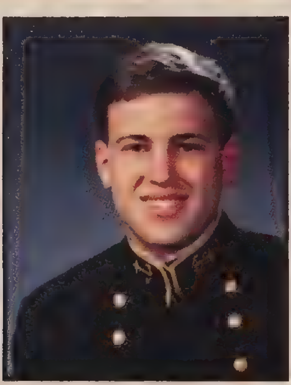


Patrick Joseph Hogan
Dunedin, Florida
Navy Pilot

Hairless, could it be true? Capt. Caveman arrived at USNA and to his dismay lost his mop. The Playboy co. introduced P.J. to world class skating. As a plebe, P.J. revelled in the soccer lifestyle while still weightlifting, slapping around his pals, and "oh, gosh, your messy." Youngster year P.J. lost interest in soccer and found new love: room volleyball, stupid Midn. tricks, and gunship. Whatever happened to the A-10? Drill, however, drove P.J. back to soccer, 2/c year found P.J. in the "barn" enjoying life under the microscope. Earning his "N," the CMOH's daughter, and a Scuba bubble, P.J. still couldn't find his reg P.E. gear. Fold your laundry, we want our clothes back. Knives, J. Crew catalogues and resident mail kept P.J. busy after moving out of the barn. 1/c year-...hey, where's P.J.? Z-z-z, bump!, how did I end up in this ditch? PJH, an insurance company's nightmare, or is it a dream? In true Hogan style, P.J. will return to his natural habitat in Pensacola. Tally-ho! C.Y.B. It sounded like a fishtank. The doctor is out. RAR, DAE, SJM, PJS, BAB

Carter Lee Honesty
Valley Forge, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

The illustrious TANGO DELTA spent his first 2 collegiate years at Temple and NAPS, the third in 23rd co, where he managed to get fried visiting his zoomie brother at the U.S. Country Club. Then began a tutelage of sorts under his mentor in the Fourth Reich. Youngster year with "DJ" and "Heavy D", what a generous guy! (or maybe the big guy forced him to sacrifice his bed.) The first of us to fall, and the first to jump. Winterfest '88 and the Puke Sisters ("she rinsed!!") We still don't understand what you wanted with the socks. Second semester AWOL, but your exploits continued: Swedish M&Ms were great, but your taste in hamburgers wasn't. Ring Dance with Susan, fond memories and farewells. First class summer bulldog and summer school; another succumbs, and leaves her imprint upon his soul-...Parents weekend and Breeding Stock is born. UNC, Myrtle Beach, BC, no wonder you were unsat! Navy wins-!...what a TD! Semper Fi, we know you'll make us proud. (Navy's loss is the Corps' gain) AGIII & JAM



John Francis Gerard Jackson
Baltimore, Maryland
Supply Corps

Johnny Jack arrived via NAPS. Plebe yr with Dubbs and Derek marked the beginning of his roomate troubles. Jack's 3/c roomates were quite an improvement but Harris and Bonacci were destined for UF and SU. End of 3/c yr was the start of the real fun times. First came a certain female who would remain the focal point of his life for the next year. That didn't stop Jack from making the most of 2/c summer. Trips to B-more & AJL's; LAX games, golf, Bleaks farewell, UB40 at P-cola, and Quantico! (wrong corps) With 2/c yr came Fri night escapades- Fat Tuesday's (you're poor roomie), Caps, and Bullets at the Arena. New Years w/ Bruce, club Lax, and Ring Dance boat ride finished off the year. 1/c summer in San Diego, OC and pistol detail with AJL. 1/c yr we moved back to Thurs at the Vous and also a return to the LAX team. As 31 May draws near Jack has more women than months left at USNA. We can't really blame you for never wanting to leave B-more. You have a great family there. Best of Luck. BMG AJL

John Archibald MacDonald
Norwell, Massachusetts
Surface Warfare

Scotty (how do you get Scott from John Archibald???) came to us via Bridgton Academy and the 8th company. Youngster year (in Geekdom) was noted only for the coldness of the room and the heat of battle. Second class year brought the "Three Stooges" together, and so the saga began. Santana concert with Lisa. Wedgie wars and rumbles were fun. End of semester leave at the Hotel Gibb - Scotty joins "The Club". Ringdance was fun - "She looked good, anyway" Always the last to get in on a good thing, he earned his jump wings 1/c summer. Cruising topless in the jeep became a regular habit. Finally, the boys are reunited. Breeding Stock. Road trips to UNC, BC, and Army. Dawn (what! Scotty's got a girlfriend?). Winterfest '90. How about all that money and two beautiful women in D.C.? Not bad, Moose. Japan? Japan? Go SWO... eat a donut (Dino's rules). They can't keep us apart forever. Friendships like our's are what it's all about. Can't imagine USNA w/o you. - AG & O-NASTY

Stephan Alexander MacLaren
Sycamore, Illinois
Submarines

A product of Genoa, IL, Steve alias "Clem" began his adolescence at USNA. Plebehood in Cloud Nine left him too spasmatic, so he joined the ranks of Fightin' Four. As a youngster physics major, Clem mastered motion and atoms, but had trouble with the dark forces. Steve's Book of Love started with the quest for a convenient girlfriend, but later left him eternally blushed. As a 1/c, he made the transition from crippling senior citizens to become one of the best Maryland drivers. However his trident project, Pixie's Ion Generator (PIG), sent his grades spiralling downward to a 4.0. Clem's main ECAs include the Dolphin club, Greenpeace, & lifting weights for cosmetic reasons. Because of an acute case of ambervision, Steve's service selection was limited to Nuke Sub, Joy Division. Your P-3 buddies want you to know that you'll never lose us. Fair winds. AJM.

David James Makowicz
Ellington, Connecticut
Naval Flight Officer

Dave came to us from Ellington, CT with stars in eyes and glorious visions in his head. Somehow, four years later, he still has these visions. Although he has been known to be "tense" at times, Dave has managed to become the model midshipman, complete with proper military bearing, smart uniform appearance, a hot sports car, and the ability to be banned from a certain girl's college in Towson. First class year, Dave found acceptance at another Towson undergraduate institution, and found true love with his Towson Tiger, GRRRRR!!!! Just remember to bring a big towel with you in the cockpit and wipe down as neccessary. Bill and Sven.

William George Mann
Moorestown, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Upon return from 1/c summer frolics, 4th Co. had a new 'Mann. Cruisin' in from Moorestown N.J. Bill had decided to attend Rutgers for a sabbatical year. He was left behind by Gags and Jimmy but this time around Mary Beth proved a better companion and kept Bill at USNA. "Hey, where's Bill? He's either watching George Michael-Sports Machine, washing his vette, working out, or shotgunnin' another six-pack of Sustacal." "How bout' giving us one? Your belly is gettin' a little big isn't it?" You still haven't whooped us yet M.F. Come Awwnn!-Can't you spend one weekend with your buds? But we understand, a family like Bill's is hard to stay away from. Bill aged a couple of years on Service Selection night but when they called those last 20 names down the gold was still waiting for him-wings that is. Way to go Bill. Bill, we only had a year to get to know you but it feels like you were with us all four. Good luck in P-Cola. JAG, JPC, MBC, JFGJ.

Steven Joseph Marinello
San Diego, California
Navy Pilot

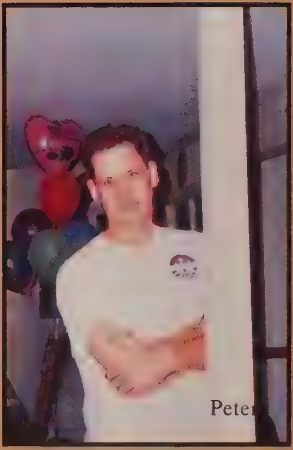
Wait, I don't get it?...Oh, Ok. I get it. Sluggo hails from San Diego, CA, but was born with his head in the clouds. With a veritable plethora of aircraft knowledge, Joe began his career at old USNA in the Playboy Co. How he managed to play 150s and rugby, but not drill is still a mystery, maybe we should ask the "cast." Thanks to the jewelry sponge from ASU Joe was one of the few to not fully appreciate the P.I. culture on Youngster Cruise. Youngster year gave birth to "Sluggo," all-nighters, abused inflatables, and stupid Midn tricks. We finally saw the demise of the sponge, unfortunately she was replaced by 38D (by the way, do the earrings still fit?). 2/c year introduced 4th co. to the new Sluggo searching for stripes, in between his rigorous study/procrastination schedule. Sluggo finally left the womb of RR & PJ in a tactical career move. 1/c year we lost Slugs to Batt staff and Hood, returning only from Batt staff. Finally with a flight jacket, Slugs gets his chance at his life's dream. Godspeed. Balance my checkbook? As far as you know. RAR, PJH, DAE.

Alexander Joseph Meissel
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Navy Pilot

It was a warm day in July and Joe Meissel was a fair distance from his native habitat in Virginia Beach when he realized his parents had little intention of bringing him to Eddie's University of Surf. Instead, they left him at an obscure medium-security national park with only his remote control, his lamp, and his dog, Fuji. Most non-triumphant. Believing the part about the free toaster oven, Joe was suckered into the computer science major. This was the first in a lengthy series of misadventures to be described in his memoirs as a mid: The Art of the Raw Deal. 2/c summer, YP's weren't Joe's cup 'o' noodles, and the luxurious accomodations and abundance of fine females on Andros Island couldn't compare with P-cola. 2/C Year Joe could be seen sporting stylin' haircuts courtesy of Giovanni the barber. 1/C year Joe returned as the mighty MIS liaison (computer slave to the brigade). He became a night dweller, roaming the halls in search of something meaty. Rising to his final challenge at USNA, Joe studied so hard for the PCR that he passed it without taking it. S.A.M.

Peter Sven Olep
Kenosha, Wisconsin
Naval Flight Officer

Sven ventured forth from the Great White North to conquer the Land of Crab. His destination was the Boat School, plagued by perils and inhabited by hordes of wildebeasts. He mastered the flamers of Plebe year only to be faced with the Great Demon of North Baltimore. He conquered the challenge in true Viking form but soon found himself confronted by the rocks and shoals of second class year. After dashing one hull on the rocks of academics, Sven was lured to the Orient by the song of a Siren. But a Viking is not meant to be seduced by the Siren's song. Only the roar of the noble Tomcat can satisfy the desire of a Viking warrior. As Sven flies off into the sunset, he carries the mark of this foreign land. For those he leaves behind, Sven will always be the great mentor for emission control and the proper handling of Working Winter Blues. Bill and Dave.



John Arthur Proctor

Chula Vista, California
Surface Warfare

"Do Re Me Fa So La Te Do" Is the Sound Of Music on or is John (Just call me Frankie, Baby) singing STILL? The 'Doctor' came to USNA for his music degree, obviously. A little Glee Club here, a little choir there and the next thing you know you're the president of the Masqueraders. 'Doctor Proctor' certainly practiced enough; the shower, the hall, the head, the shower, formation, the rack... The only second-class to use his car loan to finance his comic books, the 'Doctor' was always in. Speaking of second-class year, John forsook the torch for the songbook to enhance everyone's life in Mother 'B'. Thanks. From San Diego he cometh, to San Diego he goeth again, back to the nest. I hope his parents have a place where he can stow his sea bag. Oh, what's this? Another Proctor rising among the ranks? He looks so different, are you sure he's not adopted? If he's any bit like you, John, he'll be well received. Best of Luck. You'll be remembered well. MBP

Richard Anthony Radice

Mercerville, New Jersey
Surface warfare

A lady walks into a bar with a parrot on her shoulder! Mr. Niceguy, the svelt warrior. MMA, EXIT 7A! 170 lbs? Rich spent plebe year living with the Cheese, "most unfortunate, however..." Youngster Cruise Rich found a leak in a YP berthing. Starting out 3/c year (in the rack), Rich struggled through EEE, but survived the axe and moved on to a more general science. If he wasn't entombed, he could be found on the rugby pitch or tossing the javelin. All those CDs. "Bear Necessities." What snew? The DAK attack. Don't leave your computer unattended. Rich started collecting movies and enjoyed extended wardroom privileges. Pizzagain, Casino Royale, I knew probs and stats would come in handy. Yo! Rich heard his calling from the sea and became a YP squadron reservist. The SWO god in RAT emerged with a fervor. Rich's expertise in the conduct system landed him in the key position of company conduct. "Hey, don't yell at my plebes!" Anyway. Funny, you don't look Chinese. Finally, getting a combatant and fulfilling his dreams, Rich is a college gagagawa. PJS,PJH,DAE,SJM

Douglas Edward Reckamp

Ocala, Florida
Submarines

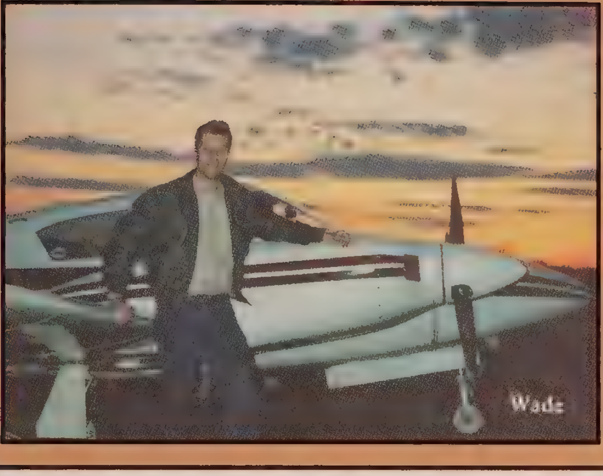
After his first visit, clad in a black Judas Priest t-shirt, Doug decided that the boat school was the place for him. Although his uniform changed, his attitude never did. Doug seems to actually possess all the attributes that only the midshipmen in the catalogs do. His varsity swimming letters are proof of his athletic prowess, although he was the only swimmer to re-take the 1.5 mile run (twice!). His Aryan good looks lead to many chowder reports. Doug's academics and trident project placed him in the top 25 in the class, while his ethics and severe distaste for obsequiousness, and about 10% of the Brigade left his performance grades in a different quadrant. We have many pleasant memories (some vague): Key West and Easterns to name a few. Those were the salad days. Your arguments on sexes, science and politics are entertaining for spectators but generally fatal for competitors. Karen has calmed you some, just don't let her extinguish the fire. Good luck on $ubs. I hope our paths cross often. Remember: If your beer's getting warm, you're drinking it too slow. MP & RW

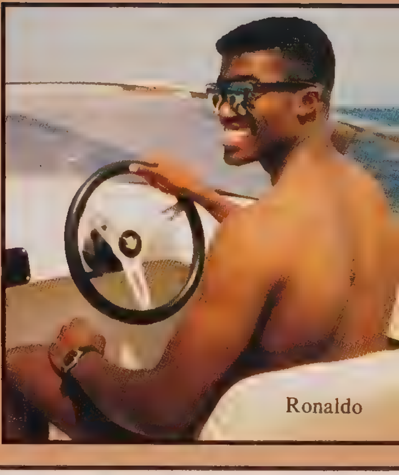
Wade Martin Reinthaler

Bloomington, Illinois
Marine Corps Pilot

Wade-the oldest Marine in our class. Perhaps he should be called "Pappy" Wade or at least called "Boogie" after 3 years in the Corps and 1 year at NAPS. Wade was truly a man of ECA's, having taken part in AIAA, SAE, Glee Club, Semper Fi, Drill Team, Plebe Crew, ATU, VTNA, Flying Club and Varsity Pistol. Wade is probably best known for other things though - his big blue car, trips to the Davis Pub, Jimmy Legs encounters and the ensuing restriction, the 8th wing stripper, SDI research, TGIF's, and his dealings as class secretary. I'll remember sleeping through Thermo, wind tunnel(a real stumbling block on his way to TauBetaPi greatness), Pink Floyd, making tea, trips to D.C., yards of beer, Bernard and his squeegee, Mama Lucia's, Army'89, Joe Quinn, Dawn D'ubervilles, the ironing board, the coffee mess, "doctoring" his back and his favorite green chair. At long last, the four happiest, most fulfilling years of his life are drawing to a close(ha ha). Thanks for everything, my friend. You really made this place bearable. Good Luck and remember; you won in the end. PDF

5th COMPANY





Peter Joseph Smith
Seldon, New York
Surface Warfare

Pete joined the Navy at the ripe old age of 18 looking for adventure and whatever else came his way, instead his head was shaved and he found school: A, Nuke, Naps, and finally this paradise. After a harrowing plebe year in 3rd, living out of company, Pete's colorful exploits during sail-cruise secured him a chapter in the "sea stories hall of fame" (or is it shame). Peter got a quiet youngster start to life in 4th Co thanks to his rack and new-found leash. Spring break with DE and UB (in the back of Dickie's heap), however, showed a revival of the old Pete. Old habits are hard to kill. 2/c year saw Pete the YP SWO god and flame royal emerge with a vigor. Pete's SWO belly yielded only momentarily for scuba which was quite a change from life on the Iowa. Little Creek treated Peter well. 1/c year saw Pete as YP CO, CO SUB, and one of the 3 wardroom "Musket-sloths," when he could be torn away from his PYT. It cold be worse, it could be raining. You rule, dude. - DAE, RAR

Ronaldo Alban Solomon
Whitney Point, New York
Submarine Warfare

Nicknames: OREO, ROBOMID, SALAMANDER, WINGMAN. Who can ever forget Ronbo's pulled-up socks and shirt-tuck in Reg PE gear! Ron survived plebe year behind the 8 Ball, and showing sympathy for endangered species, he became an EE. Goodbye Stars! Finding himself in 4th Co, he became a recon stud, and vowed to avoid "instant infantry" by going subs. EE took precedence to his social life, although it didn't prevent him from jumping into the Severn to "cool his hormones" after a fling at the Int Ball! Lab decks became his second home as he constantly stumbled in from study hour at 2359:59. Salamander was good at disguises as he so demonstrated in the second class picture. Keep smilin' Ron, we'll find you! First Class year the man turned 21. Boy did he turn 21; Schnopps, Kamikazes, Long Islands, Beeks: "Don't worry guys, I'm ok. Despite this incident, the man is A.J. Squared Away. He rose to the summit on 4-1 as Deputy Brigade and ruled with a Big Stick! Famous last words-"Brigade Parade Rest. Brigade Seats!" See Ya in Nuke school Buddy! -LCD

Richard Jonathan Wells
Dothan, Alabama
Submarines

Rich got here on July 7th figuring that he'd get his books, some sheets, and a new wardrobe, then kill some time before classes started in the fall. "What's all this 'chopping' stuff?" Where he comes from, chopping is something you do to make kindling wood! Well, luckily his squad leader was able to explain the whole Naval Academy/military concept while impressing him enough with his leadership abilities and ideas to get Rich to stick it out for the first semester. After seeing how easy it really is, Rich just hung around killing time until he would get his Nuke bonus. Are we talking about a straight stick? If only you knew! Although he didn't drink at the infamous youngster Boat Party, he did spend some time in death row for parking a little too close to the Yard as an El Segundo. Even though his wedding date isn't until June, believe us, he has been a married man since plebe year. I guess life starts after the alter. If anyone can make the most out of married life, then it's Rich. Fair Winds and Following Seas to both you and Jennifer! - DER & LCD

Eric John Anderson
Perth Amboy, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Eric hails from somewhere in Perth Amboy, New Jersey. The ONLY place to be from ... just ask him! He was so deranged straight out of high school that he was sent to San Diego for a year for rehabilitation. A NARC by trade, he studied dilligently, wavering only slightly above 2.0 until first class year when the academic aura of room 3404 hit him. Now if only those guys next door would learn that the "tunes" don't sound right unless the walls are shaking. So what does Otis do in his spare time? It will suffice to say that he is "an expert in the management of violence." Fits of alcohol-induced insanity have found him redecorating cars in Georgetown, flipping park benches, and waking up in strange places. His favorite tool is the hammer! So what of his love for big, beautiful cars? How does it look wrapped around this tree? Nah ... what can I get for less than $2,000. Otis had his calling as a Navy Pilot until the eye chart told him "Navy Air is for losers." He is off to sunny San Diego again, where his unique laugh will bring cheer to many a ship's wardroom.

Terry Lynn Bradford
Syracuse, New York
Naval Flight Officer

As a young girl from Syracuse Terry entered the Academy full of dreams and ambitions. As a Plebe she managed to intimidate many of her upperclass. When she became an upperclass all hell broke loose. Enjoying the benifits of the grandfather clause Terry attempted to hit all the dance clubs in Georgetown. In the aftermath of finals she decided that academics needed more attention. After going from unsat to Dant's list Terry left for youngster cruise. Terry didn't return to her clubs until second class summer and things have never been the same since. Terry and what can only be affectionately called her cutting sarcasm have kept life interesting. Those who don't know Terry may think she's harsh but the rest of us know that to lunch is to be placed two paces to the rear on her left. One quote that can describe Terry is "The beatings will continue until morale improves. The Management." Another and more accurate quote is "It's not who you are it's what you wear. Three years have mellowed her out some but don't get your hopes up. Terry has been true friend and a great roommate.

Keith Allen Branner
Winchester, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Keith came to the Boat School from just the other side of D.C. in Funchester, Virginia. He came carrying his baseball glove in one hand and his golf clubs over his shoulder. Since neither of these two endeavors were to his liking he became the ultimate intramural stud. His career started in 32nd company where he really didn't have a real plebe year. Things changed quickly and Keith had a rude awakening when he entered the 5th company. Slowly things got better for him, but not good enough to keep him here any of the weekends. If you want to find him on the weekends you need not look further then Randolph-Macon visiting his brother or someone else! He thought that he could improve 5th company when he became Co. Cmdr., but unfortunately he ran into a new obstacle. Although this position was key in getting a good room. Hopefully down in P-Cola you won't have too much work so that you can't go out. Yo're fortunate that none of my good luck has rubbed off on you. You been a great roommate and friend. Good luck down in Florida with the common folk, if you will. - KOLA

Matthew Gantt Caldwell
Severna Park, Maryland

Mattie's acceptance into the Naval Academy was anything but normal. So how did he gain acceptance into the most selective school in the nation? Well, he did it the old fashioned way; he knew the Dean's secretary! Matt, however, has never doubted his ability to succeed and it is this trait that catapulted him to the top of the class. Matt has done it all: Second Class Brigade Commander, Sub Qualified, Airborne (gold) Qualified, Two Sets Plebe Summer, 3 Year Brigade Raquetball Champ, 3.0 Systems Engineer. Matt took advantage of the opportunities presented him and he has proudly carried his family's fine Naval Academy tradition into its' fifth generation. Matt, I wish you much happiness and luck as you reluctantly leave the Navy. Keep your chin up and take pride in the fact that you've conquered the Academy. Your outstanding leadership will be proudly carried into the fleet by those who have known you and served beneath you. May your love with Laura never fade and may those sour Naval Academy memories turn sweet. We've finally made it and ...we...are...outta...here! drc

MILE
90
Tracey

Jon Robert Carriglitto
Memphis Tennessee
Surface Warfare

Jon entered the Academy from San Diego through BOOST. Plebe year saw its ups and downs as he was 4/c ce and marched more then his share of tours. He and Moodman hooked up more as plebes than they did the rest of the time at the Academy. As a reformed youngster, he dealt with matters on a more professional level by bracing up plebes. Matt, Dan, and mother Engdahl made for crazy roommates. After realizing the true errors of his ways, Jon became a true Italian and entered the MAFIA. This brought him rookie of the year honors as a 2/c. His second season was even better. Jon became the main Delaware regular after the Hawaiian. Hanging out in the Balloon and Loockerman with little sprout became his weekend routine. After surviving two Ac-boards Jon became a true Renaissance Man. First class year Jon could be found with his sidekick Phil Homie Parker. Is he really best man or the midnight rambler? Jon's "ride", an MX6, spent more time in the body shop then on the road. Second semester brought Jon company commander and a string of headaches. BYE. Fly Navy. JMM

Daniel Roger Cook
Wooster, Ohio
Navy Pilot

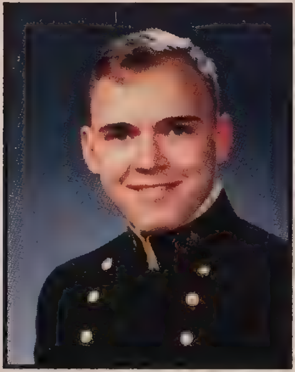
One night Dan had a dream. He dreamt he was standing in front of the academic dean, as he said "and you Mr. Cook, you have a zero-point-zero!" Well, Dan's four years at the Academy didn't quite reflect this dream, thank God. Dan did have his problems with the academics, however, he made up for it on the athletic field. As a plebe, Dan was a member of the Varsity Soccer team. He moved from soccer to JV Baseball during Youngster year, but fell victim to the "Duff Cut!" Not content to leave the Academy without his complete contribution on the field, he joined the Rugby team, and allowed his true athletic colors to shine. Dan was immediately successful as a fly-half, and recieved a letter during First Class year. Dan, you've been a great roomate, and without your insanity, I woudn't be sane today. Good luck, as you dissappear into that ether! Remember, it always gets better than this! MGC

Jaime Warren Engdahl
Hayward, California
Naval Flight Officer

When Engdahl was a kid his goal in life was to become a pilot, his only mistake was he came to USNA and discovered the Navy doesn't offer a 20/400 pilot wavier. If you have ever seen a true aviator-this is the man. He eats, sleeps, and breathes aircraft! Engdahl conquered the aero dept with ease, but still has difficulty writing a sentence without an equation. 2/c yr brought Engdahl's walk on the wildside at UMBC where he met his friend the BIG green transformer. He is the only man I know who can recite a pro-report and eat a PBJ in his sleep - and that's 1/c yr! A firm believer that, "LT's in the Navy aren't nothin'!" "What, I can't hear you, the stereo is too loud!" Engdahl will never be satisfied until he is flying TACAIR off the boat. In the meantime he will be piloting the SAAB from hell on his way to P-cola. "What about Engdahl?" Best of luck in the future and ROCK ON. - Oatman.

Tracey Ann Fuchs
Wausau, Wisconsin
Navy Pilot

Tracey came to USNA with a Wisconsin cheese grin and boy did she ever love it! She should have cut a record by the end of plebe year with all the songs she sang. The pain of our grueling Cross-country practices was lessened due to her spunk. Plebe year, she strutted her stuff across the lockerroom benches in the buff to tunes from our illegal radio. Beware of German birds outside windows at night and try not to become a Mouseketeer again because you might get sent to the Principal's office! Thanks for taking the PCR 3 times, I'm really enjoying my Alfa (after learning to drive it)! Remember a roadtrip to Buffalo, sweettalking to policemen, Youngster cruise, and your Mom's BIG move! It's a good thing ships have deployment schedules. SEVEN became your home away from home! Always keep your smile and don't be afraid to let others love you-because we all do. We hope happily ever after comes (but not too soon!). Always knew you would fly, Trace! You're not calm enough to stay grounded! We love you and we'll always stay in touch, thanks for being a friend. MKF,KRV,STB,KMF,CAS



David Allen Hawkins
Charlotte, North Carolina
Surface Warfare

ZHawk hails from Charlotte, home of friendly law enforcement, just ask his roommate. A die hard Marine from birth he moved further into the Navy blue looking for that elusive NFO billet, finally selecting SWO at gunpoint ...at least he already has the coffee and donuts part down. Second class year saw indoctrination courtesy of the Combustion Chamber and the love affair that was to have him swear off women (for at least the time being). He transferred his affections and I almost thought that I had a 4.0 one day in Woodbridge. At least he finally found a stable, strong relationship with Effy. Good thing too, because our car nut always had a car, even youngster year, at least until Thanksgiving when he totaled two cars and his reputation. Academics have never been Zeevil's strength as his double D in EE and A in Thermo (Pt II) show. At least Engdahl was around. David had the distinct misfortune of living with me longer than anyone else in the company could stand, showing a strength that few have given him credit for. Best of luck in the civilian sector. -MJ

Barbara Scott Hundley
Towson, Maryland
General Unrestricted Line

The best times of life are the times shared with someone special, someone like Barbara. Plebe year in the "happy camper" room with Pam and Dora was just the beginning of four years of fond memories. Happiness found her youngster year with the man of her dreams living right down the hall. Many people tell her that she's too pretty to be in the navy and they're right, but those who know Barbara best know that her outer beauty is a reflection of a greater inner beauty. She is a woman who knows what she wants and usually gets it. Her hard work, dedication, and commitment to excellence have inspired all who know her, especially me, her future husband. For all you have given I offer a lifetime of love. Forever, JJS

Mark Matthew Hunt
Dayton, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Mark paddled to the Boat School from Dayton, Ohio, coasted through plebe year, and was thrust into an "interesting" room situation. He learned the hard way that Youngsters don't rate the wardroom. Second semester brought a change of scenery to Mark and us. He soon improved company ties by beginning to date a certain classmate's little sister. Second class year, Mark showed us things that only he can do best - digging for nuggets, high jumping in the rack, and cleaning his desk at 3 am. LT P. didn't quite see eye to eye with his study habits in the library. How we managed to get 7 people in that hotel room in Philly and not get fried was due to the grace of LT Nail. Mark really began to shine first class year. How he gets that wide-load almost over seven feet still amazes us. No one will ever forget the trip to the Meadowlands. He developed a "green" thumb that puzzled many dermatologists down in medical. "Hey, do you want to see something really ugly." Good luck at Top SWO. We're praying for you to get down to P-Cola someday. VRP RCR

Michael Junge
Port Arthur, Texas
Surface Warfare

Mike skated by plebe year on 1-4 then made a leap onto 3-4. From iffy NFO to gungy Marine, Mike found truth as a Surface warrior. Never too lucky with the women, his dancing deserves merit for the "Junge grope", bringing the boyfriends out of the woodwork and providing many an interesting finale to weekends in DC. Love finally came in the form of a 1986 Mustang GT Convertible, making up for his 4+ years without a girlfriend. A late night trip to Baltimore in his YP CO's BMW demonstrated Mike's superior driving skills when it ended in the near-decapitation of a fellow SWO pup by an I-695 exit sign. Trips to the Dark Side proved unfruitful (See RR, slack company), so Mike decided instead to check into instant families. Through all of the hardships, notably our six week no talking stint, Mike has been one of the best people I could want for a roommate (after all, how many people take you to medical after watching you fly off of a motorcycle and tumble for 40 feet?). The Moosebrugger is getting a great officer. Thanks for the memories, Mike, I'll miss having you around. -DAH

88 Senior Week September 12-1988
Stephen

Stephen Kendrick Kolakowski
Plantation, Florida
Surface Warfare

Reveille. Hey Kola, it's time to get up. He replies,"No it's not, get me up at 0715--better yet set the alarm for 0935 so I can get up for Weapons." This is routine for him. He's damn good at this. He came to us from the sun and fun of Ft. Lauderdale and claims he is a TRUE FLORIDIAN. How can that be? He has not been home for two years because the Naval Academy has this desire to keep him here. It not for his drill expertise ... the only time Kola sees Worden field is when he rolls out of here in his car (SORRY, HIS BIG TRUCK). The King of Dirt, that is he, the man who is above the law and literally runs this place--the "common folk", if you will. I know you really miss your ultimate boy--the cause of this entire catastrophe. You know, the BAFFOON. I know deep down you are a Warrior, not a Hulkamaniac. You've been a great roommate and friend for the past year (What a room--how did we get it?). I have survived all of the cracks you have dished out. Good luck at SWOS to the only Ensign who knows absolutely no moboards. Maybe I'll come visit you in San Diego. OH YEH!!! KAB

Anne Alaina Kulbitski
Burnsville, Minnesota
General Unrestricted Line

Anne Kulbitski came to USNA from the small town of Burnsville, Minnesota. How could someone from such a small town with such an innocent face be capable of such devilment. I had no idea what I was in for when I asked "Hey, are you Kulbitski?! Let's room together in Fifth Co. next year." The sweet, innocent, 12 year-old looking "Bitzer" had a string of men following her with their noses open throughout 3rd and 2nd class year. It's amazing how someone who flirted with the conduct system in various subtle ways became the conduct officer 1st class year. (Luckily for me...no more parking lots!) First class year also introduced Tom, the unofficial member of our company. I wish both of you nothing less than the best. I'm really going to miss those late night talks about the meaning of life and men. Good luck in whatever you do...and continue to pursue all of your dreams. Your roomie, TLB.

Craig Phillip Laws
Elkview, West Virginia
Navy Pilot

Craig came to us from the hills of West Virginia. After spending some time in the fleet Craig entered the Academy via NAPS. While at the Academy Craig pursued a degree in mechanical engineering. This, of course, does not mean he is weird. When Craig arrived in Fifth Company he wore a sling and whiteworks most of the time. He loved to engage in chilling to Whitesnake but his tastes changed for the better. Country music entered his life and his true love switched from a weird brunette to Reba, Patty, and Lorrie. Craig's greatest accomplishment while at the Academy was winning the 3324 rack contest. His volleyball career ended shortly but he did kick the winning field goal for the heavyweights. As president of SAE, Craig turned the society into a real force in the engineering world. First class year brought him more time with his baby, the BAJA VEHICLE, then with his roommates. Despite all this, Craig will be best remembered for playing the best drum solo with his fingers and spending more time at his desk doing nothing then anyone I know. Good luck and keep racking. JMM KAB

James Michael Monaco
Dover, Deleware
Surface Warfare

Mike woke up (late) one day and found himself here at USNA. After being broken in plebe year by the "Monacobusters" of 24th, Mike landed in 5. Snackin' on fried scallops and sippin' a cool glass of protien with Rear Entry while chillin' to some Whitesnake helped him grow. He would have won the Rackfest if he didn't have to lift. The Superbox made those lost Army games a blast. Mike wore the same pair of pink socks and underwear for weeks at a time ("sometimes I just like to feel pretty"). Mike loved chew, the spit cup and country music. He also had the voice to match: "Tim-ber, I'm, fallin' in ..." If he did fall for a sweetie, it was news to me. Everyone that visited Wilmington experienced the Stone Balloon, especially the Hawaiian. Pugsley and Wednesday. Fletch lives. Mrs. Esterhouse. Mr. Perfect. Mr. Universe. Lorrie Morgan. Hank. All these are special to Mike. Mike's uncontrollable laugh kept us all in stitches, especially when he was laughing about something that happened in the 7th grade. A true renaissance man and Notre Dame fan. Good luck sleeping at SWOS. CPL KAB

Ronald

Everette

Vincent

Mark

Vincent Rocco Panella
St. Louis, Missouri
Naval Flight Officer

Vincent Panella came to USNA from Memphis, Tenn. As a plebe in 10th Co., he was known as "Father Time." The beginning of youngster year we met Vinnie's true love, Vicki the port girl. During second semester, we saw Vince start his quest to bulk up, when he began lifting and he became known as the part-time spotter. Vinnie's love for Vicki brought expensive telephone bills along with his engagement. Looking for a bargain was Vinnie's specialty. The Econo Lodge was great except for the brown shower water. He spent a night, not a fortune. The cheap rent-a-car was also a great deal, it even had manual turn signals. Remember the stray dog you picked up at VA Beach? That night at Maggie's with Ron, Hawk, and Rino was awesome. Vinnie pounded some brews and got wasted for the first time in his life. The trip to the Meadowlands, the BWI parking lot, and the old lady's car across the street are a few elements of Vinnie's flawless driving record. Hey dude, it's been great living with you, best wishes to you and Vicki and good luck down in Pensacola. Love, RCR and MBH

Mark Anthony Rinaudo
Chesapeake, Virginia
Submarines

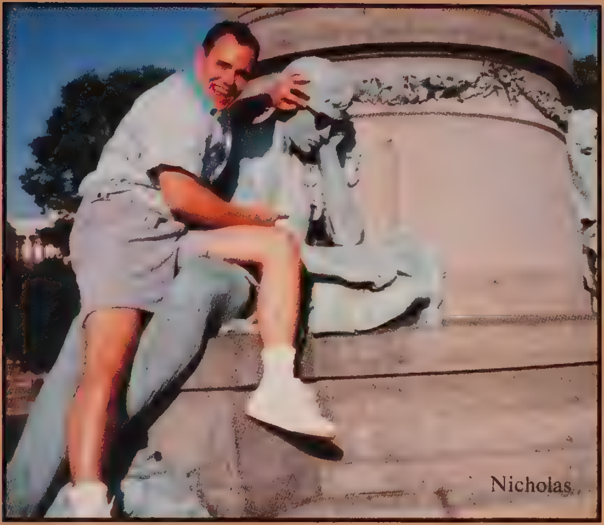
Rino came to USNA hoping to be a poet; changed his mind when he discovered energy wasn't spelled NRG. After filming Full Metal Jacket, he decided to Mech Easy it. Never one to put down a book or comp. game for homework(It's for dummies) Rino had time for other endeavors. His famous "friend", Paige, ended up looking like an encyclopedia (at least she didn't have initials for a first name). DON Rino had a hoarde of women, as none of them would get a clue. Never failing to impress the CO, Rino lettered in Track 1o year in the marathon (if you add it up). A NASCAR hopeful, he perfected the 9 min. sprint from Marley Station. A coniasseur of fine food (and Russian drink), and a red bank account saw Rino going down (in subs, of course) to the tune of big bucks. Just as soon, he found something to spend it on, Mim, those 3 hour phone calls add up. A vigilant protector of HRC and a fine dancer as well(what's that dance called?). Country girls and country music; I converted you on one. Clear those baffles, and practice that sword swat. Remember, best friends are friends forever. NTS

Everette Charles Rochon
Hurst, Texas
Navy Pilot

Everette came to the Academy via Newport R.I. I didn't see him much that year because he was busy earning his title of "Baby Lup." Youngster year I remember "Roach" as being the struggling poli-sci major, living in the library during the week. Once he figured out that you don't have to study to be a political scientist, his grades soared to a 3.0. I roomed with Roach 2/c year and noticed that he was almost fanatical about being squared away. A day didn't go by without him edgedressing his shoes or rigging his cover. His attention to detail paid off in that he attracted a certain 1/c blonde in the company. She would come by 4 times a day to comment on how well he rigged his cover. After a few "covert" dates, letters began appearing in French and German. I didn't translate them, but that didn't stop Jorma. 1/c year had Everette in and out of Porsche dealers with his 944 and "live on stage" after service selection night. It was a good show for an NFO, not that he would remember. I wish you the best of luck in P-cola and in your search for the perfect girl. JW II

Ronald Calanayan Romero
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Ron came to Canoe U, riding a Chesapeake wave from Virginia Beach in search of the perfect tan. He began his visit at Thirty Tool, where this mini-Michael Jordan hit the eighth wing b-ball courts (remember those?) for some hoops and sun. Youngster year saw Ron: picking up "Mom" in Charleston on cruise, repainting the Rotunda in his personal style, joining the adventures of tickling Tim, and making the famous quote "I think I'm full." Second class year brought him: the official Ron drunk watch after Notre Dame, bodyboarding, major financial investments in surfwear and dance clothes, and wrestling with Ted and Mike in the wardroom in the dark of night (we know who really won). First class year was very good to Ron. We saw him: getting his "rocket ship", spending more time waxing than driving, attempting new land speed records, drinking at Maggie's (how old was she?), patiently watching me do 180's in the snow on the way to the Meadowlands, listening to Otis' stereo, and slam dunking in the room (how's your ankle?). Will miss you, Romeo. Good luck in the Fleet. VRP MMH



Nicholas Todd Shaffer

Canton, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Nick came from the small town of Canton, Pa. with high hopes, following his brother. After adjusting to the city, Nick hit plebe year with a vengeance. He started strong by ending plebe year with stars. Then Nick unluckily moved to 5 where he fluctuated. 3c year found Nick in the 4-man DMZ. It was in this environment Nick lost his stars never to see them again. The one bright spot was when he won the coveted Hygiene Award. 2c year saw him with new roomies and a new girl every week. His most famous was when his good buddy J.D. introduced him to the bearded lady from UMBC. The fun ended when he found his lady love, Gretchen, who had been under his nose all his life. His positive leadership of 2c year gained Nick the title of BTO. Nick showed the admins that they made a wise choise when he showed how tape could be used to train a plebe and showed his motivation by taking the PCR 5 times. Nick luckily got Pilot when he was overlooked at his Nuke interview. You may be going up and while I go down, I'll never forget you, you're the best friend a guy could have. Keep in touch, MAR

Anne Barbara Slemrod

Glastonbury, Conneticut

Fletch, The trick is that we are trying to overcome our limitations in order, patiently. We don't tackle flying through rock until a little later in the program. Perfect speed, my son, is Being There.-Jonathan Livingston Seagull
When we cannot explain the events which engulf us, When we cannot endure the suffering which overwhelms us, when we cannot bear the evil which defeats us, we do not become submissive, but highly imaginative-John Shea
And I, I have taken the road less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference...(Robert Frost)...

Robert Burnell Sofge

Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Marine Corps Pilot

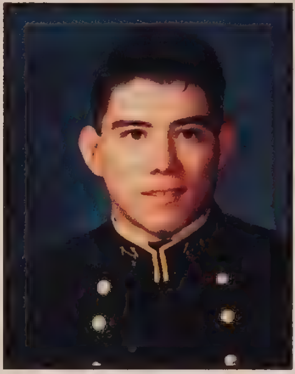
Sgt. Sofge came to the academy from Okinawa via Newport and NAPS. Bob won't be one of those grads to tell you that he had a "real" plebe year. In fact, Bob's not sure what a plebe is. Freshman year Bob hung out with Matty, Wade, and J.O., taking part in those activities that come with being a 22-year old plebe. Bob regularly took part in the Georgetown to Annapolis youngster taps run...but a year early. Despite his meager beginnings, Bob became the class President and the "AAA-Bone" boss. The ATU brought Bob excitement and a high-flying romance. This high speed, low drag, locked on leatherneck met his Waterloo with No-Credi(t)co and was forced to retreat and attend class. Bob taught Gulliver a few things about travel and made history at USNA. As much as Bob has done at the academy, He won't be satisfied until he leads a company of Marines up that hill. Best of luck Sofge. Semper Fidelis. JRC

Jerome Wallace

Sicklerville, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

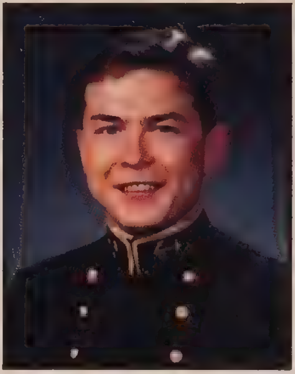
Jerome had his first taste of the Navy when he arrived in the Bilges of NAPS from SOUTH Jersey. (Where is Sicklerville anyway?) Even though we were in the same company braving the blistering Newport winter and hot summer rolling like worms on Gunny's grinder, we never actually became friends until our paths crossed again youngster year. The "brothers" seldom went on "bookin'" missions together but when we did they were times to remember. I'll never forget a certain woman who scouted for the tribe that decided to take you to her Tee Pee. (What was her pay-grade?) Or when you, me and Duke rolled up to the 94th and talked to to those less than impressive girls in the parking lot until 5 a.m. That was the same night I had my eye on a rather cute waitress, but just like a faithful roomate, you flew a sortie back to the target area and shot her down with the shy-conservative routine. Even the double date with her sister would not make up for that one. Now you are off to P-Cola. I hope our careers continue to parallel. Get Jets! ROACH

6th COMPANY



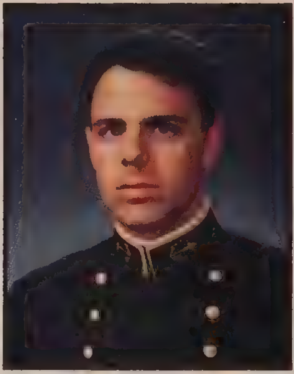
Franklin Leroy Allen
Twenty-Nine Palms, California
Surface Warfare

Frankus is the USNA President of the CAA, and as such, has always been available to offer advice (whether wanted or not) on proper bathroom etiquette. Frankie began in the 15th Company, and after a super tour there, dropped anchor in the Sea of Slack. After a WestPac cruise, 3/C year found Frank earning the title "Mr. Clean", and Friday nights were never complete without a good stogie, a steerage pizza and chill music. Second class year, something must have snapped; Mr. Clean was a combat casualty. These days his room is an obstacle course of dirty clothes (valued in excess of the defense budget), laundry bags and the bodies of various BOOW's who tried to inspect his room. Frank's incredible attributes include the 2nd largest Compact Disc collection on the East Coast (second too the RCA record warehouse); the uncanny ability to forget lyrics less than 30 seconds after a song (when a muttered "That too." suffices.), and a stomach for 5 meals/day. Just the thought of something funny makes him laugh. Take care Mr. Excess. BEER ACCELERATOR TJF



Matthew Joseph Berra
Linglestown, Pennsylvania
Submarines

MJ was subdued 3/C year by a roommate with an accent and a lucky head, not to mention a special potato in the valley, Jen. With the potato mashed, MJ moped into 2/C Summer; nothing a six pack and a case of cons couldn't fix; so, she's got a few scars. Fall brought EE, a slap in the face for all, yet MJ was accustomed to the feeling. Doink-Doink, the year flicked by. The TKEs have your bottle opener; it's where you "misplaced" it on the couch. Blowfishing, fuming Rochester, lifeguarding, and the Rock couldn't match the Rotten Weekend, when the RBs got their flamingo quals and their Clairol Cards revoked. Remember, "Bush, you got a raincoat?" & "This lamb sure is heavy." Senior year MJ became Co. Cdr and taught me that girls and billiards don't mix. Old Town aged some more as the RBs rolled through again. Don't worry about that window. MJ continued his quest for "long lasting" companionship, and came up with an ankh, thus hurting his bid for the Heisman. Listen, I'll have the Dan playing in the Keys whenever you're ready. Yes MJ, I still owe you a twelve and much more. WSB



Aaron Matthew Brosnan
Pilot Hill, California
Naval Flight Officer

Broz came to Six from Thirsty-Third where he gave that title a new meaning. Upon entering 6 he was placed immediately on the front line having to room with Tim Callahan. Youngster year was fairly uneventful. A standard weekend for Broz involved Heinekens, Heismans and a healthy respect for the monuments in the yard. Second class year Broz finally hooked-up, ball-and-chain. First class year Broz introduced his new fiancee to the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of Bancroft Hall. On a particular weeknight, while he was innocently jogging, he was bound, gagged, thrown into her trunk, Jimmy Hoffa style, and interrogated at a local hotel. Then there was the glorious weeknight of a beer too many. Record times were set at the Annapolis Steeplechase and obstacle course; phone etiquette was not observed. Broz wants two things from Pensacola, a tan and a P-3 squadron.

David Andrew Bryson
Detroit, Michigan
Surface Warfare

Researched, developed, and manufactured in the Motor City, Dave rolled into Crabtown with a taste for fast boats and faster cars. He wasted no time attacking the local fauna, who admired his trim SWO-belly and devil-may-care grin. 3/c year brought the "beast" and thus the mobility this young carnivore needed to prowl. His talents went beyond women, for this financial genius found 1000 ways to make a mil (starting with a mil). An avid sailor, Dave left the History Dept. and set course for Poly-sci, his favorite subject, right after yacht design, Stoli, Mustangs, and women, in that order. On weekends, this GQ man would fill his wardrobe with the best that K-mart had to offer. Then he'd roar out gate 8 with the Boss blasting from his ticket magnet. He distinguished himself three ways this year: he ran 6 CO tailgators, got stripes, and managed to spend more time outside the gates than in. Dave, those who know you best wish you fair winds and following seas. We think Beth has found an exceptional partner. Those who have lived with you love you. Except for those feet! J&D

Janelle Kay Buck
Tucson, Arizona
Navy Flight Officer

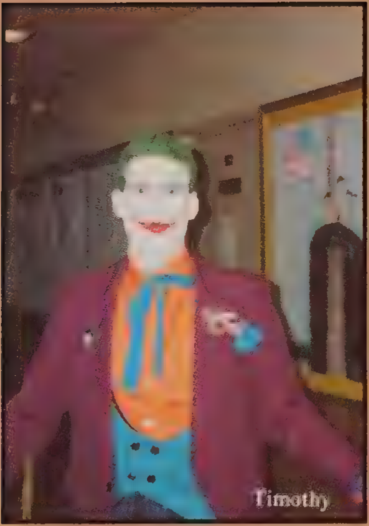
If there was ever a pinch situation to be found, Janelle was in it. At least it was a pinch situation for her. Shall we go for specifics like Nantucket during youngster cruise or more general like Systems Engineering? From any standpoint, knowing Janelle has been an experience. At first meeting you are not quite sure what to do with her. You just ask yourself, "Is everyone from Arizona like this, maybe it's the hot climate!" If you stick around you'll find a generous (Shall I mention how many times she let all of us borrow her car?) and caring young woman who loves God and perseveres because of Him! Keep the faith, Lady! TRW

William Samuel Bushnell
Detroit, Michigan
Surface Warfare

We met Bill youngster year while he was studying Physics. We got to know him second class summer, losing his lunch in Pensacola and having fun at his sister's. We continued our "rotten" friendship at a "bar" in PA (42 minutes 23.57 sec). He did stray from the Naval Service to join the Peace Corps, but quit due to dysentery contracted while in Zimbabwe. He also made money saving beer cans for the dime refund and pilfering lawn ornaments in Alexandria. Second Class year he studied EE (If Mark gets the chick, it's good!), and frequently practiced for the O-course by jumping the wall. His sister threw an awesome flamingo party for the Ring Dance, and Bill attended with what's-her-name. First class summer he discovered fetalism and sponsored a family outing at Bethany Beach, where there is an open container law and they're still doing the funky chicken. He left the brotherhood for a Laura ball-and-chain but returned to receive his first and only Heisman vote. Bill plans to go to Japan and we all hope he won't eat too many glazed donuts with Frankass and Corndog.

Timothy Michael Callahan
Buffalo, New York
Surface Warfare

Tim was recruited for crew from America's Great White North on the shores of Lake Erie but arrived at NAPS ready to play football. In Newport he dedicated himself to making his Academy experience as difficult as possible. When things got boring or routine, Tim would throw a wrench in somewhere. If it wasn't a pornographic creative writing assignment it was inviting the crew team to his house in Buffalo for the trip to Boston. While he is without doubt one of the brightest comic minds of the century only a handful realize it. Nobody understood why a plebe would volunteer to give his chowcall in the language of the humpback whale. Touring the North Coast entertaining the masses with hand noises and filling bread bags with half-digested eggs, he established that all hangovers officiallly end @1700. Tim could be intimidating whether you met him on the ice, in the scrum or in the middle of the night when you were "cleaning" his shower. Tim will undoubtedly take to SWOhood like a fish to pavement and hit the deckplates. Good Luck from those who claim to understand you. KMM/WER



John Charles Coyne

Garden Grove, California
Naval Flight Officer

Johnny Favorite, the closest thing to pure evil there is. Favorite came to USNA via the long and winding road. An alum of U.C. Santa Cruz and the Navy's Electronics Technician school, he has served as 6th company's elder statesman. Four years of Rugby brought some good scars, a lot of great memories, and Heather who has meant so very much to him. John's interest in the Marine Corps was strong, motivating him to be a hard-charging jarhead right up to service selection when he chose Navy Air. 3/c year really didn't start until he roomed with Bros and TC in the barn. 2/c year brought unsatness, good rugby, and a prolonged hospital stay. Give blood-play rugby, but try not to give it all. After a few transfusions he was out of the hospital, making up finals and saying good-bye to a future as a physicist. Summer Bulldog/FMF were fun in the sun. Two hours in an F-18 and Stack, Zeigs and Liebers to keep things turnin and burnin on the ground. 1/c year had its moments too, some of which Favorite doesn't remember so well. Trust us, you had a great time. Fly fast and shoot straight.

David Andrew Duff

Forest Hills, New York
Marine Corps

As a 3/c how could one ever imagine this wholesome, naive, innocent boy from the Big Apple would become one of the few and the proud, a Marine. In fact, how can one imagine it today? 3/c year the three of us spent many weekends cruising the local female colleges, but Dave always had to be dragged from the books. Dave was so dedicated to his studies that he spent several summers at USNA and even took EE twice. When he wasn't reading his text from cover to cover he was dreaming of his one true love, which switched regularly. When 2/c year came none were surprised by the Duffer's "professional" attitude with the plebes. Bulldog turned Dave into a Marine and Hap turned him into a Man. With the acquisition of the 300Z Dave was soon making road trips to Atlanta and the island on long weekends (leave the tops on!). Dave spent as much time as he could in the air flying missions in his VTNA Piper Warrior. Dave's intensity and unequaled integrity will bring him success in TBS, the Corps, and in life. Semper Fi-J&D

Timothy John Feldhausen

Kansas City, Missouri
Surface Warfare

Don Pardo, Jimmy Stewart, Freddy, and the Joker all had one thing in common; they were all the split personalities of 6th company's cartoon character, Timot. His cartoon features were emphasized by his ten gallon head and his amorphous-like physique. On any day of the week you could find Tim doing the Curly Shuffle to Jimmy Buffett, The Bee Gees, or KC and the Sunshine Band. However, Tim did not let his cartoon features impede his success at romance. Tim always amazed us with his ability to woo women and to juggle all of his relationships at the same time. He was a true Don Juan. Just ask J.S.. We all remember when she man handled Tim in a rumble by bending his finger. We will always remember Tim for being Swo-Pop, and Master Model Builder. We will remember him for bounced checks and expressions like "Whoa; we got a live one here" (Joker) and " How sweet fresh meat!" (Freddy). "But wait, that's not all... (Pardo) Hal broke your helicopter. Tim thanks for putting up with my noxious presents (ie dirty socks, underwear, and my melodious odor). Take care mi amigo. FLA

John Hayes Fischbach

Louisville, Kentucky
Surface Warfare

Fish, otherwise known as "Bangle-Bach Fish-Yach," wasn't cut out to be a plebe. He is much more at home as a 1/C, for he can now be close to his 5.0L HO Mustang. He is the single survivor of his plebe roommates in 12th--the only survivor who is still single, that is. This is not surprising to anyone that knows Fish. Varsity swimmer plebe year, Political Science Honors Major, Battalion Sub-Commander; at first glance, you might think of Fish as an overachiever. You would be wrong, however. Fish took the name of "Slack Six" to heart the first time he climbed all 110 stairs. He now ops for the vader. He did not opt for either Nuke or the Corps--he could never be a bubble-head or a jar-head, only a motor-head. He is going to Florida to be warm, which is a good idea for someone that wears thermals 10 out of 12 months in Annapolis. His plans after graduation? He may eventually cultivate his sea-lawyer talents first evidenced in Plebe Summer by entering the JAG Corps. But all he really wants to do is "have a good hot meal (with coffee) and find a trailer to relax in." -E.B.H-

BANANA
REPUBLIC
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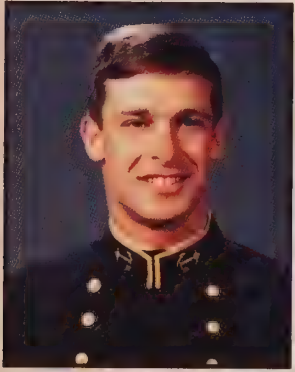
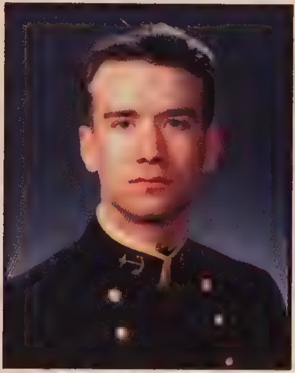


Mark Shaw Godfrey

Hanover, Massachusetts
Submarines

Mahk is the greatest man he ever met. Upon entering the academy Mark taught everyone the importance of money management. He gave a new meaning to the word thrifty. His reason to save money is in anticipation of an operation. His financial prowess, however, was counterbalanced by a chronic disability to close the deal. Mark is also known for his bravery. The closest he comes to fear is when girls approach him. He boasts of resembling Bix Bilby (the rap-). His physical skill doesn't end there. He can also scale buildings, unless they're in Rochester. But Mark has never reached peak physical condition due to a body 40 yrs. older than his age. The complaints accompanying his body earned him the name Granny. This premature age never thwarted research of the word rotten. Rumor has it that he discovered rottenness in Georgetown-or was it College Park-maybe in the BC police cruiser? He can't remember anyway. Mark's word to the wise: She's fat - She's ugly - And I love her! Be excellent Mark!



Edward Brooks Haynes

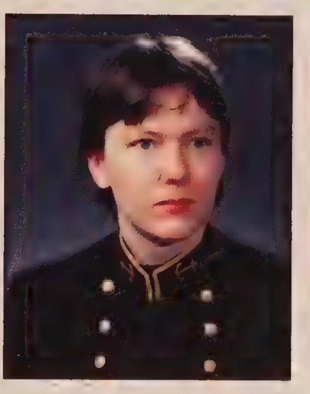
Columbia, South Carolina
Surface Warfare

"Shall we go, You and I, while we can, through the transitive nightfall of diamonds?" - R.H.

When will the Promontory Rider and the Lonesome L.A. Cowboy go their separate ways? If only we could do the seventies over again. Yes, I wanted a minesweeper out of Seattle! Do you know how to tie any knots? Tune in to Dirty Franks.

"No matter how strange things ever got, they could never get strange enough for me." - H.S.T.

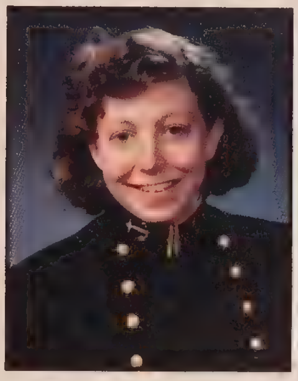
"You better head back to Tennessee Jed!" - R.H.
-cause it's getting just a little too zany here for me! - JPC



Constance Caroll James

Madison, Indiana
General Unrestricted Line

Connie, plucked from the homeland, was as confused about USNA as it was about her. Whether she was throwing the ball in for two points or across the room at her roommate, she never missed! But despite what others may think, basketball was not the only thing she excelled at. In fact, she excelled at Tina Turner impersonations and the study of teabag fungus and shower-fed cheese. Time was always of the essence for Connie and to save it she'd even rack in her reefer, but unfortunately there never seemed to be enough time for her to put on nylons. Although she usually avoided trouble, sometimes her stubbornness allowed things to get out of hand-even to the point where the Lt. and the 'Dant got involved with the sale of her 2/c car. But in the end she'll always remember the good times: rumbles (Thank God always on our side), talking til 3am, Leche parties, dog hanging and lifeguards at Pensacola. Don't forget us in the sun and fun in San Diego and, by the way, "Wake up I might sit on you!" HBM & TKT



Honore Bridget Mealey

Spokane, Washington
General Unrestricted Line

When I first met Honore, I thought she hated me so who would've dreamed she'd become one of my closest friends. Anyone who looked from the outside, at her time here, would call her the "Bad Luck Kid" but I know better. She has more luck and perseverance than anyone I know (as long as she stays out of Luce!). Thank God she never loses that Spokane sense of humor. What can you expect of someone from a state whose goverment will fund a study of tree defense mechanisms? Honore has spent much of her time worrying about grades and going out with the "leftovers" but she can never forget the good times: youngster year's barn, cheese in the shower, synthetic-Honore-snapback, leche, New Orleans, being a GUD, the Army death ride, Hoodwenches, etc. Honore's athletic prowess made its mark on the Academy, earning her an N-star, many N's and 3 stripes, but I will always remember her most for being one of the best friends I've ever had. Whatever you do, let's stay as close as we are and we'll both be OK. I Love Ya! TARA

Gilbert James Miller
Vincentown, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Gil came to us as an avid engineer, but due to time constraints and a perfect record of 8 semesters on academic probation he was forced to pursue a PoliSci major with minors in EE and chemistry. Youngster weekends were spent studying anatomy at the U. of MD until he acquired Aaron as a roommate. Notorious for his endeavors as a "firestarter" and attempted murder by broom handle and rugby ball, Gil also knows the true meaning of "getting the gouge," which is probably why his grades were so exemplary. Partying with the boys occasionally proved too rough for Gil as he bowed to the porcelain goddess, but that's what happens when one tries to break records without practicing. Such a shame that his professionalism and ability to woo the ladies were not matched by similar academic prowess. So sad, too bad, Gil.

Shawn Patrick O'Brien
Vincentown, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Shawn's illustrious naval career has been most aptly illustrated by his hair loss. He has run the gamut of "boards" at USNA, even opting to disregard the final weeks and final exam of navigation - and naively showing surprise at the green table. Hockey, soccer, sailing, windsurfing, snowboarding, skiing, scuba, and even the marathon have come within his experimentation. Shawn is probably the only Firstie who stills wears shirt stays and his professionalism has not failed to earn him the admiration of countless thousands. From the WPA to the Navigators, the Black Studies and Filipino American clubs, Shawn has endeavored to broaden his cultural enhancement as a philanthropist. Rutgers was a long way to go for female companionship, but better than Purdue, eh Shawn?! Delaware proved to have the most geographically-desirable women, indeed. His quote, "It's Ma Bell now" has rung true and is only superceded by the lax ball that keeps the First Lt. busy.

Perry Munoz Pascual
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Turbo came to 6 as a quiet, non-descript youngster from 1st Co. His roommate quickly learned that Turbo was not as quiet as he pretended to be. At night, his true self surfaced, as a World Class Snoring Champion. We never had to dust due to the suction created by his nightly assortment of snorts, grunts and gagging. Turbo was quick to introduce anyone to his extended family, "Lolo, meet my roommate. He's a Caucasian." Turbo was drawn to OLDER women (perhaps his plethora of grey hair made him feel more comfortable with the Geritol crowd). His ANTI-social life began 3/c year with the Big A. By 2/c year, he was hopelessly hooked. Firstie year brought the end to the Big A (followed by an obligatory 5 day mourning period), the Doublemint Twins, and his new owner, the Big M. The scent of Drakkar, the absence of 3/4 of his neon wardrobe and a smoking tire patch signaled the start of the weekend with his weekly flight to Va. Beach aboard Pascual Airlines, Flight 130. Turbo has certainly left his mark on the Academy (especially the monuments and JD's feet) and me. Good luck. MAP

Aaron Scott Peters
Oregon, Ohio
Special Operations

Aaaaronius...whose wrestling career has spanned not only four years at Navy but also the sickening range from 187 to 142lbs. I always felt so sorry for the Ethiopian look-alike who grumbled at me across the desk, until he vortexed my chow packages during the post-season months. He owned the hottest car on campus, "creme puff," we called her. She always looked so much better after drinking a few at John's. The beers and the recons we pursued and the wrestling matches that I so miserably lost...When his "engagement" crumbled youngster year, his morals followed suit. Many and detailed were the stories of his exploits with the local belles...and he found "a girl in every port" to be a truly good thing. A tutor to his roommates, we showed our gratitude by being the only one to use his rack (he never did). See ya in Florida, Aaron.

Michael Anthony Polidoro
Tampa, Florida
Surface Warfare

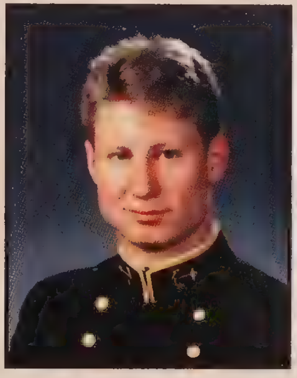
Mike Polidoro chose the five year program since he attended U of R as a ROTC puke before finally dropping his professional anchor here at our home by the Severn. As a plebe of 24th, he successfully remained inconspicuous largely due to crew and his height, of course. Unfortunately, he reported to SlackSix a virtually dead youngster. While leisurely sprinting thru Ocean City at 0200, open beer in hand, the OCPD blindsided our intrepid hero into a plate glass door of the Clam Bar and Saloon. In lieu of an excessive force charge he opted for the 5000 fry. Fortunately, the scars on his scalp are well hidden by his gorgeously thick crop of hair. Still inconspicuous with crew and restriction, he received his new name Corndog. June Week '88-"She's my best friend's girl, and she's gonna be mine!" And she was his again one rotten weekend 2/C year. Rotten Weekend, Pachinko, RacerX, my 21st Bday, Ski 93, the stink generators, Flight 130, and throwing up so hard that … Thanks for everything, XO, and fair winds and following seas Turbo

Matthew John Polk
Montello, Wisconsin
Submarines

An excellent athlete with the best record on the squash team this year, Matt also has brains. This is evident by the fact that he studies little, gets good grades and is bound for the submarine corps. Besides his jealousy of my hairy chest (which he tries to pull a few of them out every chance he gets), he's a pretty good guy. He is easy to live with because he is real considerate, and he has a good sense of humor. He has become an expert at cribbage which he plays with another math major in the company Aaron Peters (and they call my major "Easyography"). He also plays darts, writes five letters a week or more, has a grilfriend in Wisconsin, a Thunderbird, and enjoys reading sci fi books. His friendliness, sincerity humor, patience and attitude make him an easy and valuable friend and all these character traits are sure to help him go far in his career and relationships. Matt, you've been a great roommate and friend. Thanks, and God bless! BST

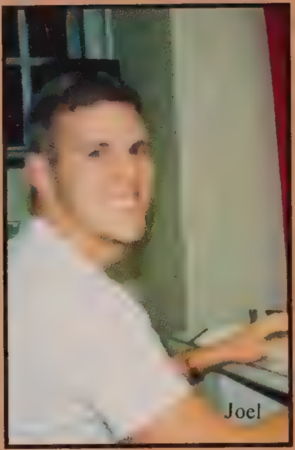
Renee Louise Rasera
Columbia, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Sugar&spice from Columbia hits USNA. Wild-manning isn't a cardinal offense, is it? Stalag17; in-battery; Mickey says you're late!; 3rd Law o' Navy; uniform races/tours; GROG; the flame lane. Sky's the limit in P'cola! MKM Rinibear leaves dressing like one of 'Charlie's Angels' & listing her men by #(Matt1&Matt2). Corruption began as she joined D&B 4/C yr, met Matt1 & hated rooming w/LK. 3/C yr moved her closer to Matt1 & into Darkside 6. 2/C summer 0000 PEP & Plebe Plans put her over the brink. The 3-0 library grew as she taught spins to INXS, a job repeated a yr later. MI & a silent drive thru 5 states w/a broken taillight for SB89. 1/C cruise-Grapple/Saipan? R broke thru her shell w/Toasted Almonds & Saipan Slings. 1st sem. 1/C yr she got her hands (arms?) on 3 stripes & moved into the D&B staff room. Lizard, SoCo coffee, noodles & Kooshes. Renee, my best roomie took the arrest better than expected. Thanx for the fun & memories & Don't Run. LDFH



Michael Robert Rein
Chesapeake, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Zirk has been a loyal boyscout since he joined 6. Youngster year we hardly knew him: he studied, worked out, and spent every weekend with Kismutt. Then 2/c year Mike came into his own. He began the year by losing his ball and chain, walking from the stadium in a torrential downpour, and picking up hoards of chicks due largely to his clever pickup lines, ability to breakdance and beatbox, and refined eating and drinking habits. He moonlighted combining the qualities of the census bureau and an FTD florist. He also came to enjoy a good game of spin the bottle. He received his first heisman vote for Donna W. Hippo and the questionable encounter. Spring break of 2/c year is our most documented of Mike's many excursions although he denies every picture or blames it on the rock. (Who was that beast anyway?) During 1/c year Mike got his own radio show and tantilized his listeners with his trippingly clever verbosity. He also made a valiant attempt to join the Dark Side and received his second Heisman vote, our only numerical entry. Mike will be a pilot, unless he changes his mind.



Bradley Steven Tidwell
Hooper, Utah
Navy Pilot

Coming to us from Utah via Boost, Brad entered the Academy as a straight-arrow and managed to escape unscathed. Choosing the Easyography major, he was notorious for his "reprehensible" study habits and "deplorable" room standards. Whether on the basketball court or playing a friendly game of darts, he was transformed from the nicest guy in Six to an all out competitor with the "killer" instinct and a drive to win. After eating his favorite snack of peanuts and raisens, he gave Pepe Lepue stiff competition. His screams and taunts at Army may have made him hoarse, but his moves were smooth on that victory night. This will serve him well in P-cola and his swinging singles life. Brad will be remembered most for his integrity, honesty, and sense of humor. He gave a lot to Six and touched all of us. He never turned down anyone who asked for help and always had time if you needed to talk. You've been a great roommate and an even better friend. We will all miss you much. God's Blessings, MJP

Tara Kathleen Traynor
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

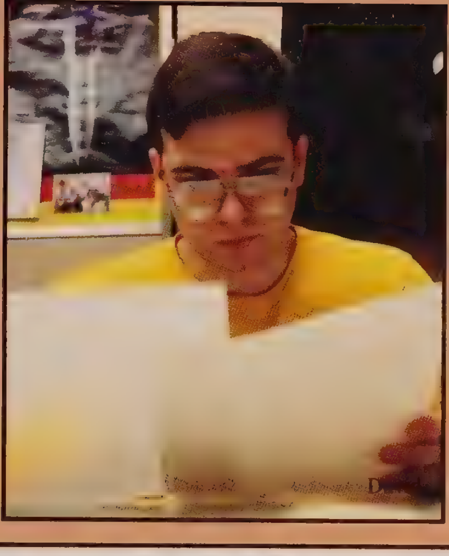
Two years at Delaware, a photographic memory, and an Irish temper helped this Philadelphia girl to turn the tables at good ol' USNA. Her unmatched performance in both the academic and athletic arenas led to many admirable accomplishments: including a rise from novice to first boat in crew and and a stumbling from a 4.0 to a 1.82 all in a mere semester. Her animal magnetism proved to make her a Physics stud and her dedication to the DHA theory brought her first set C.C. and Crew Captain. In the end, however she will remember those marks left on the Tripolitan monument, the C and M fountain, the Swamp Circle Saloon, Hood Wenches, and, of course, the partying town of New Orleans. Her home grown Philly tact caused her to speak (not yell, Matt) against most injustices (excluding the cheese in the shower incident) even at the risk of her own welfare. And her vast collection of experiences led her to help many through the worst of times. Four years by the bay woouldn't have been the same without you. I hope P-cola appreciates you as much as I have. Love ya-HBM

Joel Randolph Walker
Isla Verde, Puerto Rico
Navy Pilot

Born and bred in the balmy Caribbean on the island of Puerto Rico, Joel, at the innocent age of 17, immigrated to USNA. Before we met, he spent many a day strolling on red beach 4/c year. Undaunted, he came to 6 with a passion for two things: loose women and the pulsating beat of a sweaty disco dance floor. On weekends this high qpr/low effort MechE could be found watching Top Gun for the 90th time at the Becerril's or lowering the moral standards of Goucher. But it didn't stop there--it didn't stop anywhere, including the halls of MotherB. Once Joel found his Probe, our hero settled into the virtues of monogamy. Even the Dant admired Joel's public display of love in T-court with a Form2. Joel's direct, head-on approch to life not only applied to his liberty but also to his work, and most importantly, to his friends. Never once has he been selfish when things counted. Joel's dedication and committment have made him an unforgettable friend. Now we are sure he will become an unforgettable aviator. Joel, USNA's loss is Navy Air's gain. D&D

Samuel Noel Williams
Olar, South Carolina
Surface Warfare

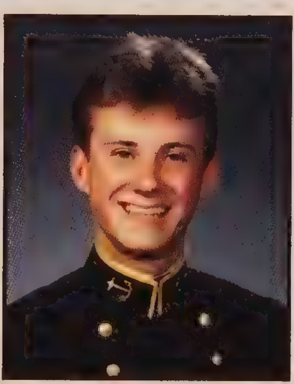
First there was Joe Louis, then Muhammed Ali, and then there was Sam Williams. Sam is a boxing natural. He boxed for his four years here and went to nationals, only to lose to Mike Tyson. The only man to wear a watch cap year-round, Sam is the rasta-man reggae master. An intellectual, as evidenced by his avid playing and mastery of the game of chess, he perplexed everyone when he bought a car he didn't know how to drive. A womanizer beyond compare, Sam too has felt the pull of the dark side. Sam often went out "cruising chicks" and rarely came back empty-handed. Sam constantly socialized and went from room to room, but he only stayed as long as he was fed. Normally soft-spoken, Sam can be counted upon to raise his voice when someone is sleeping. Sam loves to read newspapers, but only when they belong to someone else. One could often awaken on Sunday mornings and find Sam at one's desk, not-so-quietly reading one's paper. Sam dawdled with the idea of becoming a Marine, but he eventually reverted back to his true love; Surface Warfare. Good Luck, Sam. I love you, M.



7th COMPANY

Harold Thomas Zabrowski
Fairfax, Virginia
Marine Corps Pilot

Hal came to the Academy from Clemson, where he had a full scholarship for soccer. Why? No one really knows, but many suspect it was caused by a hallucination. After coasting thru plebe year, Hal found himself in an unusual form of SDB's. Then he made his fatal mistake; engagement. 2/C year found Hal & SPO living in the odd couple sitcom; Hal alias Oscar and SPO alias Felix. 1/C summer found Hal in the trenches of Quantico eating MRE's and packing his mouth w/ dip. He even got gouge on SULE II, but was plundered due to an unsuspecting road. Later that summer he found himself flying 53's and enjoying the Hawaiian sun. 1/C year opened up w/ another soccer season. Hal and Clubber would find themselves partying on all the away trips w/ Cheeser in trail. Room habitation was eased w/ the advent of John & Tim as roommates. Service selection nite found Hal choosing Marine Air w/ no influence from the flight jacket deal! We will always remember Hal as the gougemaster and gomehater. Shalom and SEMPER FI.



Tomas Algirdas Zikas
Canton, Massachusetts
Submarines

Zeke windsurfed into plebe year carrying his Boston accent and landed in 15. Things went well but for drinking offense #1 and Dougie Fresh. Somehow, though, even Zeke managed to overcome and was sent to 6 as a youngster. It was then that he was nabbed for D.O. #2. He tried to keep it quiet but somehow it kept coming up at those morning meetings with LT Smith. He sucked it up, and over Xmas began the first of his annual ski trips at his chalet in Vermont. So what if a few sodas were smuggled. Back at school he discovered the Harem and became Sultan. This love affair was short-lived, though, as he soon met up with the SMC (aka LLW). However, the Harem never left his sphere of influence. Second class year the SMC pulled the chain and many a weekend was spent in distant Ohio. In his final year, Zeke left windsurfing and became the star player on the 3on3 team. He then visited Rutgers only to have his car "stolen." It sure was nice that the guys who took it returned it without taking anything and even filled the tank. Best of luck Zeke and remember "THE FORCE IS WITH YOU" NFC

David Ross Bradley
Cartersville, Georgia
Surface Warfare

"Ross" came by way of Cartersville, Ga. or a small hick town therabouts. He had a brief stay in 22 and proceeded to Seventh Heaven. He immediately settled down with his roomie of three years. A Vietnamese paratrooper appeared and disappeared (lost him in the closet) but Dave and the barbarian never parted. Not that they didn't have their differences. Dave was the kind of guy who got up and dressed without showering (I took one last night!!) or drink out of a glass with a bacteria colony in it, or prefered the closet to the head, or would stay up late for fun. How much he had that night could be measured from the buzzsaw in his nose. Dave was a physical wonder. He spent four years looking through coke bottles, limping on a 60 year old's knees and back, and spent the better part of first class summer on his face undergoing the unkindest violation (made precomms look tame, huh Dave?) yet his body was still SWO PQ. I hear he even gets a 3.0 nowadays. (what a geek!) All these lies are for my benefit, so I'll remember exactly how much I miss my brother. EWD

James Charles Burmeister
Toledo, Ohio
Marine Corps Pilot

Jimbo came to us via NAPS, but he loudly claims Toledo as his home. His first Log cover design was the 'Mad' Magazine issue but definitely his most famous came a year later - PLAYMID!!! (You still have a copy, don't you?) It was youngster year when Jim went on a blind date with Maria. A simple exchange of college sweatshirts at a dance quickly amounted to a June-Week wedding. If Maria is the oldest of 13 kids, how many will they have? The following summer he harassed the Class of 92. Jim was an intense second class, but the rubber really hit the road during the next summer when he successfully completed Bulldog (Bark Bark). His last two summers were spent shooting on the High Power Rifle Team. Coached by dad, he managed to pickup a few award points along the way. First class year was full of trips to Beaver College, cheeseing Quoc and lots of barking. "The Pit" definitely had the most interesting group of firsties in the class of 1990. He became the Editor-in-Chief of the LOG during the difficult post-Playmid era. Congratulations and Good Luck to a great friend!! GGO

John Edward Byington
Daytona Beach, Florida
Navy Pilot

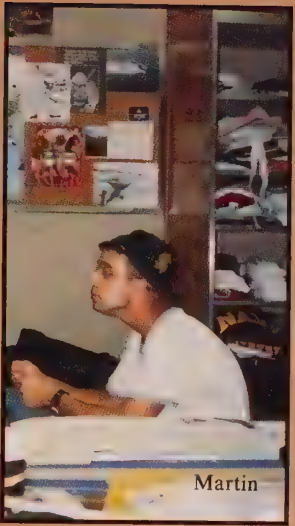
This "most prepared plebe ever" came from the "World's Most Famous Beach." After a year-long stop at MMA, John arrived in Thirty-Tool. He gained "friends" and demerits fast by correcting his upperclass. Weekends were spent at JH with the "wife," in Nimitz, or going Airborne. Deciding to stay in the US Navy after trips with our Brit and Jap allies, this daring lad further decided against SEALs after a jaunt in Coronado. The only person who saves food in his locker from plebe summer, he still eats more than anyone his size. This talent earned him a handle "The Pit," but his athletic abilities allowed him to cruise by in PE without ever letting it show. Following the "divorce" after 5.5 years of "marriage," the bachelor came out. Cassanova spent his time at Hood, Wake Forest, G-town, etc. Don't worry, your perfect wife is out there (a female version of you). After GU, good luck in the air. Maintain attitude and add power. Recall Lothar's wisdom: "Slack will be cut for you, for you are a man." Take care. All of this, done without a bragsheet! Your friends -- RPJ & DF

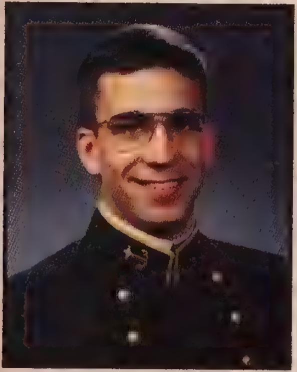
Kenneth Carl Caves
Damascus, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Ken came to us from that thriving metropolis of Damascus. After leaving 28th co. Ken quickly made his mark on 7. His road to fame and fortune began at the end of second class year. He did this by first purchasing the electric blue guido-mobile. The car made their eyes bleed. He continued his studliness at the ring dance. Which one of our dates he took - we'll never know. Yet when it was all said and done the DMZ was set. It was at this time that Ken picked up his nickname "The Sponge", Heading into Plebe Summer, Sponge was always a trooper. No matter how tired or how busy: "Hey Sponge, want to grab a couple of beers?" "Give me two minutes." Thanks for the breakfasts in bed. His favorite hobby in the room was long, loud, scented wood staining. Snarch- Gaggle-Sama Memorial-Los Tres Hermanos-0800 Road Sodas-Franny O's-Playing TAG!-Bartman-Room Tetris Champ (By 10 stinkin' points) but don't forget I kicked your butt in Jinx-Thanks for the late night talks-second semester was the best. U2 didn't break up! You're taking your sponsor's daughter to the ring dance? GOY MWC SCY KEH

Terence Lee Clark
Scottsdale, Arizona
Navy Pilot

Terry started his Academy career in 18 as the Clark Curse saw the downfall of 6 of his roomates. He then came to 7th bright-eyed and bushy-haired (get a haircut-B.) Youngster year was no problem as he breezed through Wild Bill in pursuit of a degree in blimp design. With Mandy playing b-ball in the Hall, Terry's conquests were well documented. 2/c year saw another pistol gold medal and All-American status. Pistol obviously tuned his hearing as he was the only one to hear a sonic boom during a lightning storm. Terry earned the nickname Larry in his avid pursuit of computer games. When not in front of the screen, Larry could be found at the local establishments using the techniques of his namesake. Although he is small, he sure is slow, as evidenced by his founding of the 10:28 club. This did not stop him from buying the biggest car/flashlight/computer/stereo he could find. It was then that Terry realized he was destined for greatness. He was always willing to impart his "vast expertise" to his classmates. Terry will always be remembered as a great guy; just ask him. KEH & KJD

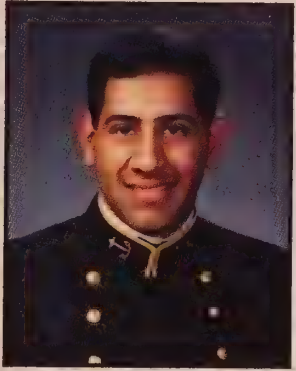




Martin Wendell Culbreth

Black Mountain, North Carolina
Marine Corps

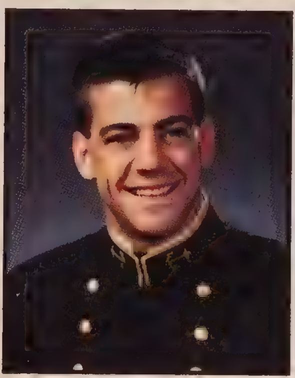
Martin, Mega-Juke, came to USNA from Blk. Mtn. NC. Only two mids have come from Blk. Mtn., an Admiral and MJ. He was a member of the V. Tennis team for 2 Years then retired after he got that letter sweater. He felt his talents could be better utilized in Co. sports and the rack. Youngster year was good to MJ. First of all he met us and then later was taken under the wing of the master of juke, the incredulous LaJuka, and she taught him well. There were many late night lessons in the finer art of juking. After suffering the near fatal blow of that Final Exam he showed he still "had it" as was apparant by his Grace under pressure. That's our MJ love'em and leave-em...twice. You could always tell if MJ was in his room when you came down the shaft if suddenly you heard music that made you want to bang your head against the nearest wall. He used to say it helped him study, which all made sense when you looked at his grades. In fact he did so well in EE that they asked him to take third semester. Let's not forget the PCR king. Good God! Do What? GOY KEH KCC SCY



Kersas Jamshed Dastur

Lake Oswego, Oregon
Navy Pilot

The Guru, otherwise called Package, Stick, Master, and O'fer, was known to everyone in 7 as someone always looking for excitement. His first flirt with adventure came with roomies Chuck and Tinkerbell youngster year. Kersas then braved the axe boards to pursue his dream of being a General Engineer. With the study skills Larry and Hobbes taught him, the Guru could have easily attained stars every year, but he didn't (THAT'S DISCIPLINE!). Orlando was not all play as Package learned about turbulent flow through personal hygiene. THE ANSWER IS NO! After 2nd class car loans, Kersas could be seen flying Mach 2 with his radar detector on fire in his off-road option Mustang. First class year had Kersas guiding 7 on the drill field and his official status to I'fer. As a member of the 10:28 club, the Guru was an example of physical prowess. Kersas will always be remembered for his undying dedication to the military. After graduation, Kersas is headed to P-cola with his autographed air-sickness bag collection. Don't use them up too quickly; we can't sign them everyday. TLC, KEH



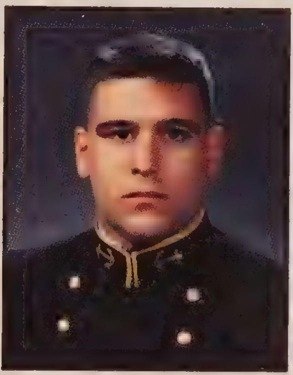
Thomas Christopher Disy

Neptune Beach, Florida
Navy Pilot

From the lessons
you've given
I've learned more
than from books
Thankyou for being
my friends

Mom and Dad
I know without you
I would not be alive
or here at this school
Thankyou I Love You

Thomas



Richard John Dromerhauser

Bay Shore, New York
Surface Warfare

He came to the Academy because someone said he'd never make it. Four years, three majors and one 6000 series later, he graduated. During plebe year he was given a "Black N" and the nickname "CHUD". He quickly established himself during plebe parents weekend "entertaining" while his little brothers posted watch. He never really needed Christmas leave, preferring to stand tall in Smoke Hall or trying to get a Marine billet. Although he'll be wearing khaki instead of green, it's the Corp's loss. Hey, these minesweeper things are COOL! He left his mark on the rugby pitch along with his knees and earned a sweater (blue, this time) for his sins. Remember, never get out of the boat; pain is temporary, but, pride and a sense of humor is forever. That which does not kill us makes us not only stronger but meaner! It's ok because the little Irish tiger back home is all that ever mattered anyway. When in doubt, work out! -- E.J. Burke

Maria

Everett

Everett William Dunnick

Hawthorne, California
Marine Corps

Everett Dunnick - A poor lost soul who wandered away from sunny L.A. only to end up imprisoned in the boat school on the Severn. Ev had always wanted to be a Marine. Ev tried to forget his temporary status as a squid by involving himself in as many gungy activities as he could find. Some of these are: detonating ordnance in the Hall (with the OOW on deck), practicing for the O-Course by taking a swan dive off Gate-2 after taps, drilling and leading the plebes on motivational runs behind Commanders Row before 07 (Capt Craighill really liked that one). Ev never seemed content while at Annapolis. His hopes of becoming a Marine were almost dashed when he injured his knee (3rd time) at Bulldog. It was not until Service Selection Night that he found out the Corps would have him. Ev, your bald head might not stick out as much at TBS, but it still won't get you any women. You've been a great roommate. I know that you'll do great, no matter what your performance grades say. Always remember to watch your six, and good luck Jar-Head. You finally made it. DRB

Van Lewis Emery

Colleyville, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

Van arrived from "25" armed with his Texas flag and a collection of weapons that would match any arsenal. He quickly established himself as the professional god of USNA. Many unsuspecting victims were subjected to one of Van's dissertations on the merits of blimps (Sorry, AIRSHIPS!) and other professional topics. Add to this his fondness for anything lethal (guns, knives, bayonets, crossbows, etc.) and you have the sum of Van's interests. He survived a scary youngster year with the foreign national from hell. 2/C year brought happiness and craziness with CHUD & Kerry and practice in the art of interior design, wall art, and pyrotechnics. 1/C cruise took Van to the wonderful world of WESTPAC where he learned many things. Why Taipei? 1/C year brought PJ, the lady in green, and the exciting job of Log Features Editor (the ladies in Preble must have loved you!) Good Luck down in P-Cola, hopefully naval aviation will survive! SALTY'90.

Maria Kathleen Filonczuk

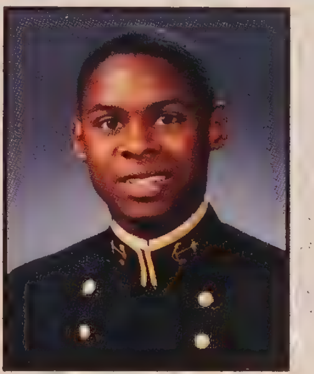
Cheektowaga, New York
Oceanography

A walk-on to the XC and track teams, Maria's enduring spirit was unbreakable (unlike the many Navy track records which fell to her persistence) she "ran" away with 10 letters and led her team to an Army defeat (K.A.R.T.) as XC captain 1/c year. Her teammates will never forget her generosity and enthusiasm in the Poconos and in Poison Controls, and good times on the Pipeline, Wardorf, Pancake, Eastport, and Marine Corps runs (not to mention yogurt runs!) A Trident Scholar, Maria's focus on oceanography kept her on Supe's List all 8 semesters! Her final recognition as 1st reg Cdr left her friends only wondering where the sixth stripe had gotten to. As a plebe, this Czechoslavakian Hockey Player was always up for a mean game of hall basketball and contributed to our Navy football team by almost running over the offensive line on a wild lesson in a standard car! For those who never knew her, you certainly missed meeting a truly great friend. Maria, thank-you for showing me the person I will always strive to be. (And every once-in-awhile take it easy on yourself, O.K.?!) CAM

David Fong

South Orange, New Jersey
Submarines

Dave came "down South" to USNA and found himself constantly defending his Jersey home from the confederate contingent he roomed with. Undeterred, he used his easy manner and gifted mind to lay waste to academics with annoying ease. Fongus' ability to mess around, play computer games, and disappear on the weekends while still making the grades was amazing. As a disciple of Trump, his natural avarice helped him find his niche in economics. He'll need the money for his phone bills and deteriorating American car. This whipped lad squirreled away King Hall's finest in tupperware for he and his future family. His four stripes gave him libs and a telephone to make him even more elusive. Always a hubbie, there's little dirt on his weekend activities. When he did indulge, the sniff of a beer cap was enough to make him pass out in delirium. Despite our teasing, his great talent and kindness will make him an asset to anyone lucky enough to work with him. Take care and good luck - JEB & RPJ



Michael William Giles

Taylor, Michigan
Navy Pilot

Mike "It's a soft "G" but he's a hard man," came to us from Detroit, MI where the weak are killed and eaten! He originally ran cross country but it was not a sport for a MANLY MAN like himself so he began weightlifting and playing fieldball. He passed up the opportunity to be a steely eyed killer from the deep to harass people in up in the wild blue yonder. Poor Mike had to put up with two weirdo roommates. One was a self-proclaimed dictator who forbade us to have our heads above his but he traded rooms with GLEEful Greg "Mike's Brother" who came from Space Alley. Mike's other roommate liked to think of himself as the "Annoying Man" and often proclaimed his deep friendship with Mike by screaming, "I hate you and all that you love!" at the top of his lungs. The "Annoying Man" made up for all his misgivings by being "Iron Mike's" weightlifting partner and by making sure that Mike never missed a workout. Mike spent most of his weekends in Damascus with Sandi who may someday become both his wife AND his RIO! Good luck "Iron" Mike! See ya in P-cola! MDS

Jeffrey Scott Gill

Romance, Arkansas
Surface Warfare

The man with more nicknames than hairs. Our Pappy, Hick is older than dirt, but something tells you he has always been that way. The man who was never a child. Always the king of tact,"Let's knock of the BS people!" The man whose picture is next to the work redneck in the dictionary. Jeff came here via the fleet and NAPS. He's originally from Arkansas, yes the same Arkansas that is the home of the worst city in the nation. Pappy became real familiar with the folks down in medical. Hey Jeff, is that your medical record or the NY yellow pages. Jeff was also a ladies man, although he was sometimes plagued by a problem that some men suffer from. Some guys can't get dates because girls consider them like a big brother, Jeff they thought of as a grandfather. One of my most vivid memories of Pappy is walking in his room and finding him standing on his desk in his boxers reciting formulas and definitions of a subject that he had a test in the next day. He was a confident as Einstein. "Hey Jeff, how did the test go?""I %#*&@ failed it." By the way where's Zip? GOY MWC SCY KEH KCC

Kenneth Edward Hobmann

Westlake Village, California
Navy Pilot

The man who brought GHA to the English language, Hobbes came to USNA via the California pipeline. He decided to bring his sailing talents to the East Coast even though "I hate Maryland" was his most common youngster phrase. Second class year started with a great summer in Pensacola where Hobbes was like a kid in a candy store. Late night road trips to NC and an introduction to grits was a little different from his California milk and yogurt. It was also second class year he began to spend time with some girls from the local college. By the way Hobbes, did you ever get the door closed at ring dance? First class year came and Hobbes was still hard at work at his mechanical engineering. Come on Hobbes, everyone knows history is a better major (at least I go to bed before 3:00). With first class year came cars and thus road trips. How can anyone drive that slow, or was it a funeral procession. But that's O.K. since most of his road trips ended just a few miles away at 1031 H. Don't worry if you need to spend the night, I'll write you a note. Good Luck flying Hobbes. MWC

Kelly Eugene Mackey

San Jose, California
Navy Pilot

Kelly, a native N. Californian, began this illustrious trek at the North American Party School and it has been a trip ever since. Exciting adventures with the boot range from the Purple Shamrock to clubbin' in Providence. But, then there came the Academy. These past four years have been a pain, but it has been worth the wait. Fond memories will cherished (intense conservations with Paige and Mike, hoopin, road trips). For those who didn't continue of this journey (Mike C., Steve C., G. Knight), you will always be remembered. And for those who continue on, keep striving for the best. Peace, K. Mack

Catherine Alice Moody
Fayetteville, New York
Supply Corps

You never were one to worry about things, Cathy, no matter what you say! But you did sweat those comearounds plebe year (he's so cute!) Cathy always made things look easy, from bending every joint in her body in ways that never seemed possible on the beam, to always getting projects done ahead of time! A glutten for pain, she returned to gymnastics with relentless abandon for the 3rd time, excelling all the more. Though only 5'2", her thoughts and deeds were always ski-high. Who else would have enough guts to attack 3 HUGE men at 3 AM armed with shaving cream? Got a fun filled ride in the vator bound in a sleeping bag though (sorry I pushed the button!) Cathy could never jump into anything without thoroughly thinking things over first. It took her till the end of 2/C summer to date the "dumb" jock she hated at first! Remember tiny gloves, singing and circling the track, frozen yogurt runs, 3 stripes - sports chits? Cathy, you've been a special influence on my life. Thanks for teaching me how to relax. Good luck, I'll never let the memories die! MKF

Stephanie Ann Myers
Palmyra, New Jersey
Supply Corps

Elly May Myers-Myers, the ESPRIT queen from NJ, the wayward superball, man overdesk drills & molette ultrabilge made the summer. Then came the racking lamp, green apple soap, Rumble mania, enzyme night, phowne howme, "Take heed..", Spanish holiday, the after-taps typing business, 90 brews, PE Huxhold 90-3, sir! SAM's anties continued 2/c yr as she frustrated the system by parking her car within arm's reach of Gate 3-never getting a ticket! She had to travel to Co Springs to meet a guy who lived down the hall, but he proved to be worth the trip. She earned her degree in the square root club as she unendingly pursued EOE (sooner or later). She liked EE so much she took it twice-then it was 'Dants List and smooth sailing. The halls of 5-3 were graced with her lingerie as she provided the plebes of 93 a sqd ldr who really cared. SAM had her hand in NAFAC, Lucky Bag, 90 musical, fencing & 2 feet firmly planted in soccer. Thanks for the good attitude & your endearing reaction to the reveille bell! JRC,CAM,MKF

Kerry Cornealius O'Boyle
Walnut Creek, California
Naval Flight Officer

If sleeping were an Olympic sport Kerry would be on every box of Wheaties and spokesman for a mattress company. This red-haired, Californian leprechaun spent his waking hours in the study of history, playing computer games and arguing. He was lauded as spokesperson for the underclass, company sports analyst and wardroom rep. He survived youngster cruise and "the virus". Arriving in Heaven from "Sweet 16" was a shock to Kerry, having to room with a trio of lunatics (the Blimp Man, Tark the Shark, and CHUD). 2/C year marked the return of CHUD, interior design and door art in THE room. 1/C year brought the car that wouldn't run, the world's hardest PCR, time with the Restriction Gang (what time does leave end?) and a certain female that did more to annoy Kerry than his roommates ever could. How cold was it at the ARMY/NAVY game? He also proved that the pen was mightier than the sword during his sojourn as Salty Sam'90, though a couple of O-6's weren't always too happy. Kerry is now moving on to the land of near-sighted aviators. Good Luck! CHUD & VLE.

Gregory George Olson
Scotia, New York
Submarines

Greg arrived at USNA, only one week after high school graduation, from Scotia, NY. The first activity he joined was the Men's Glee Club. Here he worked hard, taking trips to Texas, Ohio, Europe and let's not forget Disney World. Youngster year brought other meritorious activities, luge and carrier landings. By the way Greg, is that remote control plane done yet? During that year Greg was selected as a member of the Barbershop Quartet (Clean Shave), which kept him in the company of stars and bars. Then EE!! He survived. First class year was the best. When he was not on the slopes he spent it cruising in his red 300ZX with the NY license plate "SKI NAVY". After X-Mas he left "the shaft" for a barn in a better neighborhood to live with "the fly boys" Mike and Mal. Greg ends his days in Seventh Heaven with undying appreciation for the love and support of his parents (his best friends) provided him through care packages, money and especially the knowledge that they would always be there for him. Good Luck at Nuke School, Bubble Head!! Love EB,JB

Winona 7
Jay

A7173
Michael

Robert Scott Pryce-Jones
Etowah, Tennessee
Naval Flight Officer

Only three things come from Tennessee: Steers, Queers, and Robbie. Not satisfied with excitement of the Bargain Barn, his Commodore, and Hardee's, Mung Face came to good ole USNA. He was thrust upon the rigors of plebe year, and what a year he had. We know of no other person who earned the equivalent of a black N, five demerits at a time! The only way that PJ got to see Spring Break was praying for snow. 3/C year, PJ saw how good things could be in 7th Heaven and in his blue magnet. The Saturday morning Zombie and its colorful vocabulary came into being this year, too. Never forget those late nights with good old Andy Schoen sitting around playing cards! As a 2/C, Uncle PJ did not let his plebe year get the best of him, while playing with his silver bullet. During both, he made himself an accomplished Comp Sci while his roomates tried to make him more worldly and market-wise. He knows more than he cares for about the world, but barely has any money for Amigas, much less CFC. When it came time, P-Cola and NFO were his callings. Good luck to a true friend. -- DF & JEB

Malachy Denis Sandie
San Francisco, California
Navy Pilot

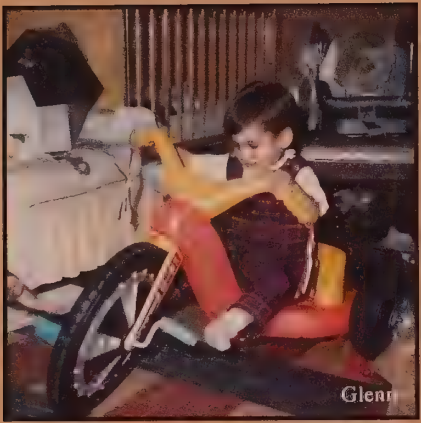
Malachy Denis came to the Academy from God's country, the Bay area to be exact. His dad's a cosmic ray physicist, which proves it isn't hereditary. Mal's many hours in the weightroom gave him the right to tell people they were "girly men". Mal's social life blossomed at the Academy where he moved up from the Captain's daughter to the Admiral's daughter to the Gentlemen Farmer's daughter. Mal found time on weekends to zoom up to Baltimore in his "Gunship-the sunroof is so he can operate the .50 cal while invading small countries!" The huge man lived under Ken's rule in "The Kingdom". Mal endured me but often voiced his respect in the phrase "I hate you"-but remember that you once liked me, I always hated you. Malachy was born in Dublin and he did prove to have the luck of the Irish when, on the third try, he hailed the Eye Chart with a guns shot. He is on his way to Pensacola-no summer school, thank God. Mal didn't have a tough act to follow as sub-commander. "Ma'am I don't know who threw the snowball that broke your window." See you at TOP GUN. - MWG

Michael Alan Sherman
Homewood, Illinois
Marine Corps Pilot

Mike. The man, the myth, the legend. 3/C year Mech E kept him on his toes, although he still found the time for a certain 14th Company female. Cruising with 2.00's, he escaped youngsterdom at an all time low. He came to 2/C year where he played Recon Ranger and impaled his hand. Mike also started the Second Class Moke System which received rave reviews. Not being able to get enough midshipwomen, Glee Club trips established him as "the Evil Emperor." Service Selection? (Hey! What's Big Bob's warfare specialty?) Subs (of course), Mike put in time on subcruise and arrived ready for 1/C year. But wait! "Hey Mike, we have a new Company Officer!" Applying to the USMC "Exceptions" program, he abandoned the Reactor Core for the Marine Corps. After "Snowdog" during Christmas leave, he chose Marine Corps Aviation. Mike has made a good showing as the Pit's after hours minstrel, as well as a Maggie's Sly-Busta-a-Move kinda guy. This hall rat can strike out faster than Nolan Ryan when he's not rackin' or gettin' the Led out. Good luck with the grunts! VLE

Jay Robert Singer
Winona, Minnesota
Submarines

J-BOB, THAT ABOUT SAYS IT ALL.



Quoc Bao Tran
Hampton, Virginia
Surface Warfare

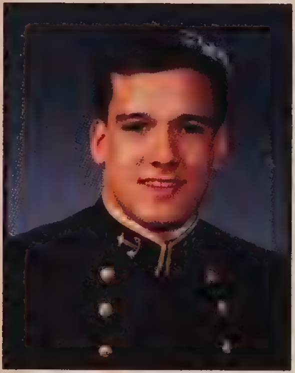
The Wookie Monster was imported from Saigon when it became unhealthy to live there. He found a home in Virginia (Lover that he is) & then got into the academy through NAPS. Skating through the Huns of 19, he dropped on 7th Heaven. Quoc had a fascination with the sky, (since he was so far below it) from his attempts at the Aero major (shot down 2nd class year) to the gold wings the ATU pounded into his chest. He got done looking up, and started looking below, (sub-surface) but the cash wasn't good enough. Quoc was often the cheese in a "pit" sandwich, usually because of his astounding command of the English language. Our hero found himself firstie year, drilling a platoon (letter opener in hand) and fending off the PCR demons. Although you sometimes had trouble communicating with your speech, your actions taught us all what hard work, friendship and love for one's family really mean. Good luck my friend, don't get lost on your frigate. Take pity on your roommate and learn how to drink your tea quietly. For a short person, you walk pretty tall. DRB, EWD & JCB

Stephen Charles Yeager
Warsaw, Indiana
Navy Pilot

Chuck hails from the land of John Cougar Mellancamp. The master of primp, "that's not a hair out of place is it Yeags?" When Steve first came to 7, he was quickly accepted for the great individual he was. Another member of Los Tres Hermanos, Chuck was always ready with the new sayings and fads: Bullcarp, 1-2-3 Yours, Jinx, Ear-to-Ear, etc. He was the raquetball god, our heavyweight QB and personally my hero. At the end of 2/C year Steve picked up his Vette. "that's alot of money for a planter." It was at this time that Steve met his "friend"-we're still not sure what her real name is. Of course Yeags will follow in the footsteps of his namesake, flying off into the wild blue yonder with the best of them. He won't have any problems in P-cola though because he'll just make up his own rules as he goes along. It's good he's flying because Steve couldn't find his way from Gate 1 to Gate 3 without a map. He was also our beloved first semester CO CDR-- the first to take a bite out of Big Mac. "ASAP OBSTCR UNICEF BOOW CMOOW TSP TAD PCR PC-WRITE PMS P-100." GOY MWC JSG KCC TCC KJD

Glenn Owen Young
Staten Island, New York
Supply Corps

In the summer of '86, Staten Island sent yet another puffy haired, wirey Young man to the Naval Academy. Glenn-O although excited, almost packed his bags for Notre Dame when he found out he couldn't listen to U2. He'd have been a great football fan at ND (especially when they played Navy). By working out with the men's gymnastics team, this skinny, short kid became a big short kid. He earned an N star managing the team and Bob Uecker should fear for his announcing job. Second class year brought a phone to Glenn-O's room but it never interfered with his study habits because he never made studying a habit. Despite his English major, math was his best subject. His favorite equation was EEx3 = summer school where he and M.J. sat on 6-2 blowin' up trucks. One billion Chinamen! Now that's a lot of toasters. Port Batt Sub, Los Tres Hermanos, CO CDR (love those libs and Balt. road trips), BATMAN, BART-MAN, the shortest sword (or biggest letter opener), bleeding eyes and ears; need I say more. The CORPS! Thanks for the toilet paper. Bono lives even if U2 broke up. KCC MWC KEH JSG SCY



James Quentin Ball
Towson, Maryland
Special Warfare

The roommate of Justice-the quaff of Justice!! You are undoubtedly the coolest man to go through this place in its 145 year history. Are you strung out on something, your hands are shaking uncontrollably? Never has anyone sweated so much in spite of being so cool. The PCR just seemed to haunt you year after year-almost 6 times you took the test wasn't it?! How could a guy as cool & goodlooking as you have NO CHICKS?! I know, you're just shy right; but still cool. Q-ball, the man who looks like a Greek marble statue of Apollo is joining the elite team-The SEALS. If anyone was built to be a SEAL, you're the one. Someday, maybe, you'll be able to find a girl you like(like Raq)& she'll even like you back. The boys & I will be back when you open up the bar-free drinks are expected. Ahh, destined for Yuppydon, BMW, big bank account, Italian suits...Nope, you'll always wear T-shirts & jeans that magically hover around your butt. What Butt?? Yo man, the O's, & stop making bets, you'll be poor someday. One last thing my friend-Don't live on your knees! FAREWELL JQ. 1-1

Bryan Matthew Baquer
Jacksonville, North Carolina
Submarines

"Pops", the grey-haired grand dragon of 8, came to USNA by accident on a lost tourbus that took him from WCU to Wake Forest to BOOST (Where Fedora led him by the nose to Annapolis). His ability to spit in the wind and swear like a sailor got him quarantined to 5-2 3/c year (w/ Strangebrew and Mack). Pops spread the gospel on starvation, gold chains, Michael Jackson and Polish-Philippino supremacy. 2/c year found him either spinning a basketball or spinning his wheels in voodoo mathematics (or playing MEAN 18). In his quest to find someone from the deep south who was actually deep, Pops moved in with an econ major (Bich) who could help him write the complete theory of acrobatics. 1/c year found him the batt MVP touch f-ball QB (BEAT 7!) and pushin' paper. Since he never did learn how to swim or pay off his Visa bills, he had no choice but to go Reactor Corps. He's difficult (to get started in the a.m., to forget). You're a great roommie, so take care you bubblehead! Go O's! Mack, Strangebrew, & Bich

Raymond Ward Bichard
Spartanburg, South Carolina
Navy Pilot

Anyone who knows Ray could tell by his red-neck that he's from the south. A plebe in 13, the duration found him in 8 - chasing santa on sat. nite or saying "she won't *$@# talk to me!" The Stews proved their worth to Ray by providing dates, caramel brownies, and liquid to fill those Navy cups at 'gaters. Ray never failed to enjoy himself (the ag. center, the end of the street, or the movies (she pays)) A football recruit, the only line Ray saw was the one to the snack bar. Ray did play intensely on the intramural gidirons (BEAT 7 - AND WE DID!) Known for his deceptive speed and ability to portray the Heisman Trophy, he wasn't known for his SPEEDY story telling (YA KNOW?) Ma Bell was fond of Ray, seen by the countless hours on the LT's phone (can in hand of course). Always the economist, debt followed, but never slowed Ray in his quest for another CD or a bag of Doritos. His ultimate desire was Navy Air - one he achieved. Best of Luck to ya RACKIN' RAY , Your ETERNAL ROOMIES -- Tauz & Pers

Jason Bradley Burrows
Las Vegas, Nevada
Navy Pilot

JB Alias "BAD BOY" (The only man who packs a box lunch...) Jason's career began in the day's of old, when men were bold. Our young romantic dreamed of aviation, silk scarfs, and beautiful women. His dreams became reality, and he landed ashore at USNA in the 20th Co. His Plebe year hails tales of chocolate sauce and good ?Performance? Youngster cruise brought him north of the border, and began the Blizzard that would last him 2 whole years. Jason's 3/C year was under the guise of spirited mischief. Mr Beanie turned the Eight Ball into a Wild Water Amusement Park, as B.G. wondered "Why does he persist?" 2/C year he became the 2nd roommate to fall for the lure of St John's, (SJC + Grandma Sills = Rosie) and thus the battle of the girlfriends began. As a Firstie Jason got his "Wings" in more ways than one. Our romantic concludes pondering why he is the rock to all women who have loved him, but had to leave him. Light the fires and kick the tires. May your career be filled with calm seas, fair winds, and 3rd wire traps my friend. RSW

Robert Glenn Cannon
Charlotte, North Carolina
Surface Warfare

Robby hopped on the wrong bus the day before I-Day and ended up here instead of at Graceland. He survived the culture shock of 20th Co. and stumbled his way up to 5-3 to join the effort to undermine all authority. His first accomplishment was to "sleep" through the poster of Heidi and LT Chaplain's reveille. His fertile mind dreamt up some interesting Halloween costumes! His fertile body redefined that wonderful dessert "Cannonballs with Hard Sauce" in MacDonough Hall and was attacked by crayons at ECU. His trampling of Hood via a rented car can't be forgotten as that is where "Cannonizing" was born. Second Class year was just as eventful: Valentine's Day with K.J...going to the Prom finally...riding the Worley bird...26.2 miles...1/c W/E's as a 2/c...slip sliding down to Chapel Hill on an illegal W/E. First Class year slipped in and he slipped the authorities again. Of his final acts, he watered my bed and threw away his crutches to dance with Michelle. Good luck and may Elvis smile upon you. - RFS

John Davison Cielo
Silver Spring, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Rock 'N Roll, Sky(man), Johnny C. John's place of origin before USNA is still being disputed--some say the Phillipines, some say Mexico, and some say Munchkinland--no one is really sure. His antics as a plebe in Club 34, fortunately for JC, earned him just enough conduct offenses to keep him from getting into deeper trouble. His impeccable taste in clothes, his debonair style, his ability to use credit cards, and his uncompromising dominance on the basketball court all came to light youngster year in Skate 8. His dream of becoming a scientist was realized (in the political realm, of course) although his dream of reaching the gates of the USMC was scared away by the guard bulldog. His years here were characterized by firsts, lasts, and nevers. He was always first in front of a mirror, first to leave on WE, last out of the pool, last to start his car, never in the library, and never without hair gel. The surface community does not realize what an outstanding, aggressive, overachieving warrior is headed their way. EXCEL as only you can--GO GET 'EM ROCK 'N ROLL!--RM

Ryan Lamond Coughlin
Duxbury, Massachusetts
Marine Corps

What can be said about Ryan that the deputy hasn't already said himself? Plebe year, Ryan was in the shadow of his big brother. Between excelling on the PCR and dodging his own flying performance jacket Ryan managed to stroke the most infamous plebe 8 in Navy history on his way to being captain of the delinquent team. Ryan met every challenge the Academy could throw at a man- PCRs, tours, MPSS and the Navy Varsity 8. Ryan and women went together like oil and water. Last call usually found him with a beer, a black eye and little else. His physical prowess allowed him to moonlight on the hockey team when not slaving on the waves of the Severn. Ryan was always a free spirit that refused to be caged. He has made a lasting impression on all those around him. I doubt the Corps realizes what it is getting with Ryan, but be sure they can use a fighter like him somewhere. Never forget the harbormaster, the church window in Syracuse, P-Cola or the Iron Dwarf. There are beers to be had somewhere! Zeus, MEW

Ronald Keith Davis
Arlington, Texas
Surface Warfare

One-eye, Reggie, PC, BC, and Ron, only to name a few. The man with almost as many nicknames as lady friends. A true Don-Juan, whether it is a woman from the inside or outside-"I just like women," Thanks, for 3 years of silence, darkness, and one man room formals. From wining and dining to studying to sleeping to working on his physique, he always found time to uphold his "nice guy" image. Under general concensus, he is the nicest guy you'd hope to meet. Ron's persistency, undaunting intelligence, semi- nighters and luck pulled this would be General Engineer thru to a degree in AERO and an assignment on the seven seas. The only man Stack can give a hard time. True Sympathizer! Its gone fast and been a blast. Four years on the Severn is too much fun for almost anyone, but you endured. Good Luck! HAVE FUN, STAY AFLOAT! You sink Texas, people get pi--ed! TWH JQB

Patrick

Richard

Daniel

John

John Francis Doran
Framingham, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

Johnny D., the man from Framingham who gave up a full year of NROTC to ensure that he would graduate as a Naval Aviator. The foremost memory of John during plebe year was his six-week grades. As the year wore on, John started doing what he does best: helping people make it through this place. Youngster year brought John to Skate Eight where he became immersed in the blue magnet. As usual, he continued to be "the Guardian" (remember the walk - Hic! Sorry.). This was also the year of the Love Boat (Bahamas). Second class year presented John with new problems: EE, 'V', taking five courses that start with an E (in one semester), etc. As usual, John managed to sweep through it all and have a good time. Firstie year brought along the Sunbird, New Hampshire, the date with red hair, and a reacquaintance with the magnet. We've gone through a lot together, and hope that there's more to come. Through it all, you've helped to make some sense of this whole mess and for that we thank you. - RAE and AMM

Patrick McBride Dungan
Frankfort, Kentucky
Surface Warfare

Mac came to USNA from the Bluegrass foothills of Kentucky as top dog of his HS class(50 people). He rolled into 8th & hoped to have a 5-2 penthouse all to himself when Pops and Strangebrew arrived from P.I.(at 3 AM). Not known for his prowess in math, he found a loving and caring tutor in Maddog Herzog(for 4 semesters) Maddog influenced Mac to search for happiness & a 2.0 in Nimitz basement(Poly-Sci). Mac's nuc-em-all & kill the commies rhetoric constantly badgered his neo-liberal roomies & all who dared to enter the penthouse. 2/c year saw 2-man rm w/BB, delusions of EE gouge(he got Pi*%#$+ instead), & rumors of a 3/c love interest, but Mac showed us that nothing could get between him & his exotic beer bottle collection. 1/c yr saw a move in w/Howie, endeavors in wax art, joys of oriental cooking (spaghetti, pepperoni stew, etc), & cockroach killing. Loyal to his heritage Mac chose a ship named after an Irish Marine & bound for the Persian Gulf(who wants 6wks in France). Always there when you need him, Mac is a true friend. GOOD LUCK, kill a commie for mommie. POPS & HPK

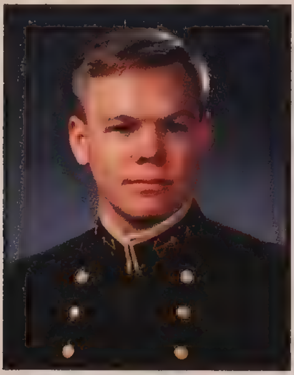
Richard Allen Eckles II
Muse, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

Rich (Rackles) came to USNA from the well known town of Muse, PA. Although initially stricken with grief over the loss of the comforts of home, (his pick-up, spitoon, and country music tapes) he managed to survive the rigors of being a plebe in FORM-2. Herndon brought the joys of Bill the Cat, Goucher weekends w/Kris, morning wake-up shaves, the discovery of the blue monster, and the chance to laugh about all we had been through before. Through these four years I've learned that Rich is one of those rare individuals that is always there in a bind; the perfect "wingman"! Through thick and thin; Army/Navy celebrations (thanks), marathons.... I've never known anyone who had to look further than their side, to find Rich willing to help. You're a good man Rackles, thanks for the memories, and good luck! JD

Daniel Lawrence Gordillo
Lakewood, Ohio
Submarines

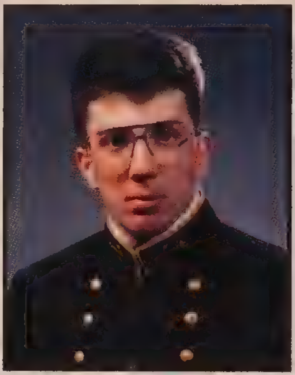
From the banks of Lake Erie to the banks of the Severn came Dan. How does the consummate NAVY sailor come from Cleve.,OH? The ole One-Upper (as friends called him) always had a story and would always defend Cleveland as America's finest. Sailor Dan was 2/C skipper (of Mo' Light) and 1/C Team Captian. "FLY" sailed the 7 seas - Dan, the E. Coast Yatching Establishment with endless tacks, jibes, parties, and docksiders. USNA's finest sailor spent school months in Honors History and summers in New England, Bermuda, and Bay racing for the silver (and winning it!). Dan, did you ever study? Well, look at his A's & B's (and his thesis). Dan was Linus (from Peanuts) except with a comforter: when Dan slept, he slept! The Medical Boy: teeth (subs), ears (what), nose (3/C boxing), BOTH shoulders (and still validated all swims), appendix ... awarded the Midn Purple Heart! (Only Mid ever to CHOOSE PQ or NPQ!) Dan's epitaph will include: J. Buffett -Dark horse lifer! -Bimini - Whiteworks (what SDB's?) -Lesley. I'm glad Dan went subs with me - a best friend and roomie! FLY Navy - CGH

NAVY
George



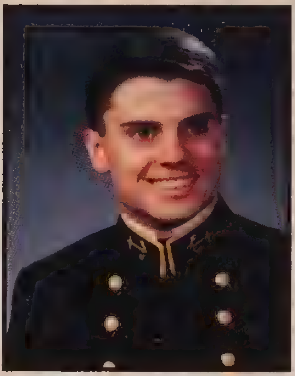
Craig Gavin Halder
San Diego, California
Submarines

Well I can say that Craig has relaxed some since I first met him youngster year. Craig has always tried to do a week's work in two days. Needless to say, he burns the midnight oil, though I've rarely been awake to see him in action. If he had selected that prestigous Grp.3, sleep might have been part of his daily routine here at the Academy. Funny, Craig was awake when I went to sleep and awake when I woke up. Anyways, I knew he was an alright dude when Rex came into his life. Rex was perfect for Craig, I don't know how he lived so long, but that '76 Nova drove like dream baby! Now Craig has gone from 8thCoCdr to the Invisible Mid, cycling to his office at U of Md. everyday (watch out Greg LeMond). I must attribute his changed style partly to his extensive CD library, which contains everything from Kiss to the Judd's (compliments of AimeeK). However, the most important sphere of influence to enter Craig's life has been the sounds of Margaritaville. Just remember, it's those Changes in Lattitudes, Changes in Attitudes...and if we couldn't laugh, we would all go insane! DLG



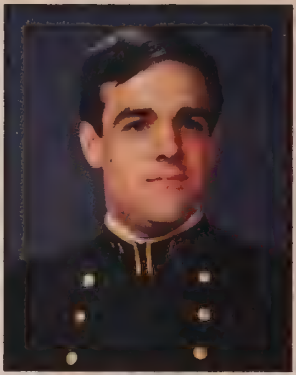
Thomas William Hofer
Ames, Iowa
Marine Corps Flight Officer

Tom, Hof, Hof-dog- "Is this Heaven?" No, it was Ames, Iowa from whence this future Marine came from. Coming to the Eight Ball from FUBAR 5 with a big dip of Copenhagen between his cheek and gums, Tom was the manly man who always had something to complain about, but it was always fun to argue with him. Always being one to abide by MIDREGS, I'm glad I helped him rip a few pages out and enjoy first class year. A disciple of the Flexing One, Tom's life was filled with Bulldog, books, beer, Al Bundy, the Simpson's, rack, Copenhagen, Weider, and aminos. Alas, the Corps calls. They're getting a good man. Hey Hof, "Let me show you my tattoo." Semper Fi, Bart, dude. See you in five. Airborne! JCM



Brian Alan Hoyt
Phoenix, Arizona
Navy Pilot

Brian came to USNA from Arizona after being stricken with a rare, physically handicapping disease as a child (in Latin, shortius aswellas smallius). He courageously fought this disease and it never stopped him from becoming a great runner or skiier, though it did bring his promising basketball career to a screeching halt. Weightlifting for long hours was therapeutic for Brian and over the course of his stay at USNA he made vast strides of improvement in terms of the size of his body (and ego). The development of computers has been a tremendous help to just about everyone else in the free world, but for Brian--his largest nemesis. Those who never came within hearing distance of Brian, probably had no idea of his ambition to be a pilot, but everyone else did, like it or not. The biggest hope for Brian's future, though, is that he have better luck with his plane than he did with his car, for his car worked almost as well as most of his computer programs did. GOOD LUCK, BRI!--RM



George Kenneth Hunter
Burney, California
Cryptology

Hailing from the sunny shores of the land of fruits and nuts, he came with high expectations that flew out the window almost immediately. He took the computer science department by storm and at times it was hard to tell whether he was the teachee or the teacher. The CD King spent youngster year broke and deaf, while all of us spent Friday nights in the wardroom. By second class year he had abandoned his academic pursuits for those of four string things musical.(?) After spending second class year as '92's nightmare (?), he took over the reins as football head manager, a position with a four day work week. Other positions held include company adjutant and company academic officer (he got these only because no one else wanted them). As first class year draws to a close, he looks forward to a five year career in a cave in Hawaii. Thanks for helping us graduate, from the enthusiastic ground pounder and the Kodiak Kid. TT & RC

Mark Camack Jordan
Jacksonville, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

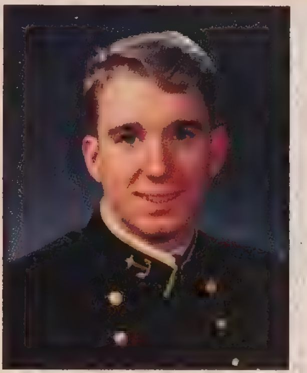
Marky J. came to us like a Gator out of Fla.,living in the water. Even after Mark was no longer a Navy swimmer-(Good ole Lou)this Fla. boy was always at home in the water. He tried to replace water with the b-ball court, but he more earned the nickname Mark "weak-ankles" Jordan than Air Jordan. Golf, now there's a word, depending upon which day, was a passion or a temper tester. Mark, I think it's you're grip, Rob says it's in your head you golf negat you. Mark was not always a stellar mid as he proved 1/c year. Remember the inspection by ole Haby-Baby with Gloom braced up outside; youngster year? Academics is another area Marky felt the bite(Wild Bill-Danger G.)for he soon gave up his motto "I want to learn" for the eternal quest for gouge. Mark has been affected or afflicted(your choice) by military women(TG,MS) since his schoolboy years. May the Force be with you, & may you make the right choice. Is the wdrm clean,does the Frig work, & why are we using wdrm $? IT'S THE ONLY BEAR YOU'LL EVER PINCH! You've been a great friend and counselor for a Navy-puke. Mikey P.,P-DOG

Harold Paul Katz
Glenview, Illinois
Surface Warfare

Harold, this is your brain. This is your brain on Beth or Julie or Melissa, et. al. Howie came to us from Glenview, Ill. After spending plebe year in 7, he moved up in the world to the land of the Polar Bear. He quickly established a reputation for sticking to his guns. 2/c year found him living with Spinal Tap (Ken & Ryan). That wasn't extreme enough, so 1/c year he moved in with a right-wing punk rocker (you know who). "Senior" year also brought life on the WILD side, long sojourns at Maggies, and planned trips to SMITH. Howie was the company ship selection deity, King of the Gridiron (Oh, my toe!), and the true SWOGOD. He got his small craft pin and a YP to call his own (look out, sailing team). He's a man with a taste for cheap beer and an insatiable affection for the ladies, who loved BUNDAY Night with the Simpsons. Harold is a man of great dedication; the fleet will never be the same. Semper Al, later grizzly dude. Mack

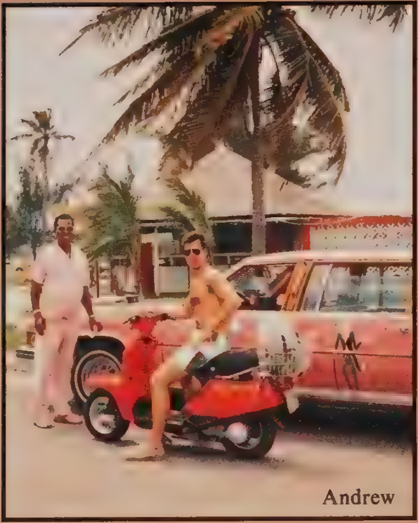
Sean Patrick Marks
Exton, Pennsylvania
Submarines

The meek may inherit the earth, but not while Sean P. is still on it. Sean was the inevitable curve buster and with a ferocious desire to excel he conquered everything that the academy had to offer. Beers at the Col.'s house, turkey hunting, how many girls was that man?! The late night talks and the warrior spirit will stay with me forever. It started on 6-0, as lowly plebes and ended in our lofty domicile on 5-3, Danno's room. We've had four years together by the bay and that's plenty dude. From supe's stars to enduring the '89 plague, and then finally taking charge, you have made it all a little better...gotta beat the system man-...just don't get caught--and you NEVER did. The sub force will be better with you in it (it sure can't get worse), now its time to move on, remember, stay at ease with your sexuality, and always be manly. Semper Fi dude, and God bless you. Stack



Eric Scott McCartney
Plumsteadville, Pennsylvania
Submarines

8th Co. version of a "tall, white, goofy guy", Rick came to us from the metropolis of Plumsteadville/Doylestown. Plebe summer in the Club (Cell-Block) so frustrated him, he didn't know if he wanted me to call him Rick or Eric (what a dilemma). Youngster year, we graduated to Skate 8, finding ourselves rooming with a heavy metal maniac who showed him one or two judo moves. 2/C year, "Roger Rabbit" proved that aero majors don't need to study that hard. Friday nights always found hoops launching the treys (and bricking the 5 footers), followed by a 3 AM date with a deck of cards. Finally, Rick met his first love...Maxine. Always the ladies' man, Rick could never love just one girl. Firstie year Rick grew up and went off to college. There he proved that grad students don't study at all. Rick swayed between nofo and nuc, the deciding factor being a roomful of geeks. We spent four years by the bay and shared many memories. You can be my wingman anytime. XXXOOOXXX Skyman



Jerold Camerino Miranda
Dumfries, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Jay, the flexing Filipino, the man who spends more time admiring himself in the mirror each day than most people spend awake came to USNA from a Navy family with high school academic honors in his hands. However, he soon found himself unsat, on probation, and switching to General Science where he soon found out the worth of an ounce of gouge over a pound of knowledge. Academics not being his forte, Jay soon discovered the weightroom and Joe Weider. It was here that he forged his reputation and "big guns." It is quite possible that Jay holds the record for most regulations broken without getting caught. Good luck on the seven seas Jay, and good luck with the future Mrs. Miranda and all the little Mirandas to come. TWH

Andrew Michael Morrell
West Chester, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Andy came to USNA from his hometown of West Chester, PA. Shortly thereafter, he decided to return there (P.S. Weekend). After some prodding, Andy returned to embark upon his distinguished academic career. To his credit, he has survived such obstacles as Form-2, three axe-boards, limited summer leave, and a 26-mile jog. Through it all, Andy has always managed to keep his and everyone else's spirits high. Whether it was through P-tag, Mr. Happy, the younger ladies, or just getting caught with his pants down, he has managed to break up the rigors of Academy life. Now that it is all over, Andy is finally going back to the place where his heart lies - the City of Brotherly Love. Thanks for everything and good luck. Semper Fi. - JFD and RAE

Gregory James Parker
Sandpoint, Idaho
Navy Pilot

Everyone sure is impressed with Greg's study habits, but then again what else is there to do in Sandpoint, Idaho. Greg's lifelong adventure has many conquests, which range from Annapolis to the Far East. All of his accomplishments are well-documented and awe-inspiring: Ya Streudal, the BIG V, that unforgettable Spring Break when her days were numbered, HoodScare, and of course I'll-be-nineteen-in-January. Yes the King lives! Being first wasn't good enough though, he had to leave us for the striper life as Reg. Adj., and we all thought you were cool. But Greg was just puttin' in time on 3-1, Hopkins is where it's at, no wait Cambridge is in trouble! Everyone wants to love a pilot. P.S. All the guys in 8 say Hi to Anne Marie. AIRBORNE! DLG. Thanks for keeping your roomie out of trouble! AMM.

Robert F. S.

Robert R. S.

Michael

Clay

Michael David Pia
Corpus Christi, Texas
Marine Corps, NFO

P-Dog, Pea-Head, Tau Beta Pia and all of our other affectionate 8th Co. names. Mikey came to USNA a Texas terror and a Marine Corps Gonna-be. By younster year, 4.0's were no big deal so you set your sights on tougher goals of the WBF lightweight crown and increased international relations.... the first attempt was a victory but a broken hand was the price. The human gouge file, people came from miles to tap your well of wisdom. Don't worry, I won't tell anyone that I (a lowly GEN. E.) was your source of knowledge and true understanding. The dude of calm and the master of MECH E., nothing bothered you...except the YP God, the fat chicks and the itches. A PT God, you're off to take on the challenge of Quantico and Hornets in the sky. Good luck to you, Dishey and the Corps. Nice TATTOO P-Dog, Semper Fi! MJ

Robert Ryan Scott
Harlingen, Texas
Marine Corps

Scotty sprang forth from the Marine Military Academy. Few can boast of a deep military education dating back to eighth grade. Even fewer would admit it was because their mother stuffed them into the nearest boarding school and split the country. Thus, we took delivery a hamburger so mean it took four years to fry. Plebe year it was grilled so hard that by the time it got to 8th it had very tiny buns and a cheesy penchant for women near either alimony or social security. We musn't forget the dates imported from down south; the Rob Scott shuttle produced more dates than the solar calendar. Rob is known for his ability to instantaneously devour any roommates naive enough to try to wake him for quarters or plebes bold enough to try to shave his head. When not out wrecking the car in his name, the car in his squad leader's name, the clock in his shaft, or the window in his room, Rob found time to wreck the brain in his head against a stiff bottle of Jose Cuervo. We have thousands of memories of you, Rob. Most of them were on your American Express- thanks so much. Strom

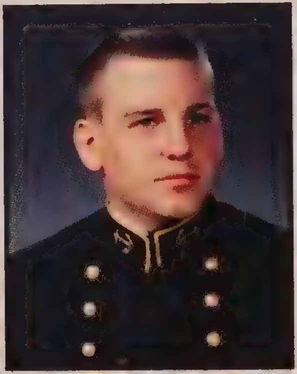
Robert Farrell Spandau
Indio, California
Submarines

Spanky blew in from the Ca, desert and immediately began his unending quest for wine, women and song! Rob was unleashed in the Polar Bear Co. to begin his 3 year reign of terror. This self-proclaimed systems god(just ask him), was quite the ladies man in the East. He didn't mind at all when cries of protest arose over his catch-of-the day, "Rob, she's an E-1..she's an E-3..she's an Ensign!" He was not invincible though, as he was booted from a young lady's car for not meeting the minimum age requirement! Rob found time for other ECA's, like making posters with his 3 crayolas, inspecting the vents in Dahlgren, helping cars out of snow on certain w/e's, landscaping Hood and searching for the mentally ill on I-64. He created liberty at will and 1/c year he would pack the spaghetti-burner and head to Mo's house occasionally (nightly that is). Of course he would always PING down the hall at taps, letting all the sleepers know he was back. Good luck to submariners as Loki descends to the ocean depths! Good luck to you my friend, may you always prove law 1 and avoid law 2! RGC

Clay Allen Stackhouse
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida
Marine Corps Pilot

From the waves, beaches, and babes of Ft. Lauderdale, Stack came to the warrior school by the bay to catch footballs for NAVY. However, NAVY didn't throw; so the fastest man at USNA changed direction & set numerous records on the track. Never has the Academy seen someone so confident & outspoken..and rightly so. Stack never hesitated to point out and address weakness. For 4 years we were brothers-in-arms pursuing wine, women, and song (quarts & Jack, L.N. & D.M., G&R & Phil). Although when the dust settled, Clay had achieved his most prized goal--A MARINE PILOT BILLET. I leave you with a few memories-- Dano, COL D., Burns, Ma & Pa Stack & Marks, THE LETTER, Every Wants To Rule The World, WMs, Heps, broken glass, the Vet & Stang, Krypto, Mark & Eric, Smoke Hall, RACK, 27 to 8, Bulldog, The Cabin, Nazis & British, Bulldog. Remember: Charlie don't surf, WMs don't submerge, & only the strong survive. Semper Fi & BEAT ARMY! SPM

9th COMPANY



Matthew Martin Stromberg
Death Valley, California
Marine Corps Pilot

There are many terms used to describe Mathew Martin Stromberg... Bomberg, Bimbo, Terrorizer but he most prefers MAYHEM. And that is exactly what its been like since he arrived here by way of Northwestern Prep and George Mason. This hard road prepared him for all things except ESTES. Placed by Estes on 5-2 to minimize collateral damage he still found time w/BB and Mack to institute his reign of terror. Between bouts of eating and drinking, he still found time to lay out photo spreads. The nucleus of Heidi's Hecklers is forever grateful for your artistic and creative influence. When the Wood ate the homework, Mayhems reign of terror stopped temporarily, but only for a second and a short one at that. 1/C year you proved that being MR PEP, BODACIOUS BAKER, AND PIOUS PASTOR PIGSKIN was cool and took us all to new levels of laughter. The women on the East and West coast will never be the same. Be yourself and watch out. We all love a good time. RRS

Bryan Lee Tauzer
Woodland, California
Submarines

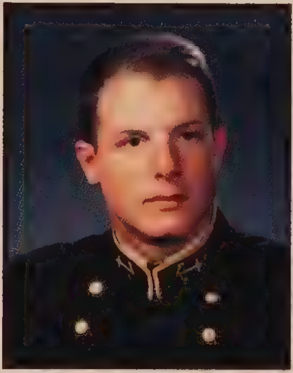
A southern sympathizer from the state of California, Bryan arrived at USNA a scrawny little guy of 150#. Watching Raiders' games and voicing his opinion (Bry thinks HE knows football) was his second love, "Rambo" being his first. Different weekends found him either laying carpet, hanging pictures, or buying furniture. Academically, Mech E, was "a piece of cake" (DUDE MAN), while he really had to work at the HUM/SSs (his favorite being Plebe history). Bry's athletic prowess found him destroying rackets on the racquetball court (watch the temper), or out beating 7th Co (Look out Yeags!). Bry acquired his ball and chain over youngster summer. Converted him to a Big 10 fan (GO BUCKS!), chores at Kim's (down on the farm) found him baling hay or milking the cow. Having little or no money was a way of life. But he did sell off some of his over 100 CDs for "ring money." A chapel wedding will end his USNA tour, then it's off to Nuke School. It's been great! Name a kid after us - ROB & RAY

Robert Scott Wood Jr
Jackson Hole, Wyoming
Naval Flight Officer

Much like the innumerable stories to which he subjects his friends, the tale of Robert S. Wood Jr. is a long and arduous adventure. Woody began his four, excuse me, five year stint at Annapolis in the annals of USNA's admin conduct records. Not much is known about his first year except that it was littered with numerous empty bottles of distilled spirits. Depending upon one's viewpoint, Woody's first 3/C year made him or broke him. First he met Pam, then the 'Dant, finally Chief Boats and the good ship Dahlgren. Yes he was haze gray and underway. He joined eight his second 3/C year and was paired with Alec Sorrel. Not much more needs to be said on the subject. Firstie year saw the transformation of the Bostonian into a tobacco chewing, Wyoming redneck. He spent the year on his knees in the Pentagon or reading the eye chart (five times). Surely this redneck NFO will find his way into the front seat even if he has to climb every tower of power in Pcola. JBB

David Glen Colegrove
North Tonawanda, New York
Submarines

Dave (aka DC, Grover, Anteater, Groper) has earned quite a few nicknames not to mention quite a reputation since joining the ranks of Nasty Narly Nine. His love of women, water and booze we know from 3/c cruise. The Groper was held in tight reign by the Shuppster only to break loose 2/c year at 21st. Will GWU ever be the same? Then at Pitt, he finished off what two of his classmates couldn't. We thought he'd found his TRUE love in his Ring Dance date, but instead he gave a ring to Cheri. 1/c cruise took us to the shores of the Med. Somehow he managed to improve his German while out and about in France. Or was it Don Johnson? He already knew English so he had another language to work on in Gibraltar. From there it was on to Detail. Why did you suddenly want to change your major from Narc to Econ? Although he's still shakin', I'd bet the "whirlwind will change his course soon. It's been a great three years together. Just remember, Dive fast, dive deep, dive often. JPF



Spencer Jay Crispell
Clinton, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Spence, affectionatly known as Grandpa or Spam, has had an interesting career over the three years here in Cloud Nine. He rose to the top as an aspiring Shuppsterite, only to fall to the Humper and EE the same semester. Needless to say he did detail and minored in EE. Grandpa also fell to something, or should I say someone else during his tenure here. He is no longer a lean green fighting machine but a tied down flyboy. At least one member of the family is in the CORPS, the Civil Engineer Corps that is! Youngster Spring Break Grandpa started taking more of an interest in company activities...a company activity at least instead of baseball. Yes Spencer is one of Duff's former boys. In fact he made it all the way to the last week of the Spring '89 season. When he lost his love for baseball, his other love grew serious and he began to spend his weekends in Arlington instead of on the field. It's been a good three years and we've had some good times. To my best friend, I wish you good luck in the air and on the ground. I'll see you down in P-cola! CHV

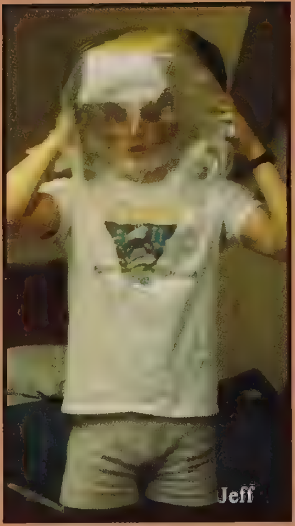
Robert Lamond Edwards
Phoenix, Arizona
Surface Warfare

Robert, better known to friends as "base" and to myself as "the Medicine Man", came to us from the "desert" of Arizona. His dream was to become a naval aviator. To pursue this goal, "base" had to give up many things, among others his " 'fro" and the fine "babes" of Phoenix. He knew how to party hard and was known to spend nights in his favorite Georgetown parking lot. But this party instinct quickly went away after he met a sweet and beautiful young girl from Oklahoma who he affectionately called his "tender Roni". Needless to say we did not see much of "base" during the week ends anymore. Also a very hard worker, he had to make several adjustements in the course of his fulfilling four years at the Academy. The hardest hit came when he found out he was not elligible for flight school. But like a true soldier and his positive outlook on life helping, he quickly overcame this barrier. "Mon frere" thanks for caring, thanks for always being there when I needed you. Merci du fond du coeur. Je te souhaite une heureuse vie pleine de succes. Long live B.W.E.P.

Dana Alan Emerson
Cuba, New York
Submarines

How did a studious, hard-working kid from a dairy farm in Western New York end up at USNA? A lot of us would like to know the answer to that puzzling question. Dana got off to a rough start Plebe Summer (having to re-learn the alphabet), but once academics started, he took off and never looked back. Dana earned the name "Guru" plebe year and it has been with him ever since. Youngster year brought us to 9th Co and 3 years of rooming together. We have survived many ordeals - 3 sems of a certain USMC captain, 2 sems of the Swinger, 2/c year, and your 11 days at Bethesda. During his stay, Guru spent his time studying, boxing, and more studying. Physics kept him at the desk into the wee hours of the morning, but it has paid off. After some well-deserved R&R, Guru heads to the rigors of Nuke School. The Silent Service will be getting their money's worth from Dana. You have been a great roommate (despite your Republican ideals) - THANKS! Maybe our paths will cross again in Chasn. Best wishes in the future (both in and out of the Navy). PJV

Jon


Jeff

Hard Rock
SAN FRANCISCO
Troy

Robert

Jeffery Paul Foltz
Cincinnati, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Jeffery Paul Foltz was born on an ordinary fall day in October of 1967 to Paul and Kathy Foltz of the Cincinnati Foltz clan (rumor has it that Jeff was actually born across the river in Kentucky, which might explain his "taste" for country music). The Foltz-cat had an enjoyable stay at USNA, the highlight being the infamous company dining-in, a night Jeff can only slightly recall with the aid of a few Kodacolor classics. Jeffery also had a very exciting 1/c cruise as he visited many a port in the Med, including Gibraltar, the town where everyone knows his name. The Cat will be spending the next few years navigating the high seas in his big old "tin can" with a certain Senator we know (it was really unfortunate when we heard Jeff was NPQd from Marine Corps Ground, the billet he truly lusted for). So it's off to sea with your bum leg, your crooked nose, your screwed up ear, and that other problem I told you to go see the doctor about. Remember to keep on leg kickin'. One more thing: you still got it. DGC

Troy Scott Jackson
Carlisle, Pennsylvania
Submarines

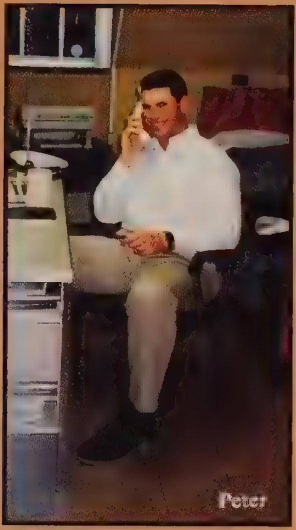
It will be many years before Mids will walk the 5th wing stairs without looking up first! The reason is obvious, "The Instigator's" accuracy, surprise attacks, and creative ammunition soaked more than a couple unsuspecting victims (even calculator stands weren't safe). When Racktion wasn't dumping a load, he could be found developing his washboard stomach, staring at a computer screen (GO Airborne), or watching TV (5423 Wardroom and the Cooksters). On the weekends, Semi was rarely found South of a certain Girls School 70 miles to the NW. Hot Pants was the love of his life (as matching rashes proved). Nance and Action would swim, dance, and drink the night away (to bad no one told him drunks shouldn't lean on a sink). He was the proud owner of a new MX-6 GT, until it kissed my Bronco. Luckily, each has recovered nicely. Good luck in Orlando ("You're the coolest dude there"-B.A.) Remember the four Musketeers. L.L. Cool T.

Jon Alexander Johnson
Gainesville, Georgia
Surface Warfare

After leaving his fathers alligator farm in Georgia, Jon came to the Boat School seeking adventure. He imediately found a good friend in his company officer LCDR Murphy. He would talk of that man fondly for years. His academic excellence was apparent from the start, Jon was destine for success. Always looking ahead, he chose history for his major. He has always displayed a positive attitude towards the Naval Academy. He especially loved the technical courses. His love for EE was apparent when he decided to take it twice. Jon's love and dedication was so strong he could not bear to leave the Academy. Every summer he could be found either on cruise or at the Academy taking classes. He does not know the meaning of the word leave. He never lost sight of his goal to be a fine Naval aviator. Unfortunately he was too short to fly. He always wanted to drive ships. SWO or die he always said! Seriously: Jon will graduate from USNA a legend in his own time. Loved by all, The 'Donger' lives on. Good luck Jon and Roni. Till death do you part. I-U

Robert Joseph Keller Jr
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Submarines

From the small town of Harrisburg, P.A. came R.J. Keller and his do it urself 4.0, repair the car and dunk that basketball. Yes, Bob was a man of many trades and easily adjusted to life at USNA. It is hard to believe that someone who racked so often did so well. Mondays thru Fridays posed an interruption to Bob's life. Mr. Weekend possessed a life of all dimensions at home and never allowed things like the EE-311 final, and term papers stand in his way. In fact, Bob probably spent more time driving his Porsche and at home than he did at USNA and that's not including rack time. When 'the gang' was successful in dragging Bob away from home, he proved to be an avid weekend partier. His smarts were a vital asset to the logistical success of THE GAME 90-1. Nuke school poses to be the next stop for R.J. Keller and possibly, a date with matrimony. Bob will always be remembered for his perfection and is sure to be highly successful in future endeavors.
Good luck!!! K.O.B.

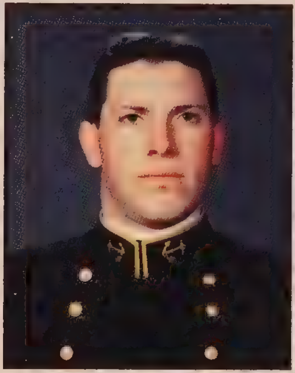


John Alan Knight
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Knighter (aka Luv Chunks, Three Dog, Three Inch and the Extender) came to Annapolis from Oklahoma with quite a reputation for cow-tipping and luvin. He let no one down. The list is endless: from unsuspecting 12 year olds to toothless middle-aged women Knighter conquered them all. The only question remainin was whether this adolescent Don Juan could ever be stopped? Then he met Patty May, and the stallion of Luv quickly became the puppy of Luv. Knighter had a tough time service selecting. With a final role of the dice Knighter chose nuke SWO, or was it conventional? A born hard charger, Knighter (having steered 9th Co. 1st semester) is already on the "fast track." After becoming CNO, Knighter will inevitably break all of Wayne Gretzky's scoring records while coaching his team to the Stanley Cup. All in all, Knighter your positive attitude and dedication will be sorely missed. Best of luck and God be with you and the Patty May gang. MCK

Mark Christopher Kustra
Frankfurt, Germany
Marine Corps

Mark, better known as Kuhie to most warm-blooded females, came from the Long Rat Line (just like his idol who fried him). 185, all nighters, Lil' Blue and runnin' naked down Stribling and the beaches of Padre. Being a quiet guy, no one knew his abilities with members of the opposite sex (except those young lassies that were fortunate enough to experience it). Poon was the only female to see Kuhie and his "sly guy". Maybe not according to Lightning? They were never the same women again. It was soon discovered 2/C year that a weekend at home meant a date with Cass' friend. Kuhie was always lucky at everything from women to lotteries (yeah, buckles). He was a big hit at St. Joe's where one young maiden was quoted, "I want to bear his children." During 1/C year, Mark met yet another FRIEND: Bonnie. His weekend disappearing act continued as he saw many relatives (i.e BOOM BOOM) in the area. Women all over the USA are heart-broken and odds-makers say its' only a matter of time (i.e. months). Stay normal, and be an exception, a smart marine. JAK



Peter Arthur Landauer
Berkeley, California
Surface Warfare

Peter (Pistol) came to Navy via NAPS from Berkeley, California, sir/maam. At NAPS, he played varsity tennis as well as concerning himself with everyone else's moral development (as Chairman of the Honor Committee, that is). Peter and his studies were never the best of friends, although they spent plenty of time together. It was by the margin of his leadership (and perhaps just a bit of gouge) that his profs were coaxed to give him the required grades. He sailed on the varsity offshore team his Plebe Year, then turning his athletic attention to to battalion tennis. Peter took a team approach to everything -- his profs coached him well, HQ handeled their support mission, and Missy Tote did as she was told. He got along well with everyone, even the beloved Shuppster. Peter was hooked by all (the Deputy Dant even gave him a phone in his room -- cordless with tie-lines and autovon). Peter's German club presideney is sending him to Munich for some post graduation "internatioonal relations" (read Oktoberfesting). Good luck, hook the fleet. FRB

Thomas Andrew Laverghetta
Auburn, Indiana
Surface Warfare

When Tom first came to 9 he was wandering in the depths of social anonimity. His small town background and his Eagle Scout skills could not have prepared him for the events that were to brand him with a nickname forever - L.L. Cool T. And the L.L. stands not for lady's love but for Lousy Luck. Starting with Tom's credit card craze, the Blue Angels fry, his overall trouble with the female species, and his continuing problems of keeping his car(s) out of trouble. Tom's physical feats consist of his ability to clear a room, his mastery with apple pie (no money), and his gratuitous tips he leaves in mugs at 21st. Tom will always be known for his addiction to highjinks, movies, and physical torture (I saw that goober on your arm). Don't forget: dinner role baseball, the barn ledge and the Lost Boys, hallway frisbee, the skateboard, the Ugly Sticks, and a couple of special people who started the race with us but didn't finish. Tom is a great friend and confidant, depite his nickname. Good Luck with your future. Be Excellent and Party On dude! TSJ

Jun Kyu Lee
San Jose, California
Navy Pilot

Jun-July, I have 1 thing 2 say 2 you, I made U yak, because, it needed 2 B done, and U enjoyed it. Junner, U R the master at speaking 2 inanimate objects like telephone poles and stop signs. Your call sign will B the Grey Eagle. The Junnerhead came 2 the Academy, wanting 2 B an aviator. He never took his eyes off accomplishing that dream. Jun-July has 1 of the best personalities - he cares a lot but also knows when 2 say I D G A F. Junner, we have known each other since plebe yr. 18th and the Bubba and his ride in 7th wing. Since then, Kim, Tom, the funny smell in the car - we R the best of friends. U and Jacque are like brothers 2 me. We have been through the best and the worse - but we hung tight through it all. The amount of chicken U eat is incredible, and the number of times U go 2 the bathroom after a few chilled 1s is amazing. U know me and my dream, my dreams are instilled in U. Do me a favor, always believe in yourself and reach out and touch the face of God, for me.- Rob

Thomas Hall Leutzinger Jr
Burlingame, California
Surface Warfare

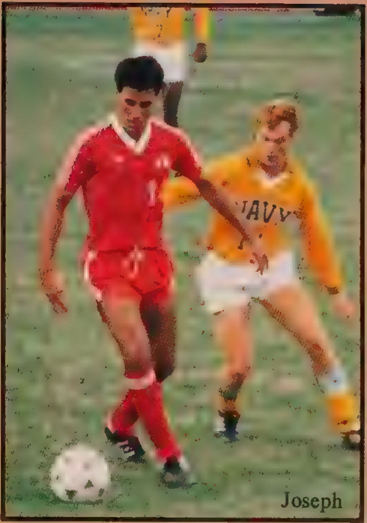
When Tom came to us from Burlingame, CA., few of us were prepared for the many adventures or misadventures he would lead us into! After two years at Cal Poly, trying to get a social life, Leutz decided to try the East Coast and perfect his swinging style with the pros at Navy. Leaning heavily towards the aviation side of the Navy, he did well as an aeronautical engineer and flying with VTNA. Tom's brief try at being a professional youngster told his friends that maybe flying wasn't in the cards! Tommy couldn't believe this himself until his joyrides on the Coral Sea. He had a sudden vision! He was on a San Diego amphib that never went out of sight of his home of homes, the beach! A wise prophet told Tom that while pilots get all the movie promos, it's the Gator Guys who take the girls to the movies, and home afterwards! For all the good memories; Germany, Montreal, Boston, Maine, New York, San Francisco, and fishing on S.F. Bay. Thanks for the great times and being a GREAT FRIEND! Good luck in the future, and God help the woman who finally gets stuck with you! JGH

Jean Jacques Christian Lopez
Dakar, Senegal
Foreign National

The Senegalese Warrior/Witch Doctor - these R Jacques code names. Jacques was born and raised in West Africa. At the age of 4 the Witch Doctor had a set of dredlocks down 2 his waist and he was an accomplished bass guitarist with Bob Marley and the Wailers, as well as the sole heir 2 the throne of Zamunda. We have known each other 4 almost 3 years now my brother, here R some memories 4 the crew: band-aids, BWEP, U shaving, reggae, Kilimajaros, Utopia, the relative size of your forehead incomparison with a tennis court, EE, Medical 4 no apparent reason, Q-tips, cats-dogs-trashcans, the wall, BOOMAGE, Rasheik-the war camel, your digestive tract, the true definition of the boodie, golf, tennis, the WB, the alarm, hand-talk, Alert 1, and your beautiful singing voice. Jacques, U R the best friend a friend could have. U take all life has to give and end up giving back more. Mon frere, tu as l'aptitude d'aller plus loin que beaucoup de personnes revent. May the wind always B at your back, and may God's light shine warmly and brightly upon your face. U B COOl. CHILLIN - Base

Davida Yavette Nelums
Chicago, Illinois
Supply Corps

WHEN WE HAVE NOTHING LEFT BUT GOD WE FIND THAT GOD IS ENOUGH - Freedom has always been an expensive thing But are we truly free? I can never tell But our time is coming ONE BRIGHT DAY the people get 2gether Love w/o a care There will B life w/o that fear Wanna C South Africa free Believe me 1 bright day a drug free country YES it was 1 BRIGHT DAY... THANX:2 THE ALMIGHTY without whom I would not have made it 2 this point;2 Mother who was always there 4 me - KEEP YOUR HEAD 2 THE SKY;2 Father - I chose the path less traveled and that has made all the difference;2 those I leave behind my message is:CREATE - Care about your future,Realize your potential,Exceed the expectations of others,Acknowledge GOD's presence,Test your limits,ENDURE! Vida living with U has been an adventure How could we 4get weekend romeos who got scared off by answering machines,noodles & rice(How can U eat that?),the Batt Secretary,the NY KNICKS/SAN ANTONIO DREAM,and last but not least -- the INDESTRUCTIBLE KILLER SPACE HEATER! Good luck in Supply Vi - and don't worry I'll come 2 your funeral, Love Fran



Pamela Duval Nolton
Arlington, Virginia
Civil Engineer Corps

Pam (aka Spam and Grandma) came to Navy for the adventure. Along the way she took up crew and spent many cold wet mornings out on the Severn. Her lack of sleep and natural disposition was the reason for many a flying object. Of course majoring in EE had no effect on her disposition. Surviving her three years as a double E geek by shopping on the weekends Pam maintained an active account with Visa. At least after surviving she was able to go CORPS! Of course who can forget about the comissioning week celebrations of youngster and second class years. Whose watch did you throw in the river? And where did you disapear to at JS's party? What about that salute as you were leaning out the window after TW's party? So what does the future hold for you? Ensign? Mrs.?...? It's been a fun and definitely challenging three years here in cloud nine. Best of luck in CEC (and in Navy Air!) SJC & CHV

Kevin Edward O'Brien
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Kev came to USNA with some tough shoes to fill. Although not always on top academically, he more than made up for it with blood, sweat and tears. He had a tough time deciding what to do with his life: A pilot; no, bad eyesight. A Marine; no too gungy what's left? OK, a SWO. Mr. Soloflex will always be famous for his head butt on the o-course, his ability to "sweet talk" the ladies, his bank account, his academic prowess, his "EI sessions" with Prof Symonds, his 100% physics test (and who helped him study for it), and especially his mild temper. Kev always made a good time a great time: Army Navy in NY, Burritos and Sol, Gullifty's comedy club, ping pong during study hour, and the ever famous stupidity bag. I expect Kev to be a great success in a few years, and I hope he never forgets the place that helped to build his strong character. Thanks for being a great inspiration and friend. Good luck out there Kev, and always follow what makes you happy. RJK JR.

Richard Francis O'Connell
Chicago, Illinois
Navy Pilot

There was more to RICHIE-O than the "abrasive personality" that "the cat" said he had. His harassment of company mates began youngster year when he and Micky J ('90 ret) gave ZIP the time of his life. As 2nd semester rolled around Mike left us, and Rich had to endure ten weeks of restriction. I don't think he could have made it without his TV. Although the "blind pilot" never claimed to be a ladies man, RICHIE-O was the most modest stud of 9th company. From plebe flag twirlers batting eyelashes at him to warming up a PITT women for DC, he had all the moves. Later that year, a young lady came all the way from the Windy City to be his ring dance date, (Rumor has it that she will be his wife by the time they are 25.) Not to mention the evening he spent charming a certain young lass who resembled a company mate headed for the CEC. Many wondered how we lived together for over 3 years but you were one heck of a friend and I wish you all the hobble, wobble, and gobble that you deserve. ZIPPITY DOODADS!! SRW

Joseph Charles Palmisano III
North Olmsted, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Joseph Palmisano, Cheeser the Pleeser. He came to the modest town of North Olmsted, Ohio. Go Browns. Hey, you gotta come home to the Flats. Excellent !!" He came to play the most brilliant sport the world has ever known; SOCCER!. For 4 years Joseph "on the road with Myers Navy.", terrorizing opposing forwards with his patented scizors slide tackle. Remember all the lads: Eggs, Zeeskameyer, Joeykeef, Lothar-matheus, Clubber-the-Lepricon, Patrick-Joseph, Lewis-the-Lawbster, Rackin Radice."It's a great day for NAVY SOCCER RAWIGHT OFF WE GO!". Joey was drawn to mathematics when he arrived here, and except for the time spent playing soccer, he spent most of his waking hours integrating and matricizing with (limited success). 21st Amendment, Margarita Maggies, anywhere, Joe had more guts in a nightclub than most Medal of Honor winners had on the battlefield. He would engage any target. What went on in the car at club 2001 down in P-Cola?? Shaft soccer, washing flight suits, hanging out at Mrs. V's. Allgreat memories that will be cherished.

LOS ANGELES
Kevin

Marcelo Perez
Quito, Ecuador
Surface Warfare

The "Crazy Malaca", came from Ecuador to Annapolis with only two things in mind, to have fun and to have more fun. So he did. During the summers he traveled around the world i.e. the Caribbean (were he was either at the beach drinking rum, or talking on the phone with DOLORES),Spain, France, and Italy, where he practically went on a wine diet. During the year his favorite place was downtown Annapolis. Fran Obrian's, was his church , and for about two years he did not miss a single Saturday night. His tactic was unique; he would take five dollars for the first two brewskies, and by the time he was finished with the second beer, he would have met some pretty women to take care of the rest of the tab. But then, one day, his true sweetheart from Ecuador came over. This beautiful senorita, Dolores Ricaurte, made sure Marcelo got his act together. To do so, she stayed in Annapolis for over half a year. In a few months they will get married, and I hope to be there to watch Marcelo's happiest day of his life. I wish you the best of luck.

Jamie Alice Tang
Bel Air, Maryland
Surface Warfare

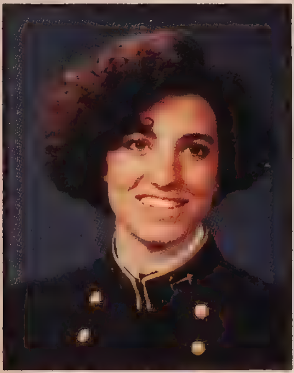
One thing that you can say for Jamie is that she tries hard. Success is another matter. Take Quantico, for instance. She set no speed records on that rope bridge, but she did make it across the river. Another accomplishment is that she made it through four years of Glee Club concerts, tours, and Talley bashes unscathed. She and her Glee Club buddies made beautiful music together (sometimes), and even survived the limp asparagus blues. You can also always count on a straight answer from her, whether you like it or not. Blunt? Does a butter knife come to mind? As for her driving, it's a sight to behold--if you can keep your eyes open. There are those who simply prefer to ride drunk. But in all seriousness, we wish you the best. Good luck to 90's first real SWO-momma. Hope to see you in Africa. PLK with assistance from MBT and final touches by TLH

Kevin Patrick Turner
Scottsdale, Arizona
Marine Corps

Kevin came to USNA from balmy Scottsdale, AZ. Plebe year in Mean 15 consisted of less than stellar grades, and a semester on the varsity tennis team. It wasn't long before K.P. found himself reign of Shupp in Thundercloud 9. Youngster year, Kev battled valiantly against matrix theory, the PCR, and most oftenly against his favorite foe, his rack. Dunlop head found new pleasures in poetry, long distant running, chasing ghosts, and trips to see Jabba with Richie O. and Mickey J. Second class year, Turnman terrified many a plebe with his wrath, just like he sharpened his already fine skills with the ladies. That year Kevin found his destiny-the Marine Corps. As drill officer firstie year, Kevin tried hard to persuade the whole company to enjoy drilling Quantico Style. A Marine's idea of fun- running a marathon with Foltzcat? Kev was always an easy one to make laugh and made life here more fun for everyone who knew him. Truly a hard worker, Kevin never put forth anything but 100% - especially when racking. Remember-"Let's Hautch", "Just five more minutes... ZZZ." PJW

Ian Underhill
Santa Barbara, California
Surface Warfare

Never ask Ian about his past. You'd swear he was lying. He claims to have been born in the BVI,but I'll always suspect that he was a marooned alien. He disdained normal social patterns, particularly grades K through 7. Advised of the need for money in life,he obtained a millionaire. He was told that education looked good on his resume,and began school for the first time at 16. USNA failed to acquaint him with homework,but he acquired skills at basketball, doodling the Vulcan mattress-meld,and ad-hoc gemology(a product of which adorns his roomie's ring). He showed bizarre tastes(cocktail onions,Harry Chapin,chicken music,weird labor-saving inventions) and a fine appreciation for klutz humor. He attacked the books with terrific elan,but unfortunately they never had anything to do with his courses. He stole a Porsche in his 2/c year,pretending that his guardian was just generous and his life charmed. In truth,his attitude,not his life,was charmed. His true nature was always gentlemanly and selfless. You've been indispensable to my sanity,roomie. Domo arigato.

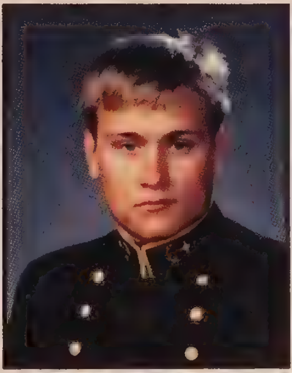


Mary Frances Utley
Grayslake, Illinois
Navy Pilot

FRANNIE-OOO! Whoever would have guessed that a naive girl from the midwest would become infamous during Youngster cruise?Was it really a whole battalion?Yes, Frannie put in her time on restriction but that didn't dampen her love 4 mischief.An enthusiastic rower,Frattin' Fran became the mother hen 4 many of the novi.Hubbard Hall was the site of many of Fran's triumphs and frustrations-in more ways than 1.But lest her desire run away with her,Mary Frances always remembered that she was Catholic. You gave me some of the best times I had here--2/C summer, decorating Bret's car,trips to NYC,philosophical lunches, Army-Navy game or lack of,the tireman,Me So-,Thrust-Inn,and much more.Pensacola won't know what hit them and Athens won't be the same without you.But hey, you'll soon have your wings so you can fly in 2 visit me.You've been my best friend and my salvation.We're gonna take Israel by storm.Good luck always. Love, Sue Leeeee. SUE,KARI,MOLLY-,HEIDI,WILL,BOB,AMYJO, SUZANNE,KIM,BRIAN,FLEET-,TOM,DAVE,VIDA,PACK,MOM-,DAD,LIZ and NWC--Thanks for getting me thru.You're the best-.FRAN

Paul Joseph Valesky
Oneida, New York
Surface Warfare

Paul came to USNA with a distaste of discipline that four years here have only intensified. Plebe year found him struggling with the grades, but with the start of youngster year in 9th Co, he quickly turned things around. He has enjoyed his PolySci career to the utmost. Paul's interest in politics (and his stlye) have earned him the nickname "Senator." This post has seen him preside over the many 9th Co bull sessions. In his precious "spare" time, Paul spent three years on the waters of the Chesapeake and the Atlantic with the Offshore Team. He even earned a varsity letter (much to the chagrin of a certain USMC captain!). Graduation will finally free Paul from this fine school he has temporarily called home and send him to the Fleet as a SWO. We are all looking forward to seeing Paul in politics in a few years (to which he is characteristically non-committal.) He's been a great roommate for these past three years. Best of luck in Charleston and with Flotz on the Moose. -DAE

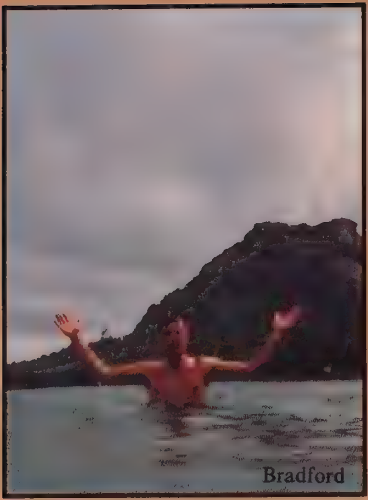


Charles Harry Vickers
Seaford, Delaware
Navy Pilot

After a motivational year at Farraget Prep, Chesty arrived at Navy, locked on and ready to fire up 10th co. A promising rookie performance on the 150s football team lead Chesty to the job of captain. Despite the label from Uncle Mike that Chesty was suffering from "physical exhaustion" and was unable to perform as a hard chargin' youngster, he spent the next summer flaming on the class of '92. In a never ending quest to live up to the name of Chesty, he earned his blood wings and scuba pin. Gungy though he was, Chesty spent most of his career as a Naval Architect studying, in between trips to the wardroom. During the Panama crisis, rumors of courageous Chesty fighting Noriega's disreputable gang proved to be true. After parafrogging over Christmas break, Chesty spent most of his free time during 2nd semester slugging it out in the wardroom watching Cheers and whatever else was on. Best of luck Chuck, you have been a great friend to us all. SJC and PDN

Patrick John Walker
Billerica, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

Rice-paddie came to USNA from Billerica, Ma., near Boston. Thank God he left the accent behind. Unfortunately though, he also left behind a bit of the academic prowess which got him here. After a couple of changes to his major, though, he was fine. Cloud Nine is where he landed as a youngster, and it had its affect on him. Who? Huh? What? (Yes, he will undoubtedly wind up with a blonde). It wasn't until as a firstie that Rice would recognize others-and be recognized-enough times to be known as a member of 9th Co. How could he though? He was busy fine-tuning the game that would allow him to captain the men's tennis team as a firstie. The sport taking a great deal of his time, an abundance of chicks would never quite be his. It also placed a two beer? limit on him--although this didn't stop him on a few occasions. If only he were there to stop the barroom brawl?? that Kuie got into. All this will have to wait a little longer yet, as Pat is off to P-Cola to make the Navy's skies a little more dangerous. A good friend to all. Take care. KPT


Bradford

Matthew B

Scott

Matthew C.

10th COMPANY

Scott Ronald Ward
Cheswick, Pennsylvania
Submarines

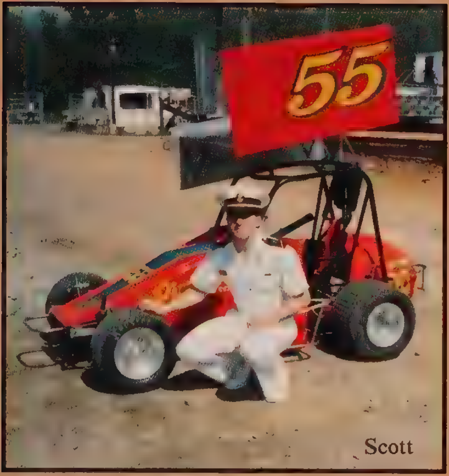
Scott accomplished a great deal in his four years, but the most facinating may be leaving with the same girlfriend he came with. After plebe year in 22, Sugar-Ron came to 9 a little uptight (not to mention a cleaning fanatic). This changed with Mickey J who soon had Elvis joining Capt. Shupp's "kazoo brigade." But MJ disenrolled and left Klinger to me. Many a morning was started with "I wonder if Mike has to go to quarters?" 2/C year brought EE, "only Wardo is 4.0", and holding off a certain Jinx on the subject of marriage. Jean Claude Van Ward bought the ring he wanted but hers had to wait till the following year. 1/C year the Beirut Bomber commuted to the USS Bancroft from Pittsburg. I hope those lessons you learned from Greaseman will pay off on the honeymoon. After putting up with me for two and a half years, marriage should be a piece of cake. Good luck to you and Jinx in the nuclear Navy with your bitchin' Camaro. ROC

Matthew Hoyle Banks
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Special Warfare

Mad-Matt-the-fat-cat-spanky-Banks came into ten after spending plebe year as a super-stract sup's lister plebe. After a semester of deprogramming, Matt proceeded to chill out ... only he didn't stop! Over the next 2 1/2 years, mad Matt reached new lows in chiling out. A weekend wouldn't pass without hearing Matt's adventures at the 21st, adventures in Mexico (uh oh), and who the girl of the week (err day) was. The legend built as new catchy "Banks sayings" began being whispered all over the company. There's only two things in life -- & chow. The true measure of a man ... and the second one is how far he can hit a golf ball. Oh, but it wasn't a total chill. Since meeting him, Matt has managed another Sup's star, two Marine Corps Marathons (one in under 2:55), and his crowning achievement, 190# brigade boxing champ his senior year. Matt will continue to excel and live life to excess as a Seal. I wish him the best of fortune. -BRH

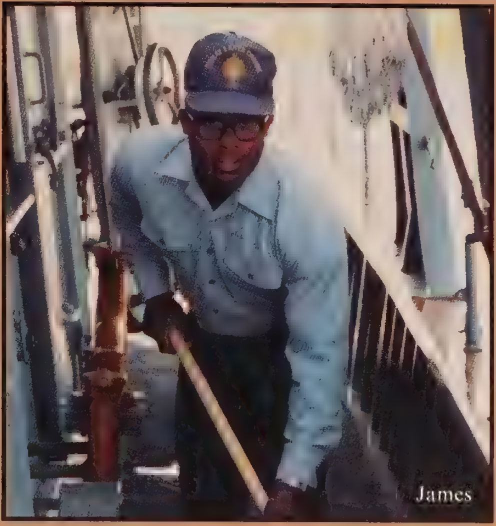
Bradford Alton Blackwelder
Clearwater, Florida
Navy Pilot

Brad Blackwelder, a man of many identities (Fatfelder, Jean Marie Pfaff, Bradfordacious, Butthead) arrived in Annapolis from Mecca (Clearwater, FL) via a short but sweet detour at NAPS. As the Ethics Chairman, Brad has kept the doghouse on the straight and narrow and came up with some memorable comments along the way: "What, what!", "Tough Crowd", "Unluckay...most", "Courtesy laugh", "Friend in transmission". Florida-boy was always on top of fad and fashion... the bi-level do, thrashin', and the famous Picante and Chip Diet (Fat to fit and back again). While at USNA Brado had a stormy career as a keeper in Myer's Navy. Pfaff, great tactician he was, found success both on and off the field. Among his more memorable experiences was a certain stairwell at W&M, a shaking relationship with an uppity MWC lass, an aversion to headbutts, a fondness for dropkicks, a discovery of the Pleasures of the Orient and an oriental, and a hairdresser on fire. The city will never sleep....Brad will soon be returning to God's country as a SNA at P-Cola. Hi-eee...Good luck Brad! DJR SLN KMM MJP

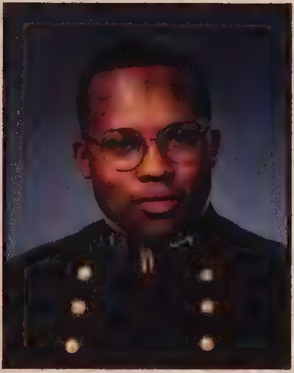


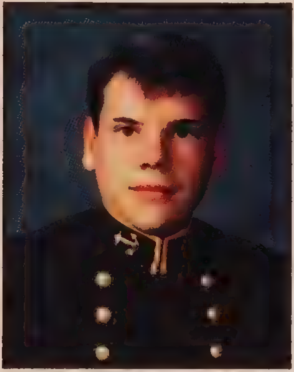
Scott

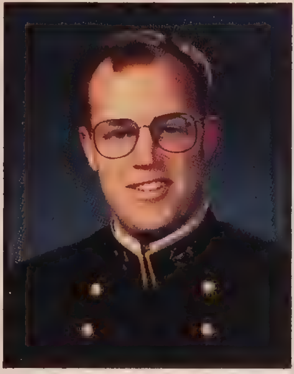
Steve

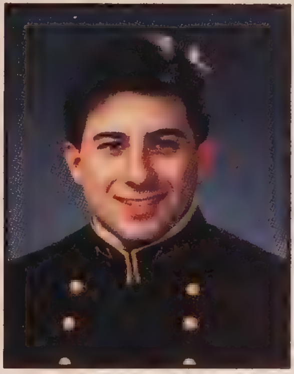


James









James Otis Bradley
Elizabethtown, Kentucky
Surface Warfare

James Bradley A.K.A. Otis, JB, Herbie or Big Dog, came to the Academy for one reason; to find a girlfriend. When that didn't work, he decided to play football. From a walk-on who didn't dress out for games as a plebe to co-captain as a first class. All of this from a guy who always wanted to be a dentist. He may not have received the Heisman his senior year, but he sure got it as a plebe from a certain hometown girl. When James wasn't keeping us awake by working on the computer all night, he was snoring loud enough to shake the walls. James has talents that cover all spectrums. From MC at the talent show and doing strip tease acts to becoming a four striper. James has the best attitude of any mid at the academy and he has made a lot of friends to prove it. You're a great guy James and we wish you the best of luck in the fleet. Coop and Joe "Man's greatest weakness consists not in failing - but in not rising every time he fails"

Steven Vernon Brock
Hudson, Ohio
Submarines

Steve came to Navy from Hudson, Ohio, not far from Cleveland and the Great Lake Erie. He quickly found plebe summer at odds with the laidback and slow motion lifestyle he so enjoyed. After surviving the summer, Steve spent the rest of the year as a happy pleber in Serene Eighteen. Early academic success caused him to choose engineering. He quickly saw the promising combination of Marine engineering, nuclear power and finacial gain. Third class year Steve joined Ten and quickly developed his favorite weekday habits: reading other people's sports page, bragging about Cleveland's sports teams and fullfilling the philsophy of well rested well tested. The later held until the night before exams Many weekends were consumed by trips to far away colleges, but it was always worth it. A great First class cruise convinced him to go submarines. Although the four years at Navy were not always easy, Steve attained the degree and service selection he wanted. Now it's on to bigger and better things big guy!

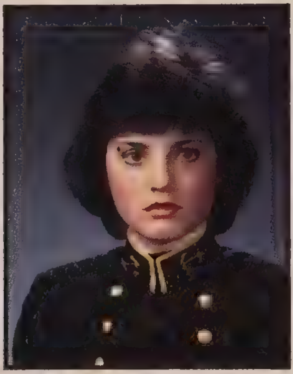
Matthew Henry Cooper
Conway, Arkansas
Marine Corps

Matt came to USNA from a place somewhere north of Austin, Texas in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains. We now know that whoever comes out of Arkansas reckons they can sure nuff outfish anybody from New Jersey. At first, Coop wanted to be a bubblehead, but instead got gungy and headed for the Corps. They are now blessed with his shining forehead and beautiful geekers. Matt has done a number of memorable deeds here at the Boat School including Ol'e Swiss Miss and the non-stop week of Joe's Hank Sr tape. He made the best decision of his life in a Jersey bar. His 21st birthday was awesome, too bad he missed it and the B. K. party. Along with the excitement, Matt has done well for himself as 2nd Batt Cdr and receiving a USMC Burke Scholarship. The Corps will suit you fine as you are bound to excel as a Grunt. But when your days in the Corps are over, we both can hook you up with two beautiful jobs: a firm consultant in Newark, New Jersey or teaching Economics at UT! Avoid the Rush, Hate Texas early! Whoooooo, Pig, Sooey, Razorbacks! MAC & MCGOV

Scott Christopher Dimeler
West Chester, Pennsylvania
Submarines

It was America's favorite pastime that brought Scott to USNA, but he soon found it was a pain in the Duff. He joined 150# football and found success as a 3 yr letter winner, seeing two wins over Army. When he wasn't playing football, Scott spent his weekends racing micromidgets on dirt tracks in PA and Del. Don't worry, you'll be racing again soon! As a Systems Eng, Scott had his share of Mech E with Wild Bill and the Rocket, but got his nuke bonus anyway. Scott fell to the Dark Side youngster year and was the Emperor of the Death Star in good times 10. Funny how Calc class became so interesting! "Who said they weren't any fun?" Scott began to spend a lot of time with his "friend" and now he's even going to marry her! His amazing sense of humor--101 jokes by SCD--is Tau Beta Pi the sign of the devil?- and his unfailing determination despite enormous difficulty brought Scott to the end of his 4 yrs a success. Remember all the fun times-bowling, racing, movies, all those great weekends and wrestling. Live long and prosper with the bubbleheads-Scotty D!! LS

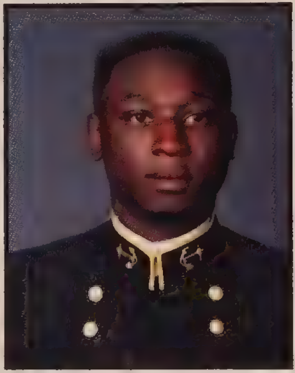
MOULIN
RESISTANCE
Paige



Paige Leigh Fraughnaugh

Bowling Green, Virginia
General Unrestricted Line

Paige, a Southern belle from Va., began her career at USNA as an astute track star. Well, at least it was a state of mind. Plebe year with you around was always fun-filled. There were the early morning feuds in the zoo, explicit Friday night bull sessions with the guys in the "O'Hare" room, Thanksgiving with half the company in the country, and end-of-semester leave marching tours and standing restriction. Youngster year, reconstruction of the Civil War moves North and our Southern belle knocks heads with a NY yankee. The battle is lost/won and we find her hitting the books and singing her heart out in Glee Club. Then second class year brings the infamous wardroom incident and it's back to the country side of life. First class year, chats at the O-Club (drinkfests), but it must have been fun to pass out in someone else's room. Darling, life won't be the same without that cute accent and Southern charm. Best of luck in life and keep a smile in your heart. Love, SMACKEY



Darrin Jerome Frazier

Gary, Indiana
Navy Pilot

Darrian, DJ, Smoking Joe, Dee and simply Fraz has met the challenge of the Naval Academy. With joy he looks forward to entering the fleet never to return to good old USNA for the remainder of his life. The past four years have proved to be almost nothing of what I expected and I only hope that the rumors of its reputation are true in order to justfy my stay. I owe special thanks to SGT Louis T. Stewart, RET. for inspiring me to complete my task, and to my parents for just being parents, something not everyone has. Thanks are also in order for my good friends K-Mack and G-Knight for making the four years bearable. Thanks to God All mighty who was always listening to my prayers and without whom nothing can ever be done. And a final thanks to Sharon for being that special someone when I needed it most.

Peace!

Terrence John Fritz

Bismarck, North Dakota
Surface Warfare

Herr Terry hails from Bismarck, North Pole, I mean Dakota. Fritzer spent 4/c year with "Good Night Chesty Puller, wherever you are!" in Eight Ball. His plebe year was also noted by Army Week, Army Prof, Severn River, 79.96 - C, and Restriction! 3/c year Terry found he had no talent for Dynes, but faired well as a referree. WOP and I thank you. 2/c year was worse. A historian? Asleep before I started homework, he had to have his beauty sleep. Just what happened to my rack over Thanksgiving? Pack rat that he is, I learned to ask for uniform items before buying them. By the way, what happened to all that O.J.? Did you ever get that picture of you, SW, and JD in BH? 2/c year also brought Fritzer true love, extra storage space on wheels, and a new face! 1/c year found Terry planning the first marriage in the Chapel for '90, his highest grades, and at service selection he proved to still be an able guide for the blind. On his way to Army, Terry detoured to kill Bambi before the party. See you in Florida; Pebbles and I will be waiting! Bam Bam

Bert Richard Hays

Burmingham, Alabama
Naval Flight Officer

Everyone knows a Bert: the sort of fellow that commands a true lust for life! Even if it's just spending an evening with the TV, Bert enjoys the hell out of whatever he is doing. After Bert's tough freshman year in 11th company, Bert brought his perfect physique to perfect 10. When Bert is not enjoying the hell out of his rack he's playing basketball or running the 1.5 mile with that same old zest for existence. Our Bert homeports in Birmingham, Alabama and claims the last name Hays. Bert will continue his pursuit of excellence in P-Cola as an NFO. Surely this sarcastic, independent, Jewish aristocrat will achieve all his goals in life and become a yuppie. SGW

Leaving
City of
Annapolis

Joseph M.

Kevin

Joseph L.

Kerry

Kerry John Hollenbeck
Spokane, Washington
Naval Flight Officer

Kerr-dog, last of a group of brothers in uniform, quickly discovered that Annapolis humidity wasn't at all like the crisp air of eastern Washington. Fourth Co's plebe summer "super" soon found his favorite exercise to be sprinting upstairs at 11:59 on Saturday nights. 3/c cruise in Cal and a long and productive leave brought Kerry to Perfect(?) Ten, raring to get at his Aero major. The athlete/scholar soon discovered the secrets of being unsat, and always did more damage to himself than to opponents on the football field. Lady-Killer (minus-moves) Kerry never could pass up a grab for the ladies, but often ended up passing out because he found other ways to "quench" his thirst. Dedicated to becoming an NFO, he made his mark 2/c summer in P-Cola; that Thanksgiving he made his mark on his luggage. Firstie year brought a Platoon, 3 stripes as Co Cdr, Trident Editor, and...Geoshack! Also appearing were a new Integra, trips to Va, and a surprise meeting with MLK on Route 50. Good luck at flight school and wherever you go from there; hope those P-Cola babes are ready! JMN LDL KLH

Joseph James Lee
Wilmington, North Carolina
Surface Warfare

Joe Lee is an enigma. You can't peg him down, he's always changing his ways. Joe is the devil from God's Country: CMC's Golden Boy, Captain Jedi (do not go to the Dark Side), Chef Boy-ArLee (Joe kept his hands out of the cookie jar, but got caught with the toaster oven). Joe Lee is #1 on the Jimmy Legs most wanted list, and Tenth Company's most notorious prankster. Joe is no stranger to King Hall, his prowess at the table is the stuff of legends. From braccioli to zito, he ate it ALL. We'll remember him as the squad leader who picked his squad because they ate at team tables to ensure thirds for himself. It's kind of funny to think Joe once wanted to be a Marine, Joe is a SWO at heart. Most recently he's degenerated to the point that he requires a remote control for everything, spending much money to prove this fact and ensuring he will remain king couch potato. Joe has made many friends and will make many more on his ship and throughout life.

Joseph Michael McDonald
San Antonio, Texas
Marine Corps

Joe comes from a far off land somewhere southwest of Little Rock. He calls it Texas, the land of country music and real cowboys. Texas has its own flag and own beer, both in which Joe has great pride. Joe took the long hard road to the Boat School including an Alaskan vacation with the Corps and a year of studying at NAPS. By the time he became a firstie, Joe had fooled all those in the chain of command and became our Co Cdr. Some of his memorable events along the way include being the Co-King of the Lunch Bunch, New Jersey push-ups, and the worst decision of his life in a Jersey Bar. One thing for sure about Joe is that he earns the respect of all those around him. He is a hard worker and dedicated friend who can always be counted on. We all would wish him luck in the Fleet but he is the one person who'll never need it. A Marine NCO, a Marine Officer, and a 'wanna be' country singer who knows every song on the radio. As he always says, "You can take the music out of Texas, but you'll never take Texas out of me." See you in the Fleet Mac. COOP & MCGOV

Kevin James McGovern
Delran, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Never before has so much been said about so little by one person. Kevin quits talking on three occasions: To drink beer, eat food, or put tobbaco in his mouth. Who can forget bouncing off the fence, "My number's in the book," or the playboy of ringdance. Oh yeah, don't forget McGov's dislike of haircuts: The Little Campus Inn and the B.K. party with MAC. Kevin's from New Jersey but has a lot of time trying to convince everyone that he is just a good ol' boy. Sooner or later he will realize that he is just a drug store cowboy from the land of toxic waste and glow in the dark fish. McGov is by far well known in the Brigade. He is quick to tell a joke, friendly to everyone (except Coop), and always has a smile on his face. With his attitude, he will never be able to avoid success. Do us a favor Kev, when both of us are hitting the beach, make the big guns of the Wisconsin rock the world! Good Luck Battleship Warrior! COOP & MAC P.S. Tell me who wins the fishing contest after graduation: The Arkansas Hillbilly or the South Jersey Country-Boy. MAC

Kevin M McGowan
Erie, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Kevin came to us from America's Great North Coast, Erie, Pennsylvania. After surviving a rigorous plebe year in Sweet Sixteen, Swo was soon thrashing his way through the main shaft of 10th company. Kev's heart was torn between some day joining the ranks of the surface warfare community and becoming a skate rat. Always on the cutting edge of fashion, Kev was easily recognized in his zippy suit and sex boots during the day, wife-beater and b-robe at night. Of course, no one will ever forget his styling hair-dos either. Kev spent most of his time youngster year either drinking haufers, being a studly sailor, showing off the burning bush, or pleasing his roommates by shining the bright-work. This changed after he met Amber. No longer a beer-swigging, whiskey-riding party animal on wknds, Kev still managed to enjoy a few late-night grill cheese parties, bunger cheese, and amping hard. On one or two of these nights, Kev managed to get a little lost. By the way, how did Vac's slippers end up outside our door? Bottom line is, sleep's for the weak! See you in P-cola. MJP DJR SLN BAB

Susan Elizabeth Mead
Rockville, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Susan "Suzi Beth" Mead came to USNA all the way from Rockville, MD. Right away, she applied herself to academics and her ocean engineering major, by necessity. Engineering was a constant struggle. In fact, she liked EE so much that she took four semesters of it and attained tenure in the department. Plebe year... What do you need, Miss Mead? track, Olive Oyl. Youngster year... What happened to your hair? Big-nosed Mac, Welcome to the Rodine clan, spring break: Hawaii! Second-class year... EE, "Your beautiful Spanish brown eyes" and Diamond Dave's poems to a modern Elizabeth Browning, homemade cookies and homemade clothes, Ring Dance -did he ask you to ask him? First-class year... Steve, what are you reaching for? a memorable dinner in France, but I told you three's a crowd! EE,EE, weekends finally... but then again..., Cape May -the last of the three D's. I enjoyed driving your 240SX. 20/25, go SWO! Be confident, and good luck in Guam. FCS (credit to SAM)

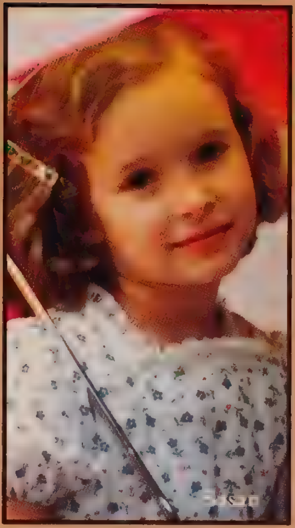
Sandra Lee Nagy
Fort Washington, Maryland
General Unrestricted Line

Plebe yr 36th Co met smiles from a MD girl "with an attitude". Sandi rowed crew, the awesome lt-wt 4 that kicked some...at Dad Vails. She lost the color of her hair, brushed off Mr Engel, and started plebe summer w/a party after taps. 2nd semester Sandi was initiated honorary member of the 33/90 gang. Great parties, drinking games, car uniform races, first love w/a certain sailor, 8-5 tanning and outings, and long-lasting friendships were fond memories. Youngster yr in 10, midwk excursion to McD's landed the Nagster in the Doghouse. 2/c yr a new and improved professional Sandra..yet a late nite party or two. "Hamsterbrain" Sandi w/a "fine butt" incorporated terms like "butthead", "sike", and "I'm all" into everyone's vocab. You could always depend on her to listen to the dumbest joke and laugh. Sandi was a resident Dr Ruth, giving advice and answers to all who asked. With the initial desire to be one of the few, the proud, Sandi instead chose to be a "local" in Hawaii. Sandi's success as a Naval Officer and in life is inevitable. Remember the stars. BAB DJR JSF DPS MJP KMM

James Maverick Newsome
Marietta, Georgia
Surface Warfare

"Gruesome" Newsome, aka "Mav" (didn't your parents like you?) came to Annapolis after pondering his options: music or military? Little did he know that he'd find the best of both worlds at Camp Nav Cad. This budding violinist and vocalist found his niche in the Glee Club; their numerous concerts at exotic locales around the world occasionally brought him infamy and misfortune, particularly with a potted plant at the Sup's house. In between performances, he could be found between the sheets, as little effort was required to raise his grades as an English Major. After a life-and-death struggle with EE, Jim was able to concentrate on his Jersey girl fetish. Will he lose $100 and join his fallen comrade? The struggle continues...the Concertmaster may have to wait awhile for her to hear his symphony because he's going to sea. Best wishes in your career; may you always have sea state one and lots of port calls. We'll forever miss that incredible wit we've come to tolerate. KJH KLH

Sandra



James N.

David

James Alfred Palombo
Chicago, Illinois
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

A scholar, a 3-striper, an athlete(N*), a proud member of Gnomes Across America, one could say Jim thinks he is, I mean is, Tau Beta, "The Boy." Towering at an unprecedented 5' 1 1/2", Jim may not be the biggest man in the world, but he firmly believes in carrying a big stick. Descending from inner-city Chicago and graduating from Lane Tech, Jim decided to further his academic prowess and leadership potential at USNA. An outstanding EOE, he is an expert in dirt, rocks, beaches, and surf. Few people have expressed such an interest in Navy athletics as Jim; he rarely misses a Women's Gymnastics Meet, any event which requires cheerleaders, and home basketball games. Jim is a firm believer in carpe diem, "sieze the day." He has no long range goals, plans, or even intentions. He doesn't want to think that far ahead. He always has a smile on his face, a swagger in his waddle, and a laugh in his speech. Jim is limited by nothing save his imagination; whenever he decides he wants something, he gives it his all. Stand by world! A crazed midget is on the loose. Shorty and Snappy

Martin John Pullen
Fredericksburg, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

Marty came to USNA on his 18th birthday from the historic (just ask him) city of Fredburg into the loving care of Sweet Sixteen where he tested his skating abilities to the limit. And if plebe year wasn't hard enough he was scrambled into "good times ten" with roommate in tow. To start 3/c year off with a bang he rumbled some Edgewater civilians for our first 4K fry on our first weekend ever. Between the vicious games of hall tennis and many shower funnels and Slamper/Anthrax sessions the bumble began his Pullenism lecture series. 2/c Summer saw Bumble as an infamous Midn X who narrowly avoided a P-cola jail, an example for us all. 2/c year also brought track lighting, lush geen carpet, blender/grill cheese parties, rack bouncing and weeks of REPO MAN. The Bumble is a man of few words to be remembered forever for noting that Morrisey sounds more like the Smiths than the Smiths do. You could always count on Marty to shine the brightwork. It just ain't a party w/o Party Marty. KMM DJR SLN BAB

David Joseph Rosenblatt
Edenton, North Carolina
Naval Flight Officer

Dave came to USNA an innocent Edenton NC boy prepared to hit the deck plates running. After a rough plb yr...good times 10. As a ygstr, Dave cranked winches til his shoulders were sore but he rumbled nitely with Hoskins & the 4/c. Rosey's panty-scamming ways, Chronic town idol, and an uprooted McD's tree led to abandoning the bastion of professionalism for true comradery in the Doghouse. A late nite adventure in the Ho Chi Minh trail (Does it really lead to St Johns!?!) Grill cheese parties, trashin', 5-2 Olympic tennis, waltzing at Johnnies, ceiling tile soccer, mudsliding ("Yo Adrian!") and rack bouncing were hobbies of this fieldball stud. Rosenrooter's plumbing talent gained him Brigade-wide fame for his ability to create 10 Co's first waterfall. Rosey returned from 1/c cruise in his convertible dream car (with extra thrust). Road trips to and from VA made Dave a true "cruise-control" lover. Aachha!?! Dime for a gumball, David? "That's a lot of money!" Rosey decided the air is where every daring young lad belongs. Good Luck in Pcola and long live the Doghouse! BAB SLN

Charles Calvin Sparks II
Shawnee, Oklahoma
Naval Flight Officer

Hailing from the land of steers and men of questionable desires, this Okie went through Seventh Heaven with buddies like T.C. and Fletcher, partying weekends on the Tarawa. After an eventful (and somewhat bruising) cruise to Montreal with T.C., Zippy hit the Perfect Company. Youngster year was noteful for plebe-year flat-top haircuts and chickenpox, not to mention an occasional scuffle with the Wopster. Once 3/c year and FB (the ex wife) were behind him, it was women beware! A different girl at every dance, Pebbles back home, and even a short forray into the dark side. And, who can forget those wonderful Friday night social hours. (but, hey, at least the floor got waxed, right?) After a love-boat cruise on the oldest ship in the Atlantic, the responsibilities of 1/c year settled him down. Never one to start homework before 0030 or finish before 0300, he is the founder of the nightly 4 hour phone call and the weekend 36 hour power rack. For the regs he has great respect, but adherence? We'll miss you buddy--best of luck at P-cola. TJF & FTJ.

Christopher

Frederica Caroline Spilman

Fullerton, California
Naval Flight Officer

Frederica, a native Californian from Belgium, has certainly made her mark at USNA. An aero major with German and French minors, Navy's all-time winningest woman fencer and team captain, airborne qual - all this from the youngest of '90! In her little spare time, racking - every free period -, arguing with anyone, and marathon calls in French to her twin are the priorities. Cleaning blinds, dried fish, the five-man zoo, youngster stars, the sole conduct offense, youngster slumber party, Rodine, EE casualty, the Old Fox, seven-hour walk, and ship cocktail party, peanut butter chocolate chip ice cream, microfilm gouge sheet queen, sympathetic bouncers. Her love of repair ships, the Jason and the Vulcan, led her to select aviation. You've been a great friend, fly girl. May you soar as high and far as your dreams desire. SEM

Stephen John Stark

Atlanta, Georgia
Submarines

Yee Haw! Morning, Morning Fellers! Get Up! It's a fine Navy day. Yuk! Yuk! That was good ol' Snappy Dog youngster year bursting into my room at reveille, smile on his face, coffee in hand, still overflowing with that extra energy he didn't expend as a plebe beating for the Drum & Baggit Corps. Ring dance held fond memories...too bad you can't remember any of them. There's always pictures! Snappy is a firm believer that making the grade is not a matter of being inherently smart (as proven by his 4 4.0's in a row with the lack of tact track) but rather how hard you work and how much gouge you can get. If Snappy could rewrite the Naval Academy Mission, it would read "To Prepare Midshipmen mentally to provide a stepping stone to achieve greater goals in the real world." Aside from being 150LB Football Mgr., Steve was a member of ASNE, ASME, SAE, Tau Beta Pi, Pi Tau Sigma, Phi Kappa Phi and any other Greek letters you could put together to look good on a law school resume. Five and Dive, Steve! Have fun down under! Yee Haw, here comes the long neck of the law. --Jim

Douglas Alan Staunton

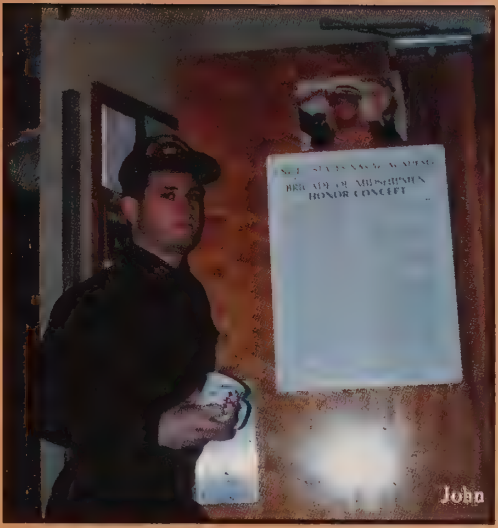
Brockport, New York
Submarines

Coming to Tenth Company via a small town in upstate New York and the forges of Nineteen, Doug always has had a unique way of looking at things. He can get along with just about anybody--as evidenced by his roommates, "Ride 'em Cowboy" and the "Chef Boy." These clowns are probably the ones who opened him up--until his tenure with them, the boy was just plain UPTIGHT. The academic grind and his choice of such a leisurely sport certainly didn't help much. Doug's battle with Canoe U's M.E. Deptartment and certain math prof. was something of an epic. How did you get on the bad side of the Registrar anyway? All we can say is: you chose the flavor of your own poison. When he wasn't busy trying to stay in his major, "Stuntman" was always doing something weird: like rappelling out of windows after an EE final, rolling around in his kayak on the Severn in January (Didn't you get enough cold water in crew?), or blasting something (like rambo rabbit) with Ditty-Bop. Remember the good times with your confidant the "Cookie Monster." PLF

Christopher Roan Tipton

Dallas, Texas
Navy Pilot

Don't mess with Texas, or Tip. Out of that small body comes an unmerciful tongue-lashing humbling even the largest opponent. Tip, tactful as all good political scientists, also uses subtle gestures to get the point across; I never knew you could wash clothes with Right Guard. Tip, with more televisions than demerits, enjoyed extra evening liberty. This was well earned after long hours on the track, practicing for weekends when he and Pack would run the opposition into the ground, then take off for Hood, Penn, or 21. Although the summer of 89 was cruel to him, Tip proved his strength by helping lead the XC team to NCAAs. He also learned to tolerate bad music and Jersey girls. Service selection came as no surprise. After low altitude weekend flights Tip was ready for air. All things (Melissa & Cheryl) pointed AF, Tip decided to stay with us. Thanks for pointing me in the right direction these 3.5 years. I'm looking forward to more help to come. JMZ



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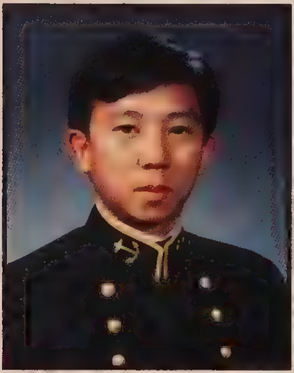
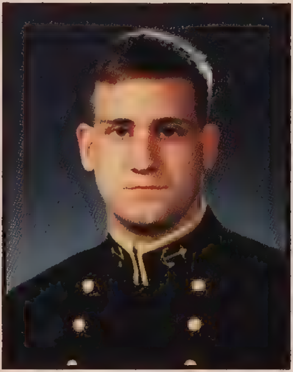


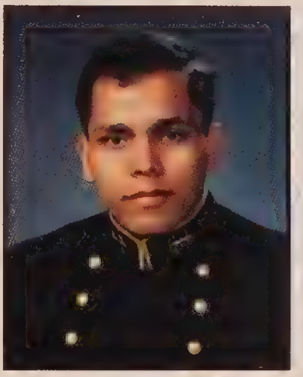
Stuart Glen Wauchope
Tifton, Georgia
Surface Warfare

My roomie, Glen, came to this beloved institution of higher academia and militariness via the lil' ole town of Tifton, GA. After plebin' it for a year in Dirty Thirty, Glen came to Ten, and 2nd semester joined up with me and Mad Matt the Fat Cat. Glen brought with him a genuine and agreeable mix of southern hospitality and grace. Over the next two years, both Glen's and my own southern hospitality became tainted with exposure to the semicorruptness of the aforementioned Fat Cat, yet Glen remains a gentleman as always. Over his years here, Glen has attempted many things. He tried powerlifting, at which he was great, marathoning, at which he finished (4 HRS-whew!), and scuba diving. He also tried Ocean E-ing, at which he was unsat and unhappy, but he eventually found happiness with General E-ing. With car loans came Glen's RX-7 and an obsessive love and knack for investing. Glen will be heading for sunny San Diego to continue his NAVYing. I wish him much fortune and happiness in his future adventures. -BRH



John Milner Zuzich
Mount Arlington, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

John has been my roommate too damn long! We got stuck together as plebes, and as luck would have it, we got "mixed" into our beloved 10th Company. John, being from Jersey, has a fascination for cars and women, not to mention loud, obnoxious music. But I listened to his music, drove his car, and went out with some of his girls. What I won't do for my roomie. We frequented New York City a lot to listen to his music at CBGB's. I have to admit I loved it. His white 1976 Corvette with T-tops was nice, too. The women, however, well...They were all from Jersey! Need I say more? John will be stuck with me as a roommate this summer as well at the Academy, after he decided to forego his beloved Corps for wooden ships. Being a big Honor striper, he just could not lie to himself about wanting to go into the Marine Corps. He's looking forward to the West Coast. John, I'm going to miss you, if I can ever get rid of you! CRT



LeRoy Alicea
New York, New York
Surface Warfare

Hoops, exBooster, exCornhusker, Duke Fan, GOUGE KING. Never met a basketball game he didn't like. Beth who? Whisks! Most often found hanging out at Pete's Place (Rose, that is). Will return as NAVY'S basketball coach one day. "Waitress, we'll have another round." There when you need him MR. CLUTCH "he's a primetime player" will hoop in the NBA one day... Always willing to make people laugh at their own expense and with borrowed jokes. I'll hurt you, gurl! Let's go to Cagney's...No! We'll go to Rumors or watch a bad movie. Hang the DJ. The unholy stench of murder. He soon learned that there are women outside the gates. Aka Lance, the surf Nazi who came here to catch a cool wave on Hugo. We could never get this progressive peg to fit into the Hammerjack's hole. Started as a Physics major but opted for the brighter opportunities of General Science. Good luck in San Diego, the SWOs can always use a clown like you. CCN, AS, et. al.

Lawrence James Artman
Stone Mountain, Georgia
Navy Pilot

Lawrence was just another rebel from the South. However, he quickly adapted to the north, and soon everyone knew about the "Casual Casanova". He roamed the local bar scene, impressing the women with his manly physique. Of course, even Casanova fell in love, fortunately, for Larry, even true love is temporary. But to his credit, Larry did develop one long term relationship--His Rack. Nothing could separate them, not even his major. If the computer had been a little closer to the rack, he'd be graduating CompSci. Lars has learned a few things at the Academy. For instance, that four letter word, "TACT". His other big lesson was the value of a dollar-or several hundred- Great camping equipment, worth every penny! Maybe he'll get to use it in P-Cola. Larry fufilled his major goal-he kept his pilot's eyes. Hope your F-18 runs better than your Mustang. See ya in jets. JG and CGS

Scott Francis Benedict
San Francisco, California
Marine Corps Pilot

Scott made a name for himself right away here at USNA. To the Soccer Team he was known as "Eggs" but to his roommates he was known as something quite different. Especially to the one who received the sterility message. Academically, Scott got off to a bad start which can be attributed to soccer and "The Lynch Mob." One phrase seemed to stick in his mind during the tough times... "Poli-Sci QPR High". He didn't have much choice starting out in SM005 (Only a couple of those SM005er's are still here anyway). Now he's on Dant's list with no worries except his affection for tequilla. He swears it's a halucenogenic that creates puddles on the floor at 4 AM. Scott had a swell time this summer as part of the "Misguided Motivation Company." He had the siren but I had the mike. I had a fun filled, action packed four years as your roommate with no regrets except letting you eliminate all those poor little mice (I still don't think they were laughing at you). Best of luck to you and K.A. -MSG

Broderick VanBuren Berkhout
Vermillion, South Dakota
Submarines

Once upon a time in a galaxy far, far away known as Vermillion SD, came this epitomy of contradiction. This platypus of the human race entered the Academy as part of the FUN ONE gang. "Brew Dog" quickly assimilated the civilian attitude he would carry his next four years. In ELEVENWORTH, Bro was the saving grace with his party Pinto from HELL. Old friends and new, discovered Bordi's hidden attributes? Smart yet athletic, white yet blindingly fast, cultured yet hard-rocker, gymnast yet no rythmn, anti-plebe indoc yet five-stripper, aero major yet sub driver, creates great opportunities yet takes advantage of none. He could argue like a scholar yet say absolutely nothing. His inability to dance was surpassed only by his inability to say "I don't know." Brodie's generalizing skill led many to say "Don't argue with a brick wall." Brodie is not ready to leave academia. Look out UCSD here comes a super-coupin', track-smokin', womanizin' machine. Best of luck Broderick VanBuren. GKS SPS TDT

David William Bouknight
Richmond, Virginia
Surface Warfare

"Wacky" Dave Bouknight, future Company Officer, hails from the heart of the Confederacy--Richmond, Virginia. Being a rebel, he had a rough plebe year, but he was never too busy to take the heat off of his classmates. No one will ever forget Dave and his blind date to the plebe year Christmas Ball. Equally memorable is Dave's high visibility four door sports coupe. Demonstrating the tenacity of a bulldog, Dave survived the craters of Astro Engineering despite the loss of many weekends. Dave loved to blow his horn for the Drum and Bugle Corps; he got so good at it, forces from above gave him a semester hiatus from 11th Company as D&B Supply. We thought it would change him, but he came back the same old Dave. Dave used to be a social animal, but time has tamed this once savage beast. First Class year, Dave took himself off the market to concentrate on "his little Bundle of joy." Dave "chose" to be a surface warrior in beautiful Norfolk, Virginia. Best of luck in the future. JCO,MA-K,ARM

Michael Andrew Byrd
Baltimore, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Well Mike, it looks like we made it. There have been times when I wasn't so sure. At least we didn't bag out like Eric. We got "real" majors, But as a result, rules sometimes had to bend. At least we "took" our fair share of weekends. I guess nothing could keep you away from the Big Town. Luckily, you had the rest of the week to catch up on your sleep. Unless Acadamia called, however. I'm sure you'll do fine in P'cola, that is if you can escape the ghouls. Lord knows it couldn't be done here. You did have some great friends though: Cav, Gene, Sucker Will, and DC. And track was always there to get you out of this or that. Not that you didn't find time to win a "few" letters. I'm glad I had someone to complain to and compare female problems with late at night. Thanks Mike. I'm not sure I could have made it without you. JHH

Victor Charles Caruso
Smethport, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

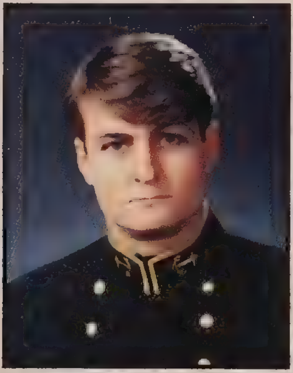
Vic, aka "Crabber" arrived in 11 via 21 sweating, and always trying to lend a hand..."Take my advice". Going to Florida for spring break youngster year changed his life...Enter the Judge, the most beautiful girl he's ever seen, the Cat's Meow, FAU, and a little diving. Later he discovered Israel in Georgetown. Second Class summer brought us the "Taurus Brothers", took him over to England and Germany and some "Kissing whose cousin?". Vic found a new roommate second class year as well as quite a liking for Coor's Lite and q-tips, not to mention a little dining pleasure (Rich went blind). He spent half his time studying and the other half in the gun shop with Zak. His love of Florida brought him back over Christmas for a little more exotic spice. Picked up an IROC somewhere along the way and ended up in Spain with Tuga and later in California hot tubbin' and showering for the summer. Many a road trip first class year (nearly two on Red) and another trip to California. All that's left is P-cola...It never would have been the same without you...SBW & PWM.

Norman Gustavo Concha
Mount Sinai, New York
Navy Pilot

For saying stupid things to his Congressman like "Sure, I'd love to go to Navy," Norm was sentenced to four years of labor at the federal detention center in Annpolis. Any initial hopes of getting out early for good behavior were put to rest with trips to DC and Bmore, hence his intimacy with Smoke Hall. Norm was finally set free (when he wasn't unsat) to discover the local gentry. Being his amourous self, he sought love and comfort from every branch of the service, a mafia princess, a panda, neighboring collegiates, and anyone else that would listen. But there was a dark side to Norm which even cleanly shaven legs, a fetish for sterile sinks, and an odd mix of Dead Milkmen, the Calypsonians, NWA, and Ozzy Osborne couldn't cure. That wasn't so bad, but when a certain unprocessed 56,000 loomed over his head, caution became the watch-word. Adventure comes to Norm like flies to [stink] Whether it was skiing at Hunter, the Angler, or trips to DC where he always got the last kiss of the night, there's never a dull moment with him around. Good luck Norm, I wish you the best. SK

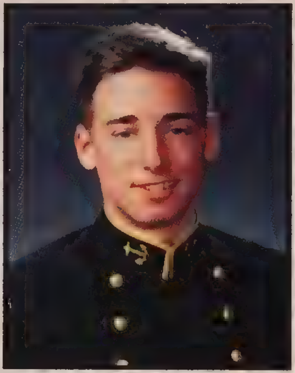
Thomas Anthony Creek
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Submarines

Tom joined us from the small town of Kalamazoo where the rootbeer stands have only one type of ice cream and it's not far to the nearest pig farm. Plebe year brought Tom to 29 with BT and Bobo before joining the mighty 11. Tom will be missed by the ladies of the "Library" and what was the name of that road we were looking for? Youngster year saw carvings in the floor and unknown chants. Remember Tom, just say "Uncle". Our replacement was better but who'll forget Slim's alarm clock & dip cup and BIG TIEDE. The year ended with trips to the Dome & Florida. Don't worry Tom, I had plenty of room. 2/c year brought tougher academics. At least that's what the Adm thinks. The plebes dreaded Tom's "Ships of the U.S. Fleet". After a summer as the plebes best buddy, Tom began an eventful year with the Turbo. He became a frequent landmark on the Ohio Turnpike. Tom's going to leave us for the Silent Service. We'll miss our trips to MSU & Philly. The General still owes us. There's so much that can be said. Good Luck Tom & remember "We may drink tonight" and "You're half right." RAG



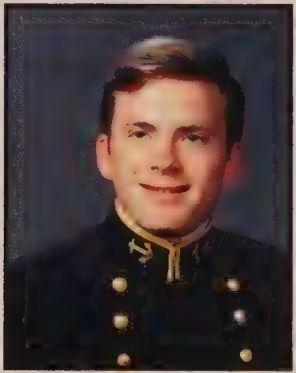
Mark Steven Gilbert
El Segundo, California
Navy Pilot

After an early rejection with the 150's team, Mark and exercise were just never the same. The only thing Mark enjoyed more than racking was his personal hygiene, both of which occupied ninety percent of his time at the Academy. Mark stuck it out with the rest of them in the Mech-E Dept., keeping his major until the end. This, I must add, is quite an accomplishment considering the time he spent studying, only staying up after 12 if he was going to watch Cheers at 12:30. He was not to be outdone with time spent in the wardroom, easily logging in the top 5 in the company with wardroom hours. Socially we had too many memorable nights. Captain Ahab was never one to say no to a ta-kill-ya shot and more than once he should have. From plebe to first class year we had alot of fun times, and I wouldn't trade them for anything.-SFB



Robert Alan Green
Westchester, Illinois
Navy Pilot

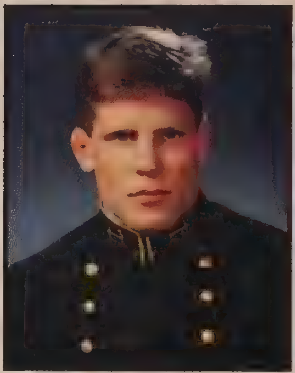
Roberto Verde has a fierce competitive spirit that has brought him much success. After plebe year in 33rd (trips to DC & team tables for that manly sport) Robb came to 11. Was that dollar really worth a body slam? 2nd semester brought Slim-need I say more? Rockin Robby Fresh made his mark on the b-ball court & in the hot tub. Hope you enjoyed the concert after the co picnic, we did. Don't forget the Johnny ball-"What do you mean, we can't wear blue jeans to a formal?" We raced back from DC in the mud (Thanks for stopping) & roadtripped to Florida (Ryder truck,CBDR-plenty of room,eh?) He babysat the 4/C during plebe detail-when he wasn't being chased. He'll be remembered at American, The Library (those calisthenics), & DC suburbs-so WILD! Sink or doily, Robb? After a summer in the South Pacific, the shellback was a big hit at the O-club. 1/C year brought command & more stars. Trips to ND & MSU brought subways, snow, & fire extinguishers. Robb is off to be a flyboy. He will give Naval Aviation his 100% effort. Always remember Robb-"Don't lose your sunglasses!" TAC



James Michael Greene
Charlottesville, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

Jim came from just about everywhere which explains his ability to rap in most known languages. His communication skills are only exceeded by his fine Italian driving(as evinced by his "spotless" driving record). His car fits him: a '75 Scamp with a Blaupunkt. Mr. Detail has mastered the art of procrastination. How does he get those A's? Jim's dancing (ever seen the gopher on Caddyshck?) is phenomenal (dip her Jim...). J.G. will make a fine politician; he knows how to spend a lot for a little. With only the aid of his Swiss Army comb (how many times can you comb the same piece of hair?), wallet, and wonderful impersonations (all JFK of course), Jim has managed to dazzle many an older woman. We know Jim will excel in whatever he does. Who else could get a date at T minus 3 hours for ring dance?? We'll look for you on Mission Impossible. Best of luck in England!

-C.S. & L.A.



John Howard Hedger Jr.
Salisbury, MD
Marine Corps

Jack originally hails from Buffalo, NY; but later moved to Salisbury, MD. Wrestling brought Jack to USNA--that and the overly structured lifestyle(?) Youngster year moved him down the hall, from 3rd to 11th co. He introduced himself to the football team of a local university, who in turn introduced his face to the pavement. Looking for a change after two years of wrestling, Jack resumed his career as an offensive guard, by playing 150lb football. Having a sister attend Loyola, he spent much of his time in Baltimore; though he still managed to get lost on his way back to USNA...that's alright Jack--restriction was a productive learning experience. Despite his exceptional achievements as a naval architect, the nukes were not interested in him (actually they were afraid of him), so he got gungy on us--YULCH! Thanks to his "Take home rap", Jack has done well for himself, as of late. Many know Jack as moody, grumpy, and arrogant. We won't argue with them, but there is a very sensitive and caring side to him as well. Thanks for everything, Jack. ERP, SAS, MAB.

Scott Michael Horan
Ann Arbor, Michigan
Surface Warfare

Scott (Mr. Michigan) arrived at Navy after a year of intense bicep training in Newport. Boo-Boo thought 2.3 and Top Gun plebe year but reality made his call-SWO Daddy. Nine coffee cups, freeze-dried blocks of Folgers for bookends and USS Briscoe ball cap. I will remember his hangs in the closet at 0430 (Just one more inch). He enjoys raquetball, Friday night movies with the crew team and working uniforms for fun. I will envision Scott on the bridge of his ship, binoculars around the neck on a step stool (shift your rudder). Great times include Cheers in Phili, Hawaii (raining? no my dinner), Piezannoson, and Late Nite w/ David. Sharp attention to detail will lead him to success or at the very least a future on Jeopardy. Thanks for all the fun times and don't forget to treat yourself to a late night yell. VGR

Stephen Koch
Scarsdale, New York
Surface Warfare

Steve made his way to the "sailing capital of America" by way of Scarsdale (-Hartsdale-White Plains-North White Plains), New York. Plebe year, he sailed aboard Hunter, and I was on Seahawk when it was still respectable. We first met at a local Running Backstay Technician's Society meeting, and where I was deluged with Barney stories. Then the era of Mo Lite began--first BT, and the Bermuda that I missed, "hence the hostility." Then came the Angler and the car; which was more fun? which was more expensive? Two very tough calls. I've enjoyed dragging you down to the boat; hey, someone had to drive it, it's too far to reach from the backstay. We're all bummed with you about your "choice" of SWO, but I suspect that you'll hate it. So when you're depressed (when aren't you?), to remind you of those good old days, just hop aboard my graduation present to you NAY-11 Audacious. Nothing but the best from your buddy, GMC.

Michael Allen Kostiuk
Aurora, Colorado
Submarines

Iron Mike Krazy Kosweak, "The Soda Terminator" is an unforgettable person who leaves a lasting impression everywhere he goes. He entered our beloved Academy filled with the idealism, enthusiasm, and ambition befitting our institution. Hailing from Aurora, Colorado, he's a loyal Bronco fan who watched many a defeat. After spending plebe year in 10th, he took a vacation to Hawaii. "Want a ride sailor?" Desiring to maximize his exposure, Mike moved around often, even out of company for a semester. After spending time in thermo and EE, Mike decided to return from Christmas early to enjoy the Annapolis winter. The Admiral decided it would be wise if Mike became a General. Mike, known for his competitive spirit, was a key player (target) in intramurals. In dating, Mike always ascribed to the rule that if you can't get a lot of girls, at least get a girl. USNA is sending Mike to the fleet confident that he has been properly trained for his important role in our nation's defense (candy machine operator). Fair winds and following seas. See you in Orlando. JCO, ARM, and DWB

Henry Lee
Huntsville, AL
Surface Warfare

Christopher

James Robert Midkiff
Mount Airy, North Carolina
Surface Warfare

"Midrack" wandered into Canoe U. from Mayberry,NC via BOOST and the USS Saipan. Plebe year Mid, Mint, and Spaz roomed together in the "Recon Room" of 22 where the man with the hand and his sidekick Rich made life real interesting. Mike and Sharon were quick to aid and abet the "Blendermaster" with the 3 D's of plebe year(Drinking, Dragging, Driving) and when "Rosey" told him to get off the floor and sleep in the rack, he found his true calling. James was so academically inclined that he decided to cram 6 years of school into 4 by going year round concentrating in CHEM, NAV, and EE. It is no secret that James loved to nap now and then, but when the liberty bell sounded, James could be found in the Freedom Bird usually heading South to terrorize the women of ECU. Four years brought many great times at the Sea Wall Club, Orange Bowl, Beer Bong Olympics, Notre Dame, shake parties, and countless road trips where Mid got the chicks and left Mint with all of the beer. James didn't get to be a pilot but will go to the USS JACK DANIELS. He'll probably be the navigator. -Mint

Allen Raymond Minick
Edgewater, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Al "Minnow" Minick came to the shores of the Severn from San Francisco. Knowing that he would get homesick his parents followed him out here so he wouldn't have to travel so far. Al never talked much about plebe year, although he was glad for a fresh start in 11th Company. His Jule of a first love lasted only until second class year, but he will always have his unused airline ticket to remember her by. He never really stayed locked on to text books during study hour, instead Al preferred to concentrate on his three loves-flying, sailing, and ???. When not dressing up as a girl, Al spent his time at the Academy out on the waters of the Chesapeake. Being so well organized Al never had a problem finding his wallet, let alone his beautiful diesel Rabbit. He knew they were somehwere in Maryland. Al was never one to shirk his social responsibilities. First class year he proudly proclaimed,"The Buck stops here!" To no surprise Al chose to pursue a career as a Navy pilot. Best of luck flying real planes in Pensacola. Don't forget your keys!! JCO,MAK

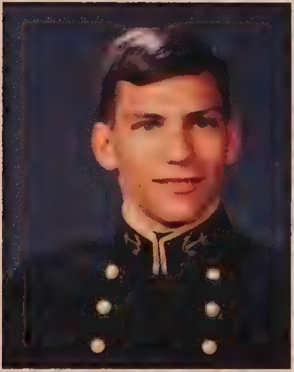
Kevin Scott Minton
Charlotte, North Carolina
Marine Corps

Q-tip came to Crabtown from North "By the grace of God" Carolina via the Naval Academy Playschool. He set the tone for our "Four years together by the Bay" on I-Day when he showed up wearing a squid uniform but sportin' a high-n-tight Chesty himself would have been proud of. During plebe year he tried hard to impress Chuckles, Rich, and Walt over in 22 while also trying to keep the sweat from exploding. Rumbles, pizza on Sunday, and the Garrotts helped us survive plebe year. The next three years we spent Racking, cramming or escaping to far away college parties via Smash or the Freedom Bird. Captain of our Daytona Beach Swim Team, top grad of the USNA beer school, and water warmer of the Shenandoah are just a few of the honors Kev has earned. He enjoyed all the paper work first class year brought, but he will give up the Navy Blue to join the Mean Green Team after graduation. I will be surprised if you are not 'Dant someday and that you enjoy every minute of it...but if not let's fly the coup in five and open a bar in the Keys. Mid

Christopher Charles Nardone
Roanoke, Virginia
Navy Pilot

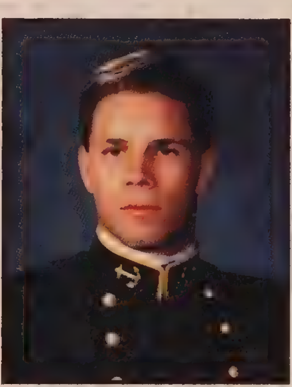
Bone began his sentence at USNA with all the ideals and concepts of duty which pollute most on I-day. He ends his career at USNA as the most provocative, edge-of-your-seat thriller in the past decade or so. This Red-Rocketed pimpin' machine is as hard as woodpecker lips and a far cry from the distant 4/C Nardone, aka Performance Machine, of our early days in 22. As a plebe, he yearned to never break a reg, but settled for never getting caught. ELEVENWORTH got a man destined to become King Dragonslayer, master CabbagePatcher, and who would accumulate enough over-the-wall credits to receive his Spiderman quals. A stud fieldballer, Bone manhandled this place like Smith College. A fellow SIXGUN I buy you fly TeddyGrahams The horror A sensitive(to what?) dude. Best known for his abstract comments and purple pimpin' threads. High-speed, low-drag. Pilot from the word go. I know you'll tear the Navy up like you did this hole. C3P-BONE, we and the rest of the resistance shall prevail over the DARKSIDE forever! But Sgt Airborne, woodpeckers don't have lips! Who belong to dem shoe?-AS

EAT QUIC
Victor



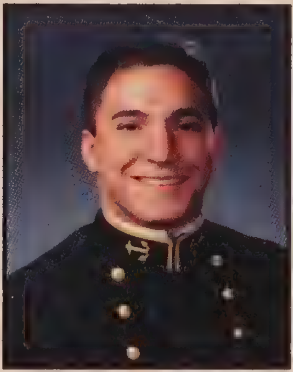
Jason Christian Ott
Bedford, Texas
Submarines

Jason rode in to USNA from Texas, but now spends his leave on the lavish golf courses of Pinehurst, North Carolina. Always the enigma, "The Otter" let his actions speak louder than his words. As the real owner of the model midshipman room, Otter was never one to sweat anything and could often be found in the rack before plebe taps. Always the bargain hunter, Jason managed to parley his meager car loan into a red sports car. A child of the Sixties and never one to have a closed mind about others' musical tastes, the sweet sounds of Crosby, Stills, and Nash and Buffett could be heard emanating from his room during his few "waking" hours. Otter spent much of his spare time with the offshore sailing team. Jason took every opportunity to improve his abilities and spent his Junes racing yachts in New England and Bermuda (tough duty!). In the end, Jason put his mouth where the money was and chose nuke subs. Best of luck and good hunting!! MAK, DWB, and ARM.



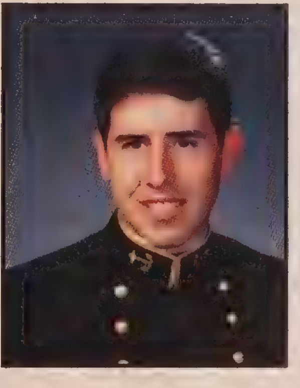
Eric Robert Pihl
Montreal, Canada
Naval Flight Officer

Hey Phil. Eric came to us from the Great White North, eh, where hockey and education are treasured. He plans to become a night club singer, game show host or soothsayer at some point in his life. Eric spent most of his years trying to bring respectability to Canadian football only to be cut down by a knee injury. Luckily, those who cared most were here in the hall (and by popular vote Furman, S.C.) Not to be burdened with school work, he chose the generic major. Eric will always be remembered as a sharp dresser, he lived to surprise us with his tasteful ensemble (especially that powder blue tux). Thanks Eric, your special brand of humor brought smiles to our faces daily (Isn't this great!-Mike Damone)...JH&MC ...It's been a rough four years and I could never had made with out certain people. So...I'd like to thank those from 11 who kept me away from the hefty girls when I was intoxicated; the real TEAM , "120", especially those at team tables (we did it Wes and Tim); and my family, particularly my father. Thanks for the wisdom, I owe you everything. Go Packers!...EP.



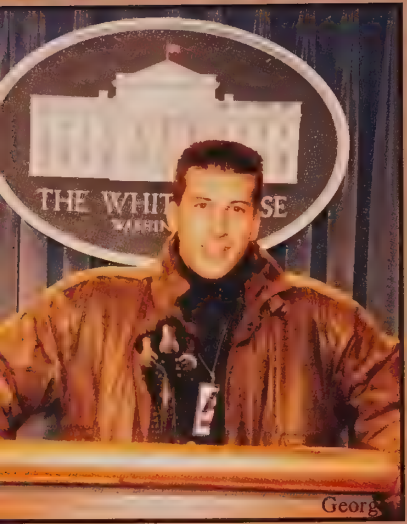
Victor Graham Raspa
Lexington Park, Maryland
Navy Pilot

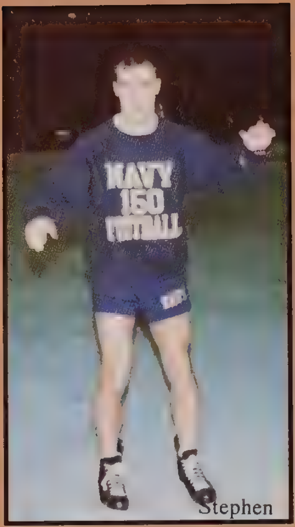
Our story unfolds on the sleepy little town of Lexington Park, M where, on a cold day in '67, a bouncing baby Raspa was brought into the world screaming "Nanatache!!" Canoe U beckoned and the quest for wings of gold commenced with a stop at the North American Party School - Newport. (Will Courtney's ever be the same?) Fours years together by the Bay saw 3/c Army/Navy "He's got a gun!", Hawaiian escapades, countless road trips to Florida- "Let me tell ya about my barrel rolls in a T-34", the ring-dance-date-from-hell, and high speed car chases with Annapolis' finest. 1/c year arrived and one too many hits to the head on the bloody fields of Rugby and fieldball resulted in our hero's fancy turning to love from Eastport (and numerous phone calls on the LT's phone). A furious battle with the evil demons of academia now ends in victory and P-cola eagerly awaits its fledgling Italian Red Baron. A better friend would be hard to find and life would be the epitome of dullness without Meatball. Good luck, fair winds and following seas. -SMH

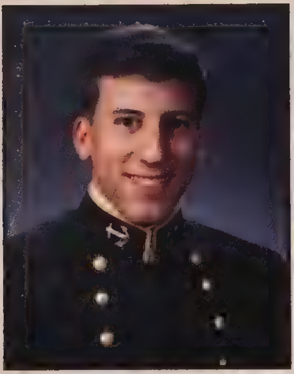


Adrien Sanchez
Carrizozo, New Mexico
Naval Flight Officer

Adrien's unbelievable sense of humor is sure to outshine the disconcerting first impression of his nickname, "AIDS." I've never heard of a fortune cookie that more aptly fit a person than: "Wit is the salt of conversation not the food." Aids is as salty as they come in this respect. I guess it all started at NAPS where Aids was discovered by Dan, San & Bear, and then it continued with the boys from 22. No other man possesses such a keen talent to make a guy laugh or a girl blush. This special gift bore its burden too; Aids always struggled to make people believe: "I don't have a bad attitude!" But he didn't help things in his infamous episode with the wardens of ELEVENWORTH, which gave birth to a phrase more quoted than any by Jones or Dewey: "I decided to take the chance." His years here will sprout memories for all, be they six gun or Taurus brother. May this man who has broken his nose more times than a pro boxer never forget the seven P's. (Proper Prior Planning Prevents Piss Poor Pimping). I thankfully can say he was never all that bad to the Bone. Horale homes. CCN

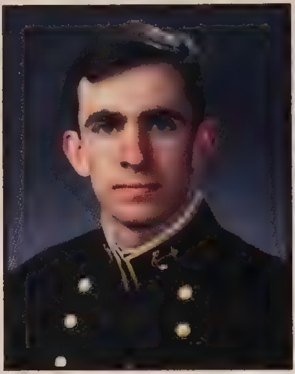






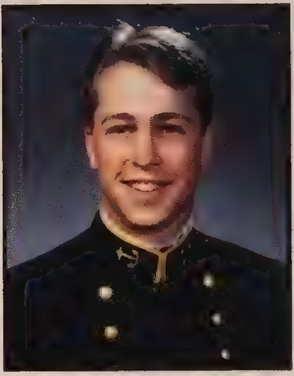
George Kirkor Simonian
Chelmsford, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

This Armenian Nice Guy from Boston gave up his haydays at Holy Cross to ... Why? We found him in FUN ONE as a wide eyed, nerve racked, large nosed, tsunami of sweat. Herndon was the greatest day of his life, and even today Herndon holds a special place in Lando Cal's heart. Transferring to ELEVENWORTH, exposed Kirk to friends who would help suppress his worrisome demeanor and put true pizzazz into his Nice Guy ways. End result - the Not So Nice Guy. Kirk knew people in every nook and cranny, and had more sponsors than the entire class of '90. His true yearning was for Florida, with his cousin, and the Taurus Bros. Sports were Kirk's true love, with football, hockey, tennis, ultimate fudge, and softball. The women in P-cola are going to have their hands full with this future pilot. Kirk was one of the few people we could truly count on for a good time. More a brother than a roommate, there could be no better way to spend four years by the Bay. Thanks BVB, SPS, TDT.



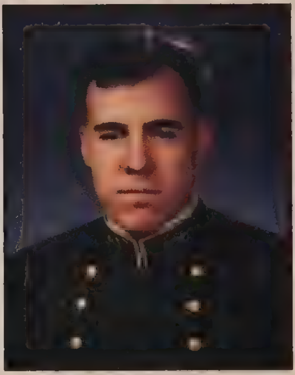
Charles Gregory Simpson
Anaheim, California
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Charlie came from California naively believing the world was fair, nice girls didn't (kiss), and that his shirt matched his pants. The Academy experience transformed young Chuckie from a clueless hatchling to the cocky rooster that he is today. His taste in women is exceptional (exceptionally young that is;-). He was, of course, always willing to entertain a classmate's fiancee. Boy, what an entertainer: magic tricks, stupid jokes, moonlight walks, and the inevitable firm handshake. Fortunately, for his dates, he's still working on his keyboard serenade, Chuck might have done better with the femmes if those 3 years of crew had given him a chest. Charlie's had his share of firsts. First class year had a special bonus: he could wear civvies to the EE lab on Friday nights. The only one of the stooges to study, Chuckles will enjoy nuke school. We have great expectations for you. You'll make lots of money and even more kids. JG & LA



Scot Paul Somes
Denver, Colorado
Naval Flight Officer

Golden Boy, greaser, salty dog. This ancient mariner from Denver wears more coconut in his hair than most Hawaiians. Puff had a rough childhood. Party gangs can be pretty dangerous. His Paul Mitchell, hats, and Copenhagen are his trademarks. One thing this man can do is shake his booty. Not at ease with the conduct or HRC system, Scot made it a point to relax and have fun, regardless of the cost. Who needs two stripes anyway. High standards in women are great, so long as you can lower them on duty weekends. Skiing, soccer, and softball are his games, but he is more physical with the dames. Red Stang. It only coughs when it's cold. This is one MO thats gonna be a FO. As a 3/Cjg in CLOUD9, he didn't take the system seriously, but as a 2/C he became part of the TOOLSHED. The financial geru, his plastic made him Lord of Red Ink. Not to say that his cards are still around. Fastest drunk on two legs, with no direction. There is no better person to party with. Fly Navy Baby! BVB TDT GKS ALS



Steven Anthony Spagnuola
Glen Ridge, New Jersey
Marine Corps

"If anyone knows the whereabouts of six large pieces luggage contact 1/c Spagnuolo." Thank God he found them. We don't know if the postal service could handle another of his orders to J Crew. When Spags wasn't worrying about his wardrobe, he could be found hard at work maintaining his 2.0...almost. All his fun wasn't confined to the Hall, however. He was often seen in the areas finest restaurants sampling the choicest wines and liqueurs. Spags was a man of style, right down to his Lincoln Continental. This man of the 80's sure was a hit with the ladies. His record on a certian Philadelphia dance floor stands to this day. Another facet of this renaissance man was his athletic ability. During the fall of every year's social calendar, he was a proud member of Navy's finest football outfit. The 150's. Seriously Spags, we sure did have some fun and you were someone who could always be counted on when the chips were down. He was Steve to the ladies, but he'll always be Spags to us. SR, JHH.

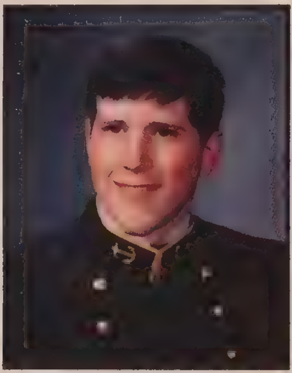
12th COMPANY

Timothy Devon Trotter
Aurora, Colorado
Navy Pilot

TimTenBearsTNTObiWontonTaurusBrotherSixGunJudoClubEmperor came to USNA from the rugged state of Colorado. In FUN ONE Tim's "never quit" study skills, and his habit of pushing on pull doors left a unique impression for his plebe year buddies. As a youngster in ELEVENWORTH, Tim's new found craze was Judo. Tim was known for financial wizardry, absent-mindedness, and physical prowess. Tim's trouble getting to sleep at night was only surpassed by his inability to wake-up. In 11, Tim acquired his first collared shirt and was transformed into a "pimpin' foo." After perfecting the cabbage-patch the rest was history. His only love greater than dancin' was rice. Soy Sauce, seaweed, and Kimchi became staple foods for us all. Mathematician, Einstein on the headboard and Bruce Lee's hanging presence, HUGE blazer and the all-encompassing quote, "Tim ... he's so vague." Tim has been an important influence for all who knew him. But before we go Tim, any words of wisdom? "Yeah ... " BVB SPS GKS

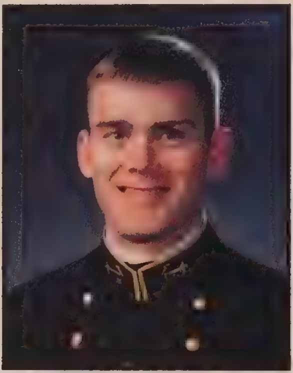
Samuel Brian Whitman
Miami, Florida
Surface Warfare

Slim, never one to cause a scene..."Are you having fun sir ?"..."Mary we need some baloney" wandered into 11 from 15 where he spent a year with a boxer and a Demoncrat, learned the finger to flow waxing story and was never quite the same. His last days were spent with the Cult, then to the MED...meet you in Dover Lance via Charleston of course...a little Bondage while in Picadilly and that Italian who didn't. A Pakistani witch..."That's peculiar"...acquired a suit...and found their daughters in Edinbourgh...Viki East, Viki West, 3 generations, "can I hold that for you?"...Fatal distraction...Delaware...Break at home with the three and the one at the Cat's meow, then a little travel by Winnebago with a nose and a knee-brace. He found better days with Demian and Steppenwolf..."Brush up your Shakespeare"...McC, Salvaje and the Wrangler...EE and Maggie's days...starvation doesn't build character...2 for 3...then to San Diego. And what about those junebugs during finals? Slim will ultimately leave his mark on the world, probably sleeping in the same spot too long. VCC & MRM



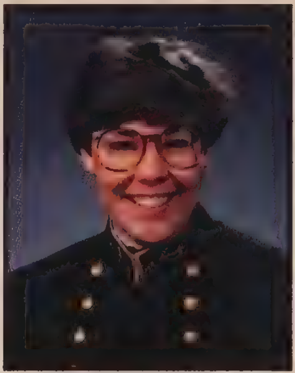
George Andrew Apollonio
Huntington Station, New York
Surface Warfare

When I first saw Geo's name on I-day, I hoped he wasn't going to be as weird as his name. He was, but he turned out to be my closest friend at the Academy. During the 3 1/2 years we roomed together, he tried to get me to be his RIO in the F-14 while I tried to get him to go Marine Corps. He is the only person who had more professional books than Nimitz. The plebes quickly learned that there was no snowing him over. He was always willing to help others out (he'll probably never go on a blind date again). It took him five years to graduate. He thought about making it a career but figured he couldn't keep up with insurance for his '88 T-Bird (with more wrecks than any other mid). He figured that a year's vacation might be nice, so he took it during his 1/c year. Even though he had to get a '90 alpha, those of us in '89 still think of him as one of our own. Remember Betsy's, conning our own sailboat(?!?), a wall full of dart holes, and too many posters to hang. Semper Fi. DTT



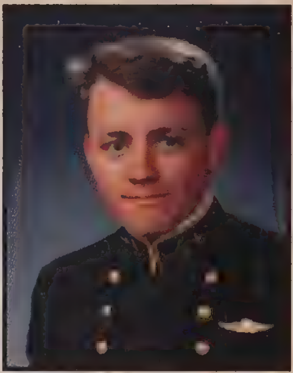
Jon Morgan Aytes
Reno, Nevada
Marine Corps

Came here to pick up a commission and found out instead that other things like Calc. mines and EE punji sticks, not to mention a well laid out ambush by the nav profs stood in the way. Lucky for me, the FP first aid kit came to the rescue. Plebe Summer? But the food was closer to me, sir! Crew? Whatsat? A new form of PT! Go hard or go home. The move to the Tool Shed and the world's loudest, and sleepiest roommates, respectively. Poor SWORub. Survived the academic visit with Howie, and then decided to start studying. Silver at IRA's. Now on the other end of plebe summer. C'mere you! Which eye? The barbershop's open, gents! Row row row, 1V, what spring break? Finally the letter, but now to set the example. Here's to Sweens and Trav; keep the window open for me. The lads of '92, this one's for you. OCS memories, third herd, Firstie year. We can handle it. Et vous pret...Red line, empty the tanks, let the fur fly! Thanks Coach. Many thanks, not much space. Foys/midnight screaming, Shuppster, CBRB, all the family, everywhere. About time-most rikky tik. No thanks, I've got crew.



Michelle Renee Baker
Lowell, Indiana

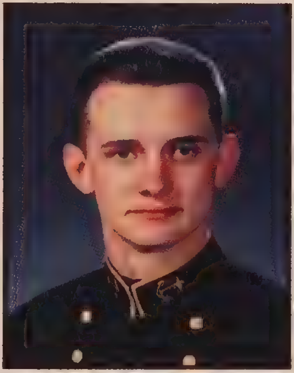
Michelle, or just "Bake" to her friends, hails from the corn country of Indiana. After a one year stint in 23th Co., she moved over to 3-2 to make her mark in the Dirty Dozen. A significant player on Navy Women's Volleyball, Indoor, and Outdoor Track, Michelle was hardly ever around to enjoy the antics of the likes of Smilin' P.J. Hobin and the gang of '88. When she was there, however, she brightened our day with her down home innocence and love for the simple things in life, like The Judds. An avid academician, Michelle made her Oceanography major appear to be anything but easy. Remember color coded Biology cards, rock IDs, and Vladmir? They made 3/c year such fun! Living with Bake again two years later, I find there is so much more to her than meets the eye. This dedicated, honest individual will always put forth the effort required to get the job done, and then some. Her tenacity will stand her in good stead in the years to come. Good Luck, in wherever the road of life takes you, Michelle, and never lose sight of your ability. Thanks for the memories. JLC



Charles Travis Beal
Houston, Texas
Navy Pilot

Came to USNA with resolve & discipline, but changed while I was here. Lasted two days before getting into major trouble. Plebe year created respect for authority with first trip to see the Dant. 3/C Mammoth Sling 2 & Smoke Hall Football. Laundry on 3-1. Chili Cookoff & The Great Roach Hunt. 2/C Airborne wings. Parental Heisman 2 weeks later. Missed John, couldn't take Beast anymore, moved to North Pole with Polar Bear & Dog. NES days & Sundays at Pete's, ended by lettering in conduct & formation of 12B. 1/C Spent most of the time battling tyranny of Le Piquer & the Fantoche. Picked Navy Air cause they gave me a free leather jacket. Fair nuff. Members of 12B: The blood brother, One's parents wouldn't send him anywhere else, One had nowhere else to go, One had his secrets stolen, One missed October, & The Nose. We didn't change. To all the rest: Some I will miss, Some I may miss, Most I won't miss. The enemy is anyone who will get you killed, even if he's on our side-J. Heller. "Walk away and taste the pain"TB

COLLEGE
arles B.



Mark Edward Beatty

Falls Church, Virginia
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

"HEY, NED, CHEER UP!THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW" rattled frequently in the ears of Lou Beatty. Receiving cruel sentences from the likes of WILD BILL, Ned didn't see the light at the end of the unsatness tunnel until second class year.That light turned out to be the dome light of a car in an inner harbor parking lot.Second class year featured a most memorable Ring Dance date (forget the personality!). This two-time Heisman recipient accumulated his second award during one COLD night at UNC. Ned's battle against the RED 'cleanliness' Tide was tough, but he managed through with a smile. Ned traded in his opportunity for high speed-low drag with us in Pensacola for an extended Disney vacation in Orlando. Remember, we've got the "sure-thing" for you there! Forget the pizza crusts & keep that great Chex mix coming!! Take care and always have fun...YOUR BUDS CVR,MSP,& BML.

Francis McKinley Blackburn

Paw Paw, Michigan
Surface Warfare

Frank-n-stein, the well known sports star (You don't believe me, just ask him!) came to USNA because it appealed to his primal instinct. If it's FREE grab it! Rack earned his nickname youngster year in a sleep-a-thon against Stram, and never realized the competition ended. Rack will always be remembered as a sharing and giving mid. He was always sharing his relatives, and giving #%@& to everyone. During his stay at USNA he became very close to his sponsors. This may be due to their closeness to his favorite "merchandise" store, Ying and Yangs. Of course Rack gets to Y&Y's faster than any mid, but not every mid has a '71 Vette, and it's fast too. (You don't believe me, just ask him!) Academically, Frank is a tough roommate, having lost both Stram and Sputnik youngster year, and scaring off Rico and Doobage 2/c year. Rack came to USNA with glory and "TOP GUN" in his eyes, but too many late nights of pinochle caused both his eyes and grades to go bad. He is now gearing up for the surface community. I'd be happy to serve with you anywhere Rack! FAIR SEAS AND FOLLOWING WINDS. EFNGL

Eugene Craig Canfield

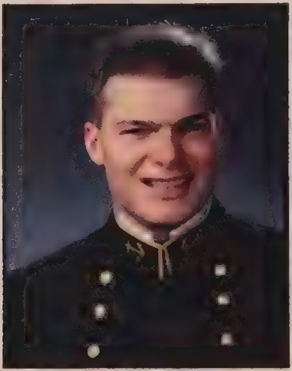
Slayton, Minnesota
Submarines

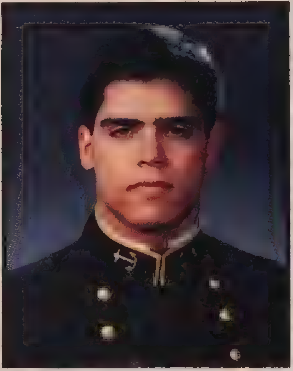
We call him HUGE, but it's not because he lifts weights, as is plainly seen. The OLD MAN could always be counted on in a pinch. C.J. was in a jam and needed a car. Gene volunteered his Porsche. By the way, is your car running yet Gene? The Hutton was not known for his luck with the ladies. Gene's friends always hooked him up. There was Mike's large friend, the various members of my family, or the "dancer" Will and I found in P-Cola. There were also some unexplained letters from Thailand. What was the story there?? The EFNGL's claim to fame however, was the ever-present threat of the RAW POTATO. Thank's for never going through with it, although, I bet that Nuke School class will never forget it. Seriously, Gene, you helped anyone that asked and had time for everyone. I doubt I could have made it without you. If you're ever looking for a pinochle game you know where to go; I'll even spot you a few points this time. Good luck under the seas. Be sure to sleep close to the reactor, we wouldn't want you to lose that viscous tan. "Rub the Buddha" FMB

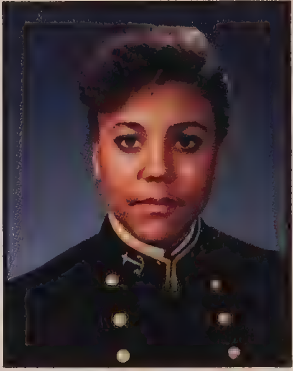
Jennifer Leah Christen

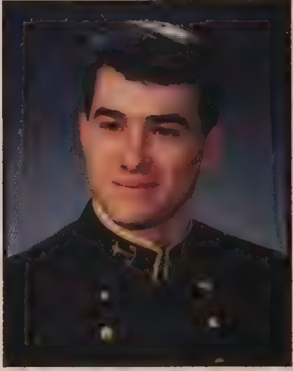
Dallas, Texas
Civil Engineer Corps

Welcome aboard little lady, the Navy awaits you!! We've been close buddies from day one. Remember trying to water ski with Spence and Tip in Lake Ray Hubbard? How about Pax River with Trav and KF youngster year? I remember the upperclass in Stand-in-line thinking we were an item plebe year 'cause I came by to see you so often, but we were just best buddies. So Ginger, care to dance? We had a "Ball" that night didn't we!! And as firsties we have painted the town together at Maggie's whenever I could drag myself away from studying, or was that you I had to drag away from studying?!! Hey, would you like some Hershey's kisses? So you want to build bridges do ya? I told you that English was boring, and you finally came around. Four years flew by and the most important one I brought in sipping the bubbly with my yellow rose of Texas. How old are you again? Wow, that old huh! November '90 I'll be there, proud as I can be with sword in hand. I'm gonna miss you very much, like I would a sister who is also my best friend. Farewell Jen and God Bless. RKD









Andrew Hills Cook
San Mateo, California
Navy Pilot

1967-Cooks and I are born in the same hospital in San Jose, Ca. 18 yrs later we're reunited at the Hoibster's in SB. We survived Col. Kurtzman & raged in IV. Next, Cooks gets Skate & w/ Troy and the Doughboy. 3/C yr finds us rejoined in HobCat's shed where Nelson came & went but his smell lingered. Vinnie and Brento educated & amused us. The Labeaus had food, MTV, beds, & a still single daughter. We lost Bleaks to the VA Fuzz. 2/C yr brought the wrath of THE COOKSTER to 92 and the arrival of our savior Brock. CRX arrived, Citipsycho left and Cooks became chauffer for many excursions that provided ample material for storytime. Trump bought Drew an NEC and I still don't have my PQS signed off. 1/C yr brought new freedom and though my snoozemobile attacked me I still saw the squad from hell, the black book taken hostage, and EBO fly upsidedown thru Nancy's stairs. May you always be doing the handbone. Gimme the Eyebrows. Cook knows Physics. Peace, K's, & Traci forever. Get 18's dude. VANZO & EBO

Thomas Peter Feddo
Buffalo, New York
Submarines

Mr, we could use a man like Herbert Hoover again. Thomas Lou, Louis Freddo arrived from Buffalo, New Yowk, which is more like Canada, a place where, despite "I'm-always-right's" efforts, will always have a WEEAAK football team. This Aerospace Engineer did an excellent job of turning our room into a necropolis of albums. Oh, how silly, I should have said HIS room. Yes, Momma Fedds was definitely in charge of our room. Heaven forbid if you should ever leave a coat hanger on the floor as JRG found out. Tom violent? No, just don't ever use him for a tire check on Spring Break. JRG and CKMP have long suspected that Fredds was a KGB agent because all of his weekend stories were confidential. Like the time he swapped information with a 27 year old woman pretending to be married at a CKMP party. That's when we new he was a spy. Known by the KGB as QUICK SNOOZE, he contacted the homeland with his little annoying, beeping, going out the window alarm clock traumatizing JRG by awakening him 8 times every morning. We love ya, you beer-drinking, Lebanese, Bubblehead. SWEEET! JRG&CP

Kimberly Michele Fowler
Eden Praire, Minnesota
General Unrestricted Line

"STINKY! Get Out", was the comment one Kimberly Fowler usually heard from her cohorts. She never did quite realize that we were just joking, but always took our abuse with a grain of salt and a little CHEESE. Being a girl with 23 older brothers did have its advantages though. A momentary glimpse of Rub's beaming smile was the highlight of her (and his) youngster year. Bubbles reigned supreme as "Queen of the Beer Bong" second class year, but paid her dues at the porcelain alter. Masqueraders, Batt Staff, and Catholic Choir occupied Bambi's first class year, but she always found time for her friends. Hey GURL, watch out for those D.C. guys, remember we have to approve them. Have fun and we love you. "The Guys"

Joseph Richard Gannon
Union, New Jersey
Supply Corps

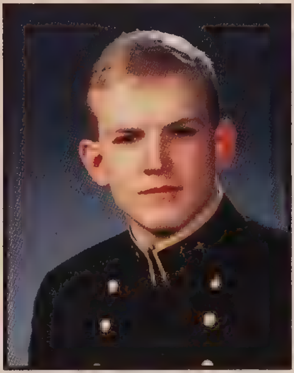
Cops in chase, Gessepie Lewis Gannonburg ran to the local recruiter & checked the box for Canoe Prep vice the Hudson Dungeon. "Fine choice son, USNA is just like Disneyland." "Great, I'll bring my toys." With a Scum Bag degree from NAPS, JRG validated plebe year & moved to CAT's CO. "CP I think JM is wierd, let's live with SR?" Always listen to CP! After severe mental torment, JRG and CP rescued TF. TF soon became miffed by Tracker's disregard for regs. Nice ice box. "Who's giggling in the EF hut?" The Tao of Physics failed to teach Old Snapper Hip complete self control, for the Tao of Phillips continued to antagonize at will. Lectures? Inspections? Yeah, I do my part. "Hook myself!," "SWEEEEET," "Relax", "Gimme a break, huh?" Enthralled with the mirror (you're so puny), missing class just because, hair care products including Old Bay, a national Methane reserve, & enjoying more of Freddy baby's music & NFL team than he might admit only brought laughs & good times to the 3 amigos. This Rebel truly has a Heart of Gold and a fresh outlook on life. See ya in the woods! CP&TF

James Randall Garner

Litchfield Beach, South Carolina
Surface Warfare

BoRub's his name, big boy's toys are his games. Randy has more gizmos than KB toy stores. Starting with the small appliances and eventually getting larger, wardroom 'C' was finally outfitted with all the comforts of home. This N.C. inbred was a great addition to the company and to the Academy. And he was a great roommate and friend. His laughter was infectious in the worst of times and you could always count on him being there when you needed help. So many memories, so little space... there was the headboard story, bob, his fine sense of coordination (that resulted in a broken arm), the backseat of Frank's van at Army-Navy '88, the highly explosive rear window, James Brown busting a move and the educational movies with our own sound effects. Oh yeah, I still want to know the total length! Good luck, Randy, and remember there will always be a cold brew and a warm bed for you at my house. Love

CJA



Erick Brandon Goss

Danville-Paducah, Kentucky
Navy Pilot

It wasn't an accident when this blonde-haired, baby-faced country boy from Paducah, Kentucky entered the Academy in the hot summer of 86. More affectionately known as "Gober" to his close buddies. Gerber's diverse interests and outgoing personality have led him to dabble with just about everything the Academy has to offer. He has tread from baseball to Glee club to sailing and even to being a member of that radical group known as the Navigators. His love for Christ and the truth made Erick deal with those around him in a refreshingly ideal and innocent style which is all in its own. His approach may not always have been to the liking of others, but one would always be sure of one thing and that is his desire to do what is right. On a lighter note, in the midst of his crusade for righteousness, Erick did manage to have some wild and romantic nights in the tropics. I'm sure his encounter with the pretty "belle" on the sands of Bahamas will always remain a bitter-sweet memory. Thanks for the unforgettable memories Erick, and God bless as you soar through the skies of Pensacola!! J.H.L

James Hee Lee

Severna Park, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Jim became USNA's own Seoul Man breakin' his way here from Severna Park (God's country). Jim started out in Seventh Heaven. From Seven, Jim came to the Toolshed where he experienced late nights with aero and flaming debates over religion with Mean Gean and Ned. After having grades hot as kimchee as a plebe, Jim found himself in deep kimchee as a Mech E. Jim also found himself in a torrid love affair (No, she's not my girlfriend-I hate that word) which soon ended. Jim, the Korean Connection, did not get his title just for his ability to get free pizza and noodles, but also for a few ladies from the Far East. 2/C year proved interesting with new roommate Gerbs, as Jim could never pronounce Pecan Pie correctly or decide if he really liked Chimichangas. Jim will always be known for his constant devotion to make Christ known among Korean mids and countless weekends dedicated to this endeavor. It's been a blessing rooming with you and I don't know if many others would put up with me. Thanks for your patience and being a great friend. I love ya brother-Godspeed. Prov 17:17 Gerbs

Karon Renee Lewis

Fillmore, California
Marine Corps

Listen up baby--read my lips! You sure are a hard one to figure out--maybe that's what Will liked about you. Who knows? We've been taking bets since plebe year to see if you would ever decide anything. (Speaking of bets, would you like to wager on the height of the 10m tower?) We hoped that the trampoline would interest you in spastics, but you and those darned change of sport chits: sailing, basketball, volleyball, crew, and finally track. CONGRATULATIONS! YOU GOT A RECORD! We can't believe you didn't go Navy after that wonderful weight loss program you perfected on youngster Sailtramid. (Need a bag?) Guess the Marine Corps has more respect for you elderly types. And if the service change wasn't enough, you had to go and change your name, too. What up with that? Well "Kay-rone," it's been too real. Have a bitchin' life, don't ever change! (You've already had your share...and ours!) Love...By the way, "Where DID you get those wings?" BWC & JMB

Brian Morgan Lunn

Topsfield, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

Brian, B.M., BM3, Beamer, Aesop or just plain Lou, the names for this Bostonian are as colorful as his personality. Hailing from the home of America's oldest fair (and less than svelte women), B.M. came to us with a sense of honor and a passion for peppermint schnapps. Youngster year found Beamer with an assortment of water balloons, blow darts, video games, nerf hoop, hall hockey, and an impressive number of rack burns. (He even built a shrine for his blue magnet.) With second class year Bri rode high on the Supe's List, then crashed to unsatness. Throughout it all, he was the King of the Pranksters. From water balloon balistics, to golf ball reentry tests, to setting fire to Ned's scalp, etc.. B.M. was always in the middle of the hoopla. He is even an accomplished songwriter with such love songs as "All I Want is the Mate" to his credit. Going through his fair share of women, Beamer always let them know their true worth. B.M. will be using his impressive flight simulator skills in the real world down in Pensacola real soon. Have fun and Good Luck B.M.!! M.S.P., C.V.R.

Curtis Kimball Miles Phillips

San Diego, California
Navy Pilot

CP's a Navy brat who enjoys being from CA, but this future potato farmer, born in TX, is actually from everywhere. Dragged West against his will, he sojourned East and attended Canoe Prep. This super genius, with a combined SAT under 931, graduated NAPS (a miracle) and with a wonderful attitude quickly took to Plebehood. His NAPS halo and a love for upperclass earned him a rank topping the bottom of his company. Upon survival of Plebedom and Calc., C became a true Shakespeare and found another NAPSter with a real love for the system; JG gave CP guidance. Soon they met TE and became "Three, the Team." The goal was getting C off the phone and thru school to fulfill his SWO-dad dream. "No Bone Head, V=IR not W=HY!" However rough, the Team made it. P-burgfinklestein owned a pair of outstanding invisible speakers since time began. FDR took the reins of CC from his roomie Herb and tried salvaging 12, who felt the "Roaring Twenties" and then faced the Black Wednesday Crash of rm. stds. Deciding SWO too perilous, cynical CP consulted doctors and went Air for the free jacket!

Matthew Scott Pregmon

Jacksonville, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

Will Matt ever leave the decadant comforts of FLA ? If he does FLA surely won't leave him. By the time this is printed, he'll probably have one more Floridian constraint(two if he's not careful)!! Fortunately, constraint was not part of Matt's vocabulary for the first three years at Camp Tecumseh. UVA, SMITH, GEORGETOWN, U.MD(hopefully the police won't find out about that!)U. PENN-,RADFORD,VA TECH,VILLANOVA,TUFTS,DUKE the U.S. AIR FORCE and of course ALABAMA(I won't even mention W&M) will attest to his 'Free Spirit'.I'm sure P-cola won't hamper his style and he'll still have lots of support from his friends!.... Pete's will be giving a Pregmon send-off. (However,Matt will only go if Vonzel is invited) At USNA,Matt has excelled in his field of study and despite constant blabbering about being UNSAT..he never received less than a 3.0!! In addition to mastering supply and demand,Matt is the proud recipient of the Montour Leadership Award and a bunch of books the Naval Institute couldn't dump on the open market. Take care of your driver!! GOOD HUNTING and best of LUCK! B.M.

Charles Vincent Red

Lockhart, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

Porkchops came to us from the barbecue heartland of Northern Mexico; don't mess with it! After a Supe's List Plebe year, the demons of his EE major bit into his CQPR. Fortunately for Lou, he found enough gouge to preserve his class rank. Weekends were always memorable for Chuck. Thanks to his dating service in Alabama, he maintained a large following of women (and mirrors) throughout the free world. (or so he thought) This sensitive and caring young man was an inspiring leader as both a drill officer and platoon cdr. He always had a knack for whipping the company into a frenzy before each parade. Along the way, Chops was always a focal point of fun for his buddies. From aggravating fraternity houses to spraying waitresses with beer, fun was Chops. Lou reigned supreme on the softball field and lightweight gridiron. (until retiring after a certain fateful collision with a plebe) Saying no to the Corps, Chuck will be flying high with the Navy, Good Luck, Chuck, Chuck, damn Chuck!! Ned-,Matt,Stinky

Evan Spencer Robbins III

Orinda, California
Surface Warfare

Vanzo & I are both Cali natives. Once at USNA, we found out about humidity & east coast women. We were not impressed with either, but we adjusted, as we did to the Academy. Roommates for three long years, we lost some great buds to admin-conduct (Bleaks & Johnny) 3/C year was highlighted by the demise of Nelson & the Mex meal blue flame, cancelled due to the near hospitalization of Van. 2/C year was a nightmare of engineering, but we found new freedom (DC, Hood, Balt) with the CRX. After a few summer courses, Van slid into 1/C year where he was a victim of mono & the rack monster. 2.0 & go. He missed a season of bike racing. Oh well, he beat Army last year (N* ?) One day you'll catch Matty on those hills. Thanks for taking the heat: G-Town, I broke my fist & you got fried; The Log, I saw the Dant & you saw NIS. You can always be trusted. Things to remember: party ball, The Dead, K's, Red Hots, late night hammered poetry recitals, Trav's topless Blazer, Pete's, Ebo's party tricks. Hey Big V, always looked forward to your letters & a good laugh. We made it! What a scam. ANDY

Steven Michael Rutherford

Coatesville, Pennsylvania
Special Warfare

Rudd! Rut! 906432. Stud? Definitely. A gentleman? We have Le'Anne to thank for Steve's refinement. Steve - a great roommate and truely one of my greatest friends. Yeah, he'd do anything for me, alright. How could I ever forget ARMY WEEK plebe year when Steve slept peacefully in his rack (what else did he ever do during spirit related activities?) Kermit and I battled six upperclass in protecting Rm. 4248, the OREO factory. (Steve, what happened to the OREO factory's three Marine Air computer scientists?) Steve fondly remembers his meeting with "the Brass" when he tried to put his foot down but, instead it landed in his mouth. On the diving board, Steve was a competitor's nightmare (when he concentrated!). Although girls would flock to Steve's meets to see his body, his "pretty boy" smile could not stop his plebe year roommates from beating him up from time to time. Since his earliest days as Coach Lenz SUPER, Steve has always wanted to be a PT STUD. He is, of course, and I never exprerienced any difficulty in convincing him of this fact. JHD

Michael Sweeney

Norwalk, Connecticut
Supply Corps

My first days at the Academy I will remember for the rest of my life; I lost my hair, my car, and my right to walk on the side of a hallway. It did get better, for after Herdon I had physics and EE to look forward to. During all of this fun, I experienced some of the closest friends of my life. Things I will always remember; Pete's, Tommy Conwell in DC, my dad, 12B, Uzelac, 89' Booze Cruise, Navy Rugby, "wrongfully appropriating the LOG," Trav and Jon, writing a $14,000 check, NES Mornings and Smoke Hall Football. What a long strange trip it's been. Loving thanks to my mom and family for starting me on the right path and making sure I stuck to it. Special thanks to my fiance Lisa, whose love and support made the unbearable times, a little more bearable. To all of my friends, An Irish Blessing: May the road rise to meet you. May the wind be always at your back. May the sunshine warm your face, the rain fall gently on your fields. And until we meet again, may God keep you in the palm of his hand. Tom's a dork. - Sweendog

Donna Lynn Thurow

Louisville, Kentucky
Supply Corps

Donna came to USNA in the Summer of '86 fresh out of high school and ready to conquor the world beyond her Ol' Kentucky Home. Plebe Year she joined the D&B Flag Line and declared that Computer Science was the only game for her. Between 3 years in D&B, four as the Women's Fencing Manager, and geeking the nights away, she managed to come out on top and will graduate in May as the sole remaining female Comp Sci major in the Class of 90. After Sailtramid and two First Class Surface cruises, Donna decided that the Supply Corps was the only way to go. With her major intact and Service Selection in the past, now every waking moment of her days are filled with thoughts of a June 1st Chapel wedding to Mike. It has only been in the past year that I have gotten to know Donna very well, but in that time I found her to be sincere, honest, dedicated, and a very good listener. Thanks for being such a good friend. Good luck in everything you do. JLC

Dean

Patrick

13th COMPANY

Michael Villegas
Bogota, Colombia
Surface Warfare

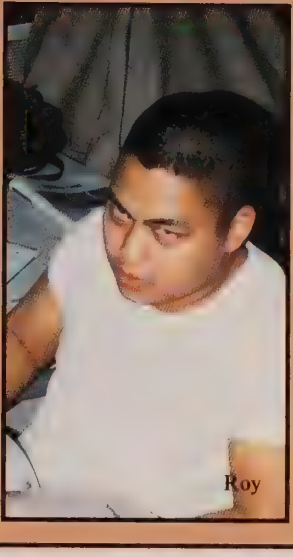
Mike was prior enlisted for one year and attended NAPS for another. This is probably the reason he knows everything. (At least that's what he tells me.) Mike spends much of his afternoons being very professional in his watch station, the rack. When he is awake you can find him talking to one of his chicas on the company officer's phone, arguing with someone, ordering someone, or enjoying a movie or meal in town. On a weekday? Of course, Mike is too cool to be seen in uniform, besides he is a first class. He deserves it. He works hard. Second semester, first class year Mike started to change. Only a little though. He decided he was in love and would stick to just one chica. Mike had a tough time sticking to his promise but has done a good job. I expect him to be married and start a family in the next two years. All kidding aside, Mike has been a great roommate and will be an excellent SWO. He cares about his people and the Navy. Too bad Mike chickened out and didn't choose Navy Air with his roommate. I guess I'll forgive him. Good luck Mikey, Lupe, Rico, five and dive!

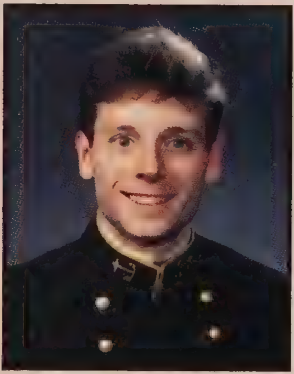
Patrick Alexander Vonzurmuehlen
St. Louis, Missouri
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

When the Imperial Grand Master of Log Art arrived in the Dirty Dozen, he brought one of the most original personalities (and the longest name) anybody had ever encountered. In all the time I've known Vonz, I've learned how to say his name, and that he knows where Elvis and Jim Morrison are, if anyone knows (and Vonz still won't tell me). Vonz has also created some of the most impressive and controversial art that USNA has ever known (but he still won't do a nude). He even managed to attend a few NARC classes in between drawing and explaining who Hawkwind are. Most people don't believe that he is of German ancestry (what with the blonde hair, blue eyes, and Volkswagen), but choose to support the popular theory that Vonz is indeed from some other realm. We all know that he is really from Jupiter, and it doesn't matter anyway because he is a great dude. After graduation and the Navy, Vonz plans to start his own fashion business, as well as chair the committee to get the Cardinals back in St. Louis. Good luck in the Fleet, and say 'Hi' to the King next time you see him. TRAV

Dean Edward Wence
Cinnaminson, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

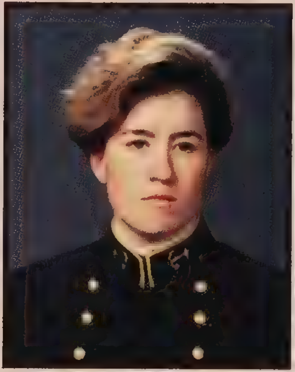
Jersey Boy Wence has a fondness for 280s, Oriental "chicas," nittles, and free food. During his last semester at USNA he was permanently attached to VRL-12, a composite squadron whose CAP stations included his blue magnet located at coordinates 3268 and his sponsor's jacuzzi in Crabtown. Wenceo likes to pump iron, his ego, play football and argue with his girlfriend. Having a similar perspective on life, from a sub 5'7° world, he could easily relate to Stinky. Doobage will make a fine naval aviator as long as he carrys the yellow pages to sit on. Good luck in the Fleet and at P-Cola.





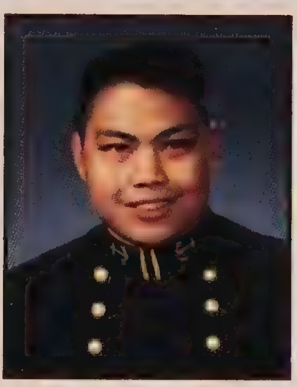
Michael Allan Bidus
San Antonio, Texas
Medical Corps

Bidey, Pal, Boy-What's up Doc? Hey Boy, you just listen to me. You just show some respect to your elders. What a combo we made. You had all the brains and I...well I had something. Youngster year he started off on the right foot being the "Youngster Tool." Some things never change. Second class year saw life in the Tool Shed, with the Vin-man and Ream-all. That year he also saw his very first, and last, conduct offense, and what a good one it was. That was also the year he gave up his life long dream of being a SWO daddy and decided to take things easy for a while pursuing a career in medicine. First class year the real Mike began to emerge. Weekends in the hall produced some unexpected artistic masterpieces. As much time as he spent in the books, we all knew he'd rather be in his waders where the fish are biting. We'll all remember the nights of The Velveteen Rabbit. Keep it up, Doc, may you do as bad in med school as you always told us you were doing here and may you bring as much love and comfort to your future patients as you did to Steve. VS, NG(B?) & SK



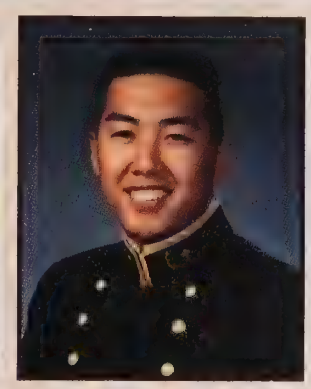
Lisa Maria Bozzelli
Arlington, Viginia
Navy Pilot

The Boz came to the Academy from the faraway land of Arlington, Virginia. But that wasn't far enough so her parents moved to San Diego. Always willing to engage in a heated argument, Boz is a firm believer in the philosophy that "the person who talks the fastest and yells the loudest wins" - but just in case that wasn't enough, she took up powerlifting. You're a fine example that too much T.V. will not turn a brain to Jell-O. A quick glance at your wardrobe on any given day is testimony to that. Did that guy ask if you were my house cleaner? You were the neat one in our room but one couldn't tell from looking at the inside of your '77 orange cruiser death-mobile with the auto pilot option. How many Jersey trips did we survive? And every one a cultural experience, theatre, movies (of course), the statue, Greenwich, stereo thieves, the corner grocery store. What sums you up? Ho-Ho's, Diet Coke, Saul, black leather and a soap box. You've had an effect on every friend you've made - for the most part. I'm thankful - the rest is curable. Getting closer to fine all the time. BEC



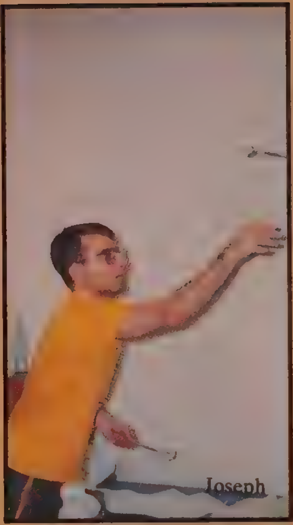
Roy Alaan Brillante
New York City, New York
Surface Warfare

Mr.Fuji,Sumo. Roy came to the boat school from the Big Apple ready to set Annapolis on fire. Plebe year brought Roy to 14 where David Robinson's elbow was in his ear every formation. What an Honor! Youngster year Fuji fell in love...with the rack. Also,he instantly attained the rank of General ...Engineer. An unsat Second Class year gave way to a First Class year where he had two stripes and no formations.(Batt Drill? Get real!) Roy spent his weekends either in the wardroom or home in New York during first semester and either the wardroom or in Michigan with Sue during second semester. Did I mention he visited the wardroom on occasion? It is interesting to note that Roy got his best grades Firstie year while spending study hours in the wardroom. Who says TV isn't good for you! Luckily for Roy, the Corps wanted fewer good men, giving him the opportunity to spend his career Sailing and surfing in Hawaii. Did I write career? oops! I'm sure Roy will do a great job on his ship not just because he is a good leader, but because he is a good man... And his ship can get cable TV. TAM



John Jeashin Choi
San Jose, California
Naval Flight Officer

Johnny, Jeashin, Chimichanga...JJ came to USNA from beautiful San Jose: another beach bum who found the East Coast too cold and too uptight. An all-around jock, JJ's football career was delayed by a year-long shoulder injury while chillin' in Hard Core 24. After moving to 7-0, he found a spot on the JV Football's "Meat Squad" and a room in the back shaft whose occupants had developed a habit of getting kicked out. 2/C year saw John earn his N-star as half of the 150's Orient Express backfield with the Filipino Palomino. He also found a roommate who would stick around. Although weekends were pretty rare, Miss B-M and the Bod competed for time with his true love, MECH E. Not getting enough abuse, JJ vacationed in Quantico, but Hawaii and a sleepy stewardess made 1/C summer interesting. JJ escaped both AC board and the Corps by using his head and making the right choice. No heat! Let's get huge! Got some noodles, Kwan? Playing the sax. Rhythm Nation, again?!? JJ, am I getting fat? A nicer guy will never be found, a friend for life...Kamsamnida...AJR



Walter August Coppeans III

Murfreesboro, Tennessee
Surface Warfare, EDO

Walt, Wilt, the WACman. Master of space, time, and the obvious. We lived together for two and a half years, how the time dragged by. Why I can still remember, as youngsters, how I tried to figure out how a Tennessean would become a manager of the hockey team. With second class year you entered your second childhood and became the original flaming idiot. Then came... CHRISTINA, a girl with calves of steel, and now, a band of gold. How well I remember you returning from weekend able only to fall into the rack. But during the weekdays you spent your time with your good buddy, Lieutenant Colonel Diggle and the CSTS crew. When service selection came, God was looking out for you and you got the only billet on board the Burke and ED option. The Burke brought you your moment of glory on WRNV. How can I ever forget those inspiring first feww words that you imparted to the world over the radio, "...Uhhhh...," JKM

Joachim Paul Cox

Stockton, California
Special Operations

JP-Naps to plebe summer, Dwayne's squad, the scare, Fitz, Dano. Lucky 7. LT winsor- "Say, what's your first name?", to 13. 5th wing and Marv- "Wake-me up, I want to run with you guys in the morning". Linda's- Yes, you and John did participate. Army-Navy Run 98. Ertell not once-twice! Lucky! Air Force? You're too lucky. Boudler Babes and mountain biking- what a way to kill 6 months. 2 for 7 night in the woods, Pistol Pet, and MAJ Waller. The return to 13- or was it? 5th wing and Lucky 7 once again along with your pet, Rocky. See ya Carolyn. He's back -- room with rack! Bad News! What's her name again? (Lauren). You never did do plebe detail-Lucky. Colombia- body guards and an apartment on the beach. 4 stripes- big deal- we knew it all along. The eternal bachelor and world reknowned economist. Rugby, signed-up for field ball - never came to the field. Juker the - diver? Spec OPS, Hoo-Yaa! Not lucky' THE BEST. RBO DHD

David Haden Dorton

Terre Haute, Indiana
Submarines

David (D2, Double D, Dangerous Dave) came to us from "The Club." He is a key member of the golf team and as equally important in the social scene after the match. He arrived in 13 to become social director- remember the Econo Lodge? Shotgun!! After 2 years of hard work he decided it was time for a vacation. What a better place relax and find yourself than the high life of Colorado. Although adamantly committed to hitting the silver links during his work week, he was always 1st to call for a run to Boulder. Fighting 4th, skiing, and long weekends. After a semester at the Country Club he returned to join the 5th wing crew only to leave us each weekend; a man of priorities (KLR). The adventure continued in Spain. He dined with the Prince and partied in Morocco. Upon return from the summer, Dave joined RPR for eventful Friday's, standing guard at Fran's. Dave's social membership's included: Tall Cool Ones, Beerleaders, and TEDS. At service selection Dave took the money and ran. Dave's accomplishments are sure to be great in the future. Good luck, we luv ya DD! RPR MAH JPC

Joseph Michael Giacobee

Farmingdale, New York
Submarines

Joe, Guido Guidowski, Juke-Moe, Gianosebee, and to certain Lous, Mickey. Couldn't find anyone sharing his views on life in 13 until he got stuck with the hick from the stix. Yoseff, what exactly happened in the Woodner parking lot? Ever find the right gear? Where is Lawn Gilund? Safe to assume all your tax records are in order! OPUS, Bill, and Snufalufagus. Beerleader, TEDS, random barn, don't worry, Snickers won't bite, Wanna race? 3 digits in Jersey wil get you 30, days that is. Thank God he caught you when you were coasting. Chili Cheese Dogs. I got a bad feeling. Get me whatever you're getting. We all know what the ring means. Eating disorders can kill... Herring heads just smell bad. DOUBLE-WHAT! Don't go snorting any dandelions. Nintendo Game Boy, Super Mario get those coins! "Oh Mickey! They don't call you Guido, do they?" Good luck hunting for red october & 6 months later a beer. Hope you're not glowing next time I see you. ARUGA, ARUGA.... Yea Boy! KFT

Nicole Marie Gillespie

Brookfield Center,
Connecticut
Cryptology

Petrunchka, Pal, Nickle-She gave up being a Ramblin' Wreck from Georgia Tech to be first a pilot, then a Jar Head, and finally ended up a Spook in Crypto. She really wouldn't have been a good Gyrine anyway. Her recon abilities were pretty primitive, especially the time she fell through the Capt's ceiling during Army Week Youngster year. Guess the Mech E. Department didn't teach her everything. Hopefully she will get more mileage from her Russian minor. Didn't you used to Fence? How 'bout that local fella? We're not talking about the Johnnies either. Scuba Queen. Judging by her room, you would think she owned stock in General Electric. What are you going to do with the Charlie Brown mobile? Maybe Japan has something better to offer. Lo-ve-ly! Ruby Wednesdays will never be the same without you. What beer is next on the list? Who's going to give the Vinman his nightly kiss goodnight? Tell me a bedtime story Petrunchka. If you're looking for her in the future, try the road least travelled. Hey Nic-come on down, the huntin's good! Thanks for everything Pal, DIETYYMH?? VS, SK, MB

Keith Edward Hanzel

Falls Church, Virginia
Surface Warfare

It was a matter of family tradition for "Hanzdog" to come to USNA, even if home was a mere hour away. He discovered his talent and passion in Plebe Summer weapons training, being the only Plebe to arrest the attention of the range officer ("Look out, Lt Barbon is out of the tower")--an event which shaped his career at NAVY. Youngster year will be remembered for Arctic Survival Ops with "the most heavily armed room in the Brigade" not to mention desk-surfing before room formals. 2/C year was marked by Maximum Efficiency Academics (2.0 and Go) and the avoidance (somehow) of Ac Boards--How does he do it?--Whether alseep or not, Keith could often be observed honing his driving skills at the wheel of his Saab, 'Vette, or that Shhweet '69 'Stang. Too bad she wasn't too proficient in the aerobatics dept. Through it all Keith deserved The Most Ruled Man Award for remaining faithful to one woman -- Loyal to the end, just like a good dog. (Had to be done) Fair winds and following seas, Young Mr. Hanzel. BTS

Mark Anthony Herrington

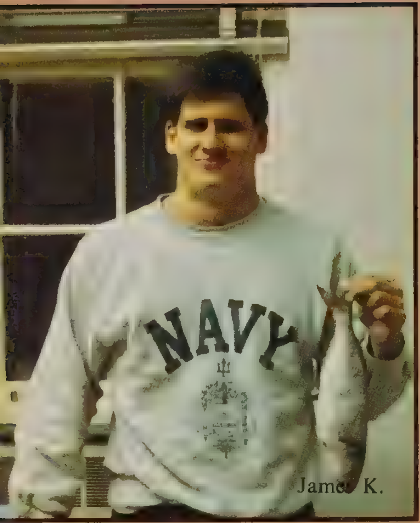
Terry, Mississippi
Surface Warfare

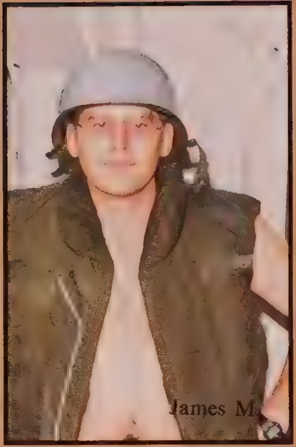
"The Bone" came to USNA as a young, Southern gentleman. After an adventurous year in "The Club," he was sentenced to three months in the Stalag. Bone proved to be an expert Sailor, yet he gave it up for other experiences. Mark came to us as a sheltered lamb, yet he has since broken parental bounds and bloomed as a social butterfly only to be cornered by JLR (the irony being that Mom played Cupid). His true character shines forth with his black pickem-up truck that can be heard thump'in down the street. Mark met his inevitable destiny when he boarded YP 678 on 3/c cruise (the SWO god calleth). The Stark can't get hit by another missile, can it? The surface Navy doesn't deserve a guy like this, but they got lucky. Good luck! We wish you all the best including great country cookin', peaceful evenings with JLR, and a fun stint in the fleet. We luv ya! DHD RPR.

Stephanie Elaine Karasick

Tampa, Florida
General Unrestricted Line

Steph, Carsick, Frack, Chiquita, Petrunchka..Stephanie came from Tampa to the banks of the Severn because she "had no place to go". Sentenced to Stand-In-Line for plebe year, she became a ghost by sailing for Navy or "going for a tan"; she had her first encounter with booze and the "porcelain genuflect" at Army plebe year. 3/C year: "nightmares" with the J-Team, fun-in-the-sun spring break and rooming with the Disney-driver. S---g Hog! 2/C year meant change: new major ("generally"...), no braces, no "nightmares"! Steph summered at Quantico and at her new home in Raleigh, NC. Moved in with Nic 1/C year and reigned as 13's "appliance queens". Also saw the advent of Ruby Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, Russian bedtime stories, harmonica and flute atrocities, lax, and Denbo's workouts. "What am I going to select?" Thankfully, her true colors showed as she chose the lush green of Hawaii over the green cammies of the Corps. Five years from now, who knows? Steph, have a great time wherever you go and avoid the big LLL's! We'll think of you every time we drink milk...NMG, AJR.





James Stephen Kollar

West Mifflin, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

James-Jim-JK,LMNOP-Big-DisMaster, what do we call you? How's "Huge"? From the outskirts of Pittsburgh to 21412. 36th and plebe year with Qball(George?), Morte, and Coop. Too big for the squash team, you moved to 13 and tried the football team. Linebacker U. we just aren't. Army-Navy Run 87, Marv, Joachim & Otter, Marv & I another 3 mi. Homecoming 88, oops. SHAKE TIME. Army-Navy Run 88, remember Stouman. Ohio Wesleyan and the PI BETA PHI. Plebe detail- let me borrow your PEP shirt. "Ooh the body". Huganamous water has no calories. Where's Joe's salza? Pack up the 6, we're gonna get a 12. Go LEFT!? Atomic elbows in the middle of the night. Chili Cheese Dogs. That poor bluefish. Fieldball's finest. Build a skyscraper. TEDS, random barnage, a cruise on Snickers, just don't punch the horse. A new ship, a new career, a new 'stang (highspeed runs) -- You're still the best. Onward soldier! Hoo-Yaa! RBO

James Kirk Manchester

Chambersburg, Pennsylvania
Supply Corps

James Manchester entered the Naval Academy from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. He'll be the first to tell you its the site of a Civil War battle. He was in "Sweet" Sixteen Plebe Year where everyone goes to have a real Plebe Year. Youngster year brought James to us in 13 and soon he was given the nickname "Chester", which has stayed with him since. After a Youngster Cruise on a sub, his career ambition was to be a nuke jockey, but alas, his allergy to all forms of poultry, namely chicken, stood in the way (Be careful- never know where it may lurk-BBQ midribs and Steerage fries ?!!). His favorite hobbies included the rack, where he could be found if nowhere else. Second class year saw a new roomate, late nights, and James as the mellowest Second Class in the Brigade. Firsty year brought on Catholic Choir presidency, NPQ'ed and a rededication to the rack. The Supply Corps found a valuable asset in James, dedicated to the service and his people. God speed and good luck in Athens. Thanks for making life interesting when it really was not. WAC III

Todd Andrew Mayfield

Louisville, Kentucky
Surface Warfare

It was easy to figure out where Todd was from because he would never hesitate to tell you (C.A.R.D.S). Yes! Todd is a native of the Great Bluegrass State, home of THE Derby, where Bronco II's and Corvettes are made and anything else Todd could think of. ("Hey! Diane Sawyer! Guess where she's from?", "Well Todd,let me guess!, C.A.") "Todd, Where is the best college hoops team of the Eighties from?, C.A." Todd came to 13 youngster year after spending the minors in the Thunder Cloud. Youngster year brought Todd new responsibilities and positions, most of them horizontal. Second Class Summer allowed Todd to show how much he loved the Marine Corps, and he quickly became famous throughout Quantico. Second Class year brought Todd a new experience, unsatness. Todd was forced to renegotiate his contract with the management; switched from EA to GE (It brings your CQPR to life!), and squeezed a Laser out of the deal. First Class year brought Todd a new major, a new attitude, and a new room (the wardroom). After rooming with the FIELD for 3 years, I can say, I have a friend for life.Fuji

Mark Ronald Mineo

San Diego, California
Navy Flight Officer

Mark set himself apart from the outset and never seemed to find his way back to the main road. Such popular roommates..he always managed to get plenty of attention. A "Sanctuary" was found in Com. Week, later a little sailing to the Carribean, some hot oils.. Heinapotamuses in Rehobeth, then off to conquer the "Empire", Tube by Tate, Bondage..weiner dogs and UFO's and Swedish kids LL & CB. Even the homeless get thrown out. He returned to find Neid and Bung, you couldn't find better roommates or friends. Youngster year Wedding Crashing, plaster and dry wall, and conceived the deception. Wouldn't Uncle K. be proud, "Nobody does it better" diving in Florida, moped jokes. The Int'l Ball scandal. Lost a few pounds out west, "Call the camp doctor 152 has escaped." Winnebago rides, hangin' at the Afterdeck, Floyd-Djarum nights, Malibu days, Sorry I tricked you but I had to. "Brush up your Sharkespeare" Tear down the wall. Picadilly, garters de Milano, American Pie. Diego for Spring, Emergency Blow. Good luck Mark, you know where to find me (just bring extra money) -SBW

Rebecca Anne Moore
Alpine, California
Surface Warfare

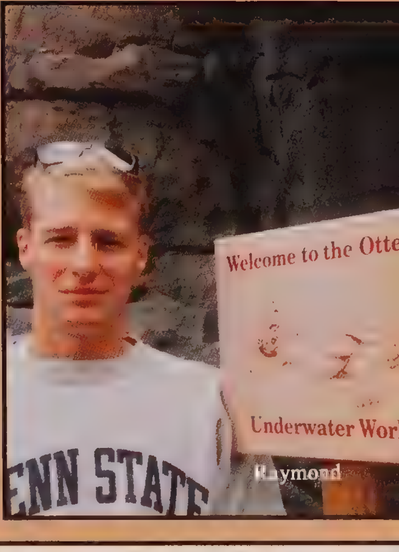
Rebecca, Becky, Bec, RAM! A rose by any other name would smell. Sweet, smiling Becky came from the country side of California where they still believe in the goodness of mankind. She found reality at USNA. She grew to understand the importance of a DTA policy the hard way. Her "Heisman" stance became a frequent occurence. It will serve you well. Grades? Well, you always had better things to do, like vanity attacks, asking questions (118), planning meals and roadtrips. Ah, roadtrips..."You should have turned left back there." - "Uh-oh, I told them exit 14B!" - "What's that gaping hole in your dash board?" Thanks for the company and for all the late night talks. Well they came and went. You'll never have to do 'the dance' again! The 'missing piece' is somewhere. Definately not in Guam! Thanks for the laughs, the car, the money and the advice. I just want you to remember a few things: Always do the right thing! Celibacy is key! And please, 'Strive to be happy'. Don't forget - "Wherever I am there's Pooh. There's always Pooh and Me." BOZ

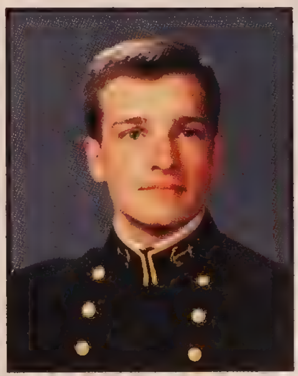
Michael David Niedert
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Submarines

Mike arrived in Annapolis straight from the bustling metropolis of Cedar Falls. Blessed with a mind as developed as the industry of his home town, Wompa proceeded to somehow survive his Electrical Engineering major. After plebe year Mike joined WL and me in Thirteen with his Barry Manilow tapes in hand. Friday nights on the "Wall" and his excellent tennis ability helped carry us through youngster year. After a close encounter with a "SCGH" and too much work second class year, Nieds changed gears. Although Strawberry wasn't his favorite flavor he did develop some musical taste and was even found at a New Order concert with "PP". Mike went back to the books First Class year and found himself cashing a $3000 check soon after service selection. After a spring visit with Boomma and crew, and a May graduation, Nieds will take his talents to Orlando. I will never forget the thousands of stupid jokes that helped me survive USNA. THANKS!.. By the way did I ever tell you about the time my father and I went golfing? SEM

Raymond Bernard Ott
Delran, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Ray, Otter, Chief, Pig- Prior, NAPS, then here, wow, what an old man! Started off plebe year with a cheer. Youngster cruise visiting Johnny and Dano. Moved onto bigger and better things youngster year. Although's Otter's heater wasn't quite quick enough for the big time, he found his niche as a fireballing righthander on the fast-pitch softball team. Fieldball, finally got a suicide. Linda's, what a time with Johnny, Joker, Fitz, and Dano. Shaketime, it's your time to clean the blender. VP, didn't get president, politics aren't for you. Joey and you leaving something on the wall at Delaware. UNIDENTIFIED PIGS! Second class summer, rooming with Stinky, the plants, YP's "Boss". Road trip spring break visit Morte at Ohio Wesleyan. Party at PI BETA PHI. The Nova. Mini-Buds, cruise, Plebe Summer, Hoo-yaa, no leave for you first class summer. SEALS? No, I don't get any life insurance. Navy Air. Yesss! P-3's baby, Screamin' Marlins. Joe Isuzu's new friend. Don't touch my bike! Workout everyday, don't need to study anyway! Hey where's Ray? Sheri's, JSK





Timothy Ray Rehmel
Farmersburg, Indiana
U.S. Air Force

Ream-all, Rembo - Tim took the elevator down from the Tomcat Company after a long plebe year. Youngster year with B.T. and Rack, then J.K. and Vinnie. Hey Tim, let's go party! Where are those pictures of you praising the porcelain god? "Never again." Gee Pa, Let's go milk the cows! Billy Crystal. Ehhhh, the unleavened experience of a lifetime, my friends. Tim proved to be quite a wrestler also. Taps, lights out. Can we listen to the radio? John Cougar, Steve Winwood, the Eagles. 2nd class year with Vinman and Doc Bidus in the Toolshed. Janet Jackson. Earplugs. What's that raunchy smell? The third biggest tool in the Company. What happened 1st class year? The final 3 semesters with the Stouman. Finally, a roommate he could get along with for more than one semester! Tim's undying support of "General" Knight. Also the sole surviving Aero major of 13! We all found that Tim was going to be a jet jock after all, but in the Air Farce. Way to go, Benedict! Good luck anyway. Aim High, and don't let the door hit you in the --- on the way out! Vin, Doc, J.K., and D.S.B.

Alan James Reyes
Fort Washington, Maryland
Supply Corps

Parties, women, beer, freedom, sleep: AJ, why did you give it all up at U of F in Gator Country to be imprisoned at Canoe U? Whatever the insane reason this place could not be better for it. A true Navy brat whose Dad was a career warrant officer in the Supply Corps, Alan, could not have been more expected to excel. Being put through the rigors of Stand-In-Line 29 plebe year transformed "Big" Al into a lean, mean Filipino Machine. Youngster year saw the demise in value of a certain gem in Florida; but, not to worry, a lifetime diamond was discovered in a Jocelyn. "No Guido, she is not a Mid!" "Al, is the date over?" Alan "disappeared" many nights second class year but made up for it firstie year: CO CDR - "Take two aspirin", Barkada President, and almost became a star. Can't ever forget bowling with Fried Rice and Chitlins', 0000-noodles - "aayyee, uuhh?" - with KL, the "slow and short" morning runs, protein shakes - "No Al, you won't get fat!", and all, the workouts. The Supply Corps is getting a heluva dude! Hey Al...ssstt, I'll be there always...JJC

Richard Paul Reynolds
Holland Patent, New York
Navy Pilot

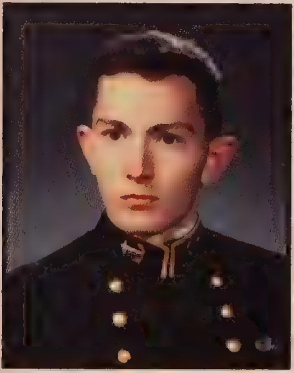
Rick (a.k.a. Rack, Dick, Scum, Ricker, and Wonder of the World) Came to us from someplace (We're not sure whether it was New York or Florida) via Dick-n-Ro. Due to his incredible cleanliness, he has always been a popular roommate. His many talents range from his academic prowess to his way with women. Rick is also known for his athletic versatility. Recruited for basketball, he found his true interest in Volleyball. Now as captain he has one stripe for each of his ac-boards. Yes; his bags were packed--Hello U of Florida! His financial genius has left him a street urchin who has proudly owned: multiple cars(3 in one year), stereo components galore, a permanent stool at Fran's, and other necessities of a future aviator. A day never passed without a few melodies from U2. Dick will undoubtably go down in history as the "Golden Pillow" lifetime achievement winner. His incredible luck will never falter. Despite his well earned nickname, Dick is a loyal friend and a great guy. Here's to the capt. of the Beerleaders. We luv ya. Don't ever stop Amazing us! DHD MAH.

Vincent Paul Schiavone
McMinnville, Oregon
Navy Pilot

The Vin-man, the only person to make it through 4 years at USNA and not know the derivative of sine. Vin, you truly missed your calling to be the next Luciano. Room formals would find Vinnie perched on his desk in his chair flexing in the mirror for as long as it took for the wax to dry. But all that brawn was put to good use on the 150's team, where he earned his N-star second class year. Well, what are you going to do, measure it? F=ma; that's all you need. Vince gave new meaning to the word "gravy", it was sparse the whole time. Reeee! So Vin, do you wanna go out this weekend...oops. Second class year was spent in, yup, Smoke Hall. That was also the year of the infamous Tool Shed with Doc and Ream-all. First class year found him with just one girl (yeah, right) and a shiny new red car. The car lasted a little longer than the girls, but was recycled into aluminum cans on the way to Army. We'll never forget you Moses, and Navy Air will never be the same. Thanks for all of the fun, and hey, you give some respect to your elders! Keep Singing and Godspeed. NG & MB

John Paul Sembrat
Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

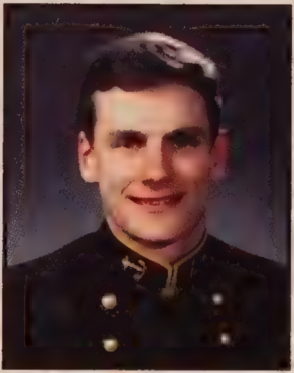
John began his days at USNA in the swimming pool, but soon found himself bungin' in the rack. Comin' from behind the door, Sem brought us the Smiths, cancer sticks, and Minnie Mouse jokes. He played it cool 'ster year - headbanger taming, and stall warfare at Pizano's - but was soon roped in by a smart PP. 2/C summer brought the infamous Tequilla coma, a "military discount", soon followed by the 5th wing Barber shop. Once done with his black N, T&N took us to Boom-Boom's kithchen and introduced us to the Wilkes Barre heina B. Bowling for drinks and the Evil Dead II were the best, but the last, wild days. 1/C year Sem met domestication and domestication won. He made some of his classes and a few formations, saved me from a collision with Joel's fist, and his luck held out when he picked up Wainright. They were beautiful days, and I'll always miss the cloves, the chess, and the friendship. Best of luck to the nicest man I know, may fair winds follow... MRM



Brian Thomas Smith

Clinton, Tennessee
Navy Pilot

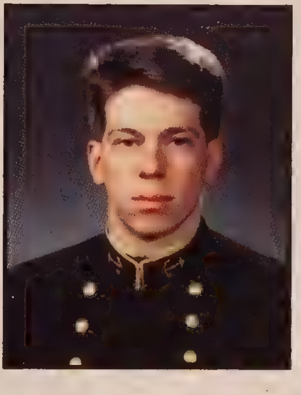
Brian (BT) came to the United States Naval Academy because he was a hedonist. Just ask him. He came from Clinton with his elephant skin boots, black leather jacket, electric guitar and amp. When he came into this place he was "going Corp" (Hoo yah, Yurch gurgle), but the lure of Navy Air took hold. He would become a Fly boy if his hearing (yes hearing, not eyesight) could hold out through first class year. Youngster year in Thirteenth saw the Army run (Oxford and the potato salad) and his completion of Airborne school (Hoo yah). Second class year saw the Army run (the push-ups in the middle of the bridge) and John's party (where Brian spent most of it occupying the bathroom). And then there was first class year when there was no Army run, the ice skating on 301, "the Spit", CAC trips to Copelands, the quote door (reality don't mean ..., only impressions matter), and the historical road trips. I wish him the best of luck. It was people like him and friendships like his that not only made it worth being here but made it bearable during the rough times. PHIL



David Alan Stouwie

Racine, Wisconsin
Surface Warfare

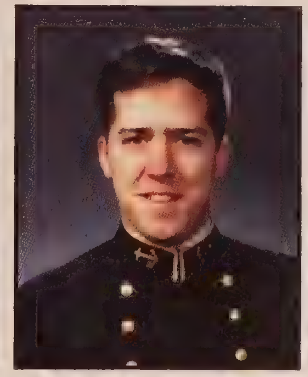
A True Gamer. Stouman! Big Dave. The Wisconsin Badgers. They lose too much. Try the Bears, Blackhawks, Bulls, and Cubbies. Fun one with You and Bonacci, I'd pay to see that room. Move to 13. Hoo-Yaa! Fastpitch, were still in our Glory Days. Hey Stou, relieve Edgy. I won't forget the Fog Bowl. That's to be continued. Hockey games at the Cap Centre. "Hey Dave the Flyers are in town". You'd go, you're a gamer. Just don't let them steal my banner. Army-Navy Run 88, picture in front of McDonalds, back seat of the car, remember? I just think you should stop drinking so much coffee, you're too fired-up. 3-on 3 first class year, one game away, Cambridge Biathlon-"I'd pay to see Fitz run this". Off to Seattle, Surface Warrior. Season tickets to the Kingdome? I have this feeling that some day I'll get this phone call "Hey Otter- I've got two tickets, Eagles vs. Bears"- you can count me in! P.S. I want Keenan back! A True Gamer. RBO



Kent Frederick Thompson

Carthage, Missouri
Navy Pilot

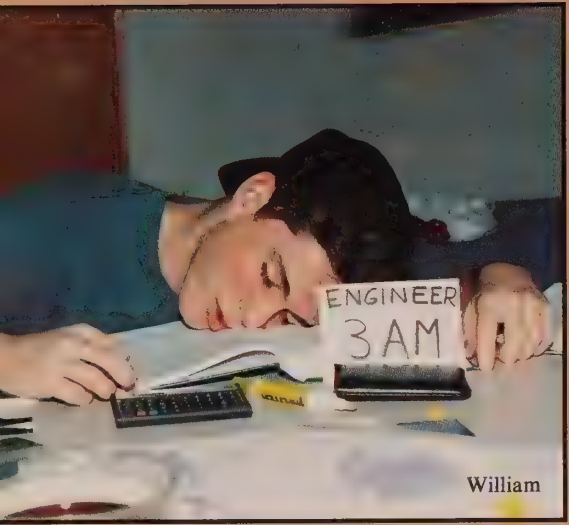
Kent, Stupid Hick, Kool-Moe Doodle, Kick Moe, Dis-Master. You're the BOY! You started out a virile stud and look waht happened, monogamy. Drink Huganamous water out of the green monster. A fellow tall cool one, beerleader, and TEDS. Remember Archibald's? How was the inchworm in the bike room? Click. Army-Navy Run 89, just lucky to be alive. Shotgun at Drunkfest 87. Take a ride on Snickers, it won't hurt. The Random Barn. 15-42 Second class summer, YP Commando, first class cruise. The Cult. Booze Cruise 89. PIE! Highspeed runs. The 5.0 Mustang. How do you do a power half? Give him credit where credit is delinquent. Kent, you have NO money. Why are you going to North Carolina? Never been to hell, but you've been to Brooklyn. I'm amazed you still have your kneecaps, good thing Uncle Chich liked you. Chili Cheese Dogs. Double-What. Train to aim to outfox ya. The Lou Brothers, Pinella and Johnski. P-3's all the way, VTNA no way. Fly the friendly skies. Take care buddy. We'll see ya. JMG



Philip Scott Valent

Slidell, Louisiana
Medical Corps

Philbo. Muffin. Phil came to Paradise from the land where women are scarce and 'gators are nervous. To our surprise, he already knew what shoes were. After a Year of Oppression in the care of the Hittman, Phil moved to 13 wrapped just a bit tight. Youngster "cheese parties" helped him break-out though and he became well-respected in spite of his good grades. The only man I ever knew who studied more than he slept, Phil never let a tough class get him down -- Meep Morp Bzzz -- Even a Ride on the Rocket didn't turn him from Academic Overachievement. Last minute reordering of priorities led to a great loss for the sub community and a fantastic coup for the Medical Corps. -- "Paging Dr. Valent" -- God grant that we always remember Copeland's expeditions, the Thunderchicken, snow-plowing on the way to Army, Plebe Detail practice P-rades ("Hey, this isn't my company"), late night PT sessions, women who belch (I gotta take a ...), and all those things as yet undone. Medical Corps or not, you can be my wingman anyday. Godspeed, my friend. BTS



William

Kurt

Robert

14th COMPANY

Robert Markey Beer
Burke, Virginia
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Young Robert Markey, hailing from seemingly every Naval Base in the world, came to the Academy supporting a rich family tradition. After proving himself a true mathematical genius, he chose to pursue a real major for his career. During youngster year he established the Rob Beer Memorial Study Room in the Nimitz Party Zone. He spent most of his social life there and brought his class rank up a few hundred points. The true ladies' man managed to bypass virtually all military evolutions, often complaining that his knee hurt - what a baby! A few other events of note - Spring Break in Florida (he almost died at the hands of his company-mates); the mess on the floor; The Poseidon Adventure; Alan Funt wanna-bees; all the "perks" that he never used!! Good luck you Nuke! Live long and prosper--

JRO

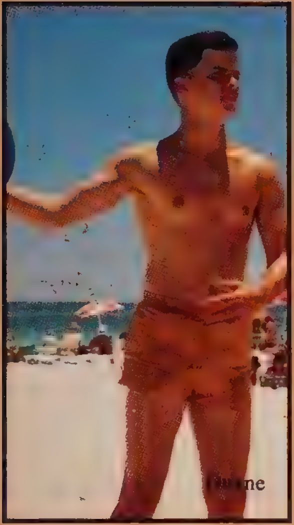
P.S. Forget about the floor.

Kurt William Beyer
Huntington, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Who was that "Hollywood version of a brigade commander?" Was it Seth Brundle, Ted Bundy, a member of Seal Team 6, one of John V's boys, or the guy who hangs the airplanes in the Air & Space Museum? Women were never scarce around Kurt, despite his showering habits and offensive foot odor. He had a contagious "knack" for fun and entertaining others with the circle game, "OOHWA-OOHWA," street signs and card tricks. Weekdays, Kurt could be found hard at work nursing his 3.9 CQPR. His studious efforts, athletic abilities, and witty personality led to a series of Rhodes interviews, the Fitzgerald Scholarship, and liberal junk-mail from Stanford. This ambassador of good will took charge of the brigade without knowing how to march, shine shoes, or break sheets, but he could ride a unicycle, do a handstand, play at the guitar, and "handle his liquor." Lessons with the Judo club didn't protect him from the Kung Fu grip. Kurt's connections with LBJ's granddaughter should set him up for future office. Best wishes at Oxford, BEYER for PRESIDENT, 2016! JRC

William Anthony Bulis
Oak Beach, New York
Navy Pilot

Blazing a trail from Lawn Giland, Billy arrived at USNA and found himself in the easiest company in 4th Batt. His problems started when he found that he melted at room temp and the windows were open ever since. After 2/c Wendy took his breath away, it was downhill from there. Youngster Year found Bill in the Tomcat Company where he hoped to five and dive as a SWO. Dating Goucher girls was easy and Mech E was not but Vice was on in the Barn despite Surfer John. As a 2/c, Bill was the plebers pal, but how bout CDR Plett, LCDR Blank, and Gina? "Howdy Capt, this is my roommate and these are the Marymount girls. We're taking advantage of a privilege not granted." Bill found out how fast his new-old car could go on the way to the Ring Dance-while it ran. Too bad it's not fuel injected like my truck. During SDI, Bill took a crash course in woman juggling at the Metro station. Three hour lunches treated him well. During 1/c year, Bill juggled Mandykins and a host of others. He almost bankrupted 14 with a single dining out but man that waitress was smokin'. You made these years fun.MTS,BSG



Mark Alan Burgess

Salisbury, Maryland
Navy Pilot

A crowd in T-court saw why I never dare Mark to do anything, as he walked across the roof of the Rotunda...on his hands. Mark sees it, wants it, gets it. That's how he planned drunk-ins, Ring Dance camping, and the great road rally video scavenger hunt. It's how he pulled stunts like, swimming the Severn, the P-bars on a G-town rooftop, my B-day party in McDonough, and back-flips on dance floors. His career as a pilot won't be any different, although his finiancial interest will make him richer than the average aviator. Question: Will a guilty conscience stand in his way? Answer: Have midregs ever stood in his way? He dealt with indecision bravely, even when it meant testing his heart as a stormtrooper of the Dark Side. The cycle is now complete. Before USNA, he skimmed and surfed the days away in Ocean City. This summer will find him on the beaches of Pensecola probably sitting next to a cooler of the Beast with only one thing different, a little hoop of gold around his finger. Roomy, I'd wish you luck if I thought you'd need it. - JPR

John Richard Calvert

Chattanooga, Tennessee
Marine Corps Pilot

A Tennessee boy who doesn't drink, dance, swear, or tolerate those who do, comes to USNA and finds himself surrounded by those who do. USNA went to work on him, but John took it all in stride. He didn't kill anyone when his roommate smashed his toy glider, he calmy told us that, "these aren't my shoes." He never hesitated to laugh at his own jokes because "a man knows when he's funny" and he added non-alcoholic spice to every party as "the hot pepper in the chili of life". The old John hated that Jungle music, the new John dominates any dance floor with flair, energy, and rhythm. He's even replaced that T'Pau disc he lost 3/C year. John has tolerated all of us and I would call him serene if he had done it quietly. No environment will ever truly change the versatile John that has won the respect and admiration of his peers. Twenty years from now, he'll still walk down a NYC street at 2am, pass a dangerous looking thug and say, "hi there, how ya doin?". Anything out there that stands in his way is facing a "sledgehammer". -JPR

Michael Celis

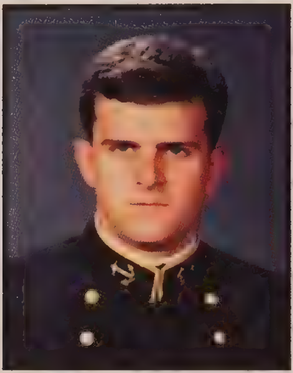
Brea, California
Navy Pilot

One day, God wanted to help someone who was down and out. He picked Mike, a true Cinderella story. Mike was a filthy, half- starved baby when his parents found him. But 20 years later, he was a plebe at USNA. That year he perfected the art of rack... anywhere, anytime, any position: closets, showers, or any desk or floor. 3/c year moved him up to 14th Co. It was here he developed a wacky streak, and I have never been the same. One dark Sat. nite, he was transformed into "The Milkbone!" -after some drink, some strangers, a filthy uniform, and a jumped wall. Milky made large contributions to earning The Wierd Room Award 3/c year, and these antics have continued thru 1/c year. Just a few: flying projectiles at BOOW's and workers, 3/c Letterman, forced ?, his continuing reign as Emperor of the Dark Side, and the unforgettable flex in Annapolis. I feel privileged to have had Milky watching out for me the last 3 years - I love him like a brother. God has big plans for The Milkbone! I hope my pilot will be as quick as he is. See you in the skies, Milky! --WDP

Duane David Cordrey

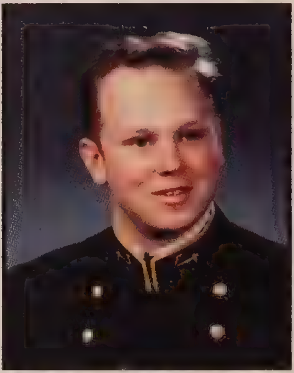
Wilmington, Ohio
Surface Warfare

A farm boy from Wilmington, Ohio, Duane entered the pseudo-Navy of the Academy from the real fleet. Finishing a trying plebe year in 27th company, he graduated into youngsterhood as a member of 14th company. As academics started youngster year his ambitions took him into the hallowed halls of Rickover and the Mechanical Engineering department which paradoxically served as both nemesis and pot of gold. It was at this time that he firmly established his strange sleep cycle of nocturnal bliss. As an out of company youngster he once unknowingly told off a flabbergasted company officer from a subconscious stupor in his rack-cave. Second class year his escapades included late night streaking in order to relieve study tensions and a failed attempt to play hacky-sack with a locker latch to determine its tensile strength. First class cruise earned him the nickname YPDD. His deft skill in mastering company sports was rivaled only by his ability to juggle women. Duane is now headed for a top notch destroyer in the Surface Warfare community. There'll be smoke on the water. -Wally



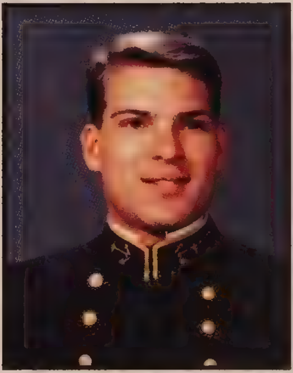
Peter Bradbury Egan
Cold Spring Harbor, New York
Surface Warfare

Peter B Egan, super genius. Or at least that's what he told us. Even Einstein got bad grades. Eags was the 14 company big man both in stature and in heart - who else could have roomed with JW for two semesters? Burned out by LAX, Eags retired his stick and picked up the diverse skills of field ball. Political scientist, athclete, stock broker are but a few of Eags' many talents. Unfortunately the civilian world will be cheated by this lifer, as Eags will undoubtedly grace the fleet for years to come. Whether he is travelling to Destin or BVI, Eags is sure to stop at nothing to satisfy his insatiable lust. Just ask Stuff about the two lane highway. When MR. 4.0 was not studying, or...well, Eags showed he could jam with the best, covering guitar licks of the greats. At home on the LINKS, Eags became our personal pro, coaching us to the pro circuit - Thanks Peter. Without a doubt, Eags will be a success in this world. A go getter with a quick wit and an ear for argument, Peter we wish you the best. RobbyJard and JJ.



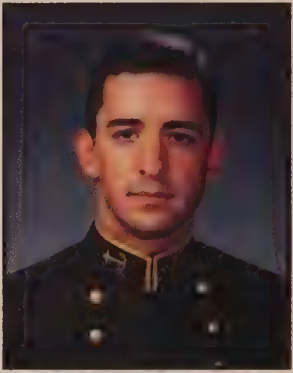
Brian Scott Gray
Springfield, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

Coming from the pseudo-Southern town of Springfield, Brian prided himself as a Virginia gentleman; but this image was shattered by his "grasping" personality at a youngster drunk-in. Brian spent a relaxing plebe year leaving indiscreet messages about his 2/c lying around. Youngster year, after establishing a firm footing atop Seventh Wing and commanding the elite Grovers, Brian spent first semester pining away for his beloved and lost Heather. This hole in his Hart was soon filled by the lovely Angela, for whom he suffered counselings, beatings and the onerous Brand. Everyone was too busy to notice Brian's follies as a 2/c except for excursions to open arms in Richmond (get sick) and purchase of a shiny new Midstang 'vertible. His last year was spent as a lump under the sheets hiding from his hellish duties as 1st LT and the T-weed. Seriously Bri, you've been a great roomie, Grover, and friend. Drinking fine pilsners and smoking stogies won't be the same without you. Good luck! MTS,PJS



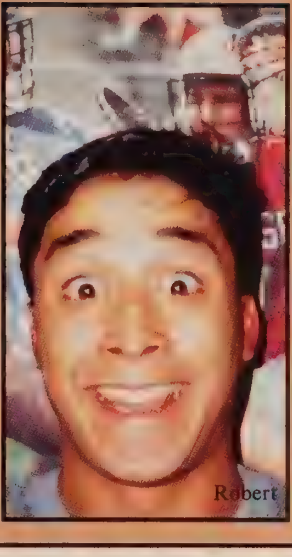
Kelly Lee Hansen
Tucson, Arizona
Naval Flight Officer

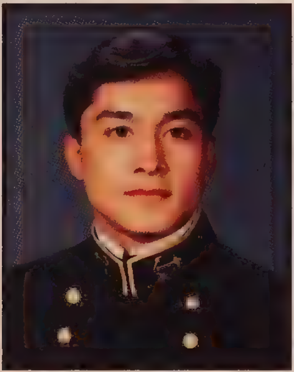
Keldog, a desert rat from the 'ole Pueblo'-Bean dip, walkmans, and grades were his forte that first year spent in 4, which was culminated with a near disasterous spin around a flagpole on a booze cruise. 3/C year homework and USNA disappeared on weekends and he chased women from one coast to the other. 2/C year brought on many obstacles, but none that he could not go over (around or under). A last minute Ring Dance date brought a fiasco in Myrtle Beach and his future wife by the flip of a beer bottle cap. The ONE that wrecked him deserves all the credit in the world for reeling him in, because I never thought it would happen. The summer at the Pentagon turned into the summer everywhere-but-the-Pentagon with the gang. Swimming with Wanda, weeknites at Champions, and workdays recovering filled the summer. 1/C year saw Kel make the plunge with Kim as we all watched open-mouthed. He is a man transformed. A last minute change to NFO settled his future in the Navy and eyes turn toward P-cola. To the best friend one could ask for, thanks and good luck.--KJH



David Paul Holahan
Overbrook, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

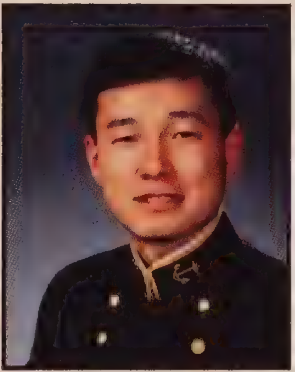
Dave HolaMAN was truly one of the toughest guys at the Academy-just ask him! Spawned on the mean streets of West Phili, Dave was transformed into a fighting machine in "rat-pack" 33 by the "Hitman". Dave knows Mozart, Dave knows Monet...just don't have him do anything that involves eye-/hand coordination-especially driving This may sound harsh, but one has to be harsh on a guy who has six or seven women rapped around his finger at any given moment. Seriously, life without Dave Holahan at the Academy would have been boring at best. I was a little worried after that first "official weekend" when we worked out on a Saturday night, but once "Seal Team 6" formed nothing could stop him.(Though "Paper/Rock/Scissor did slow Dave down).The gift of gab is just one of the many traits that will make Dave a leader of our generation. From 14th Company Commander to who knows what, Dave will always be a straightforward, hard charger, and a true friend. -Rick Diamond-





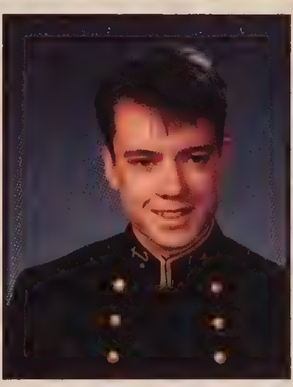
Robert F Jardeleza
Silver Spring, Maryland
Special Warfare

There are bound to be some grammatical errors with this commentary as I am a lowly non-English major. Let them stand as a reminder of all the differences between us, not solely in academic major. A poem, for example, would have been much more fitting for this occasion; however, I cannot stand poetry. This is not to say that our differences ever got in the way of a great friendship, although various conflicts definitely made it interesting at times. Rob, you make people howl like no one I know, or at least like no one I've seen. If non-stop camping and rock climbing is how you learned, I'm going with you next wknd! Or was it while on MacDonough's 2nd floor?!? Your appeals for Swiss chocolate, gamecocks, spaghetti, wine, MRE's, & parellel bars makes you the cultured person that this country needs as leader. From vaulting, to becoming one of our institutions finest H Reps, to Navy's Seal Team, to late night howls, you can do nothing but excel. From 2 of 14's finest to 1 other: may the road ahead be a bit less trippy than the 1 we just got off. Eags,JJ



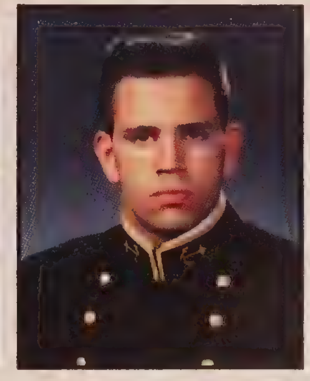
Kwan Lee
El Paso, Texas
Submarines

What do you get when you cross an old fashioned traditional Korean with the Texas Lone Star? KL - That Kwan's Law. Kwan hails from El Paso where the kim-chee's hotter than the chili and Asians speak with an accent. KL came to us plebe year riding on a high horse, but soon fell in the hands of Phoamin' Fourth's second classmen. Youngster year saw a comeback in 14 and the right to wear the star, but Mech E Dept took care of that 2/c year with USNA weekends. Glee Club was a short stint but he did "sing Elvis for us". Kwan spent most of his energies with his short habits: PK, shorty, big eyes, one night, Miss Ring Dance, Miss Korea, no response, and EJ. "Is it true love this time?" 1/c year saw Kwan survive the Marine Corps Marathon and Army weekend, as well as being KAMA president. "Have any noodles?" Here's to all the weekends driving in Mustangs. Can't forget Bethel, and don't ever forget us three Mech E Amigos. The Bubble fleet is getting a good dude. Best of luck and remember your Chingoos. We'll be there. . . JJC



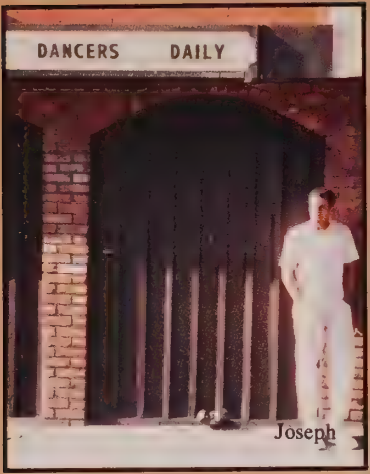
James Joseph Maher
Wakefield, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

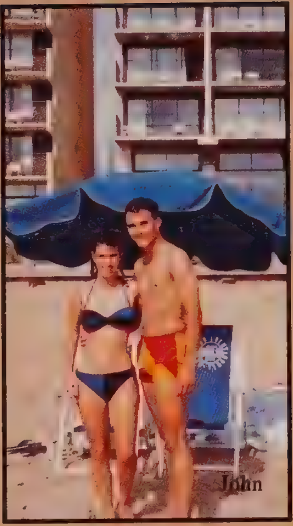
HiHo Jimmy Jo! After an informative tour with the MPSS crew, JJ found his way to 14 via Form 2. His many credentials preceeded him with chair positions on every board. Not long into first semester 3/c year, JJ saved me from near certain insanity. Always the professional, JJ kept company with the likes of Walker, Winkler, and Proudfit. But as fate would have it, they found another calling. After a rocky break up, JJ soon found comfort in the many delectable treats in Annapolis..."You're goin' nuts!" After all, what young female in her right mind could resist 'Viper.' Academic performance was never Jimmy's forte, but the burnt out section of his brain left over from high school might have had something to do with this. Certainly his dedication of every other week or so to academics was no factor. No step towards May 90 was easy for any of us. However, it wasn't an extremely difficult course either, mostly because we all had a great time reaching the finish. Jimmy lead the way. What a long strange trip it's been. - Jardon, Eags.



David Lawrence McIntyre
Nashville, North Carolina
Marine Corps

Big Mac came from the backwoods of N.C. to find running water, indoor plumbing, and fun at USNA. Welcome to Hotel Bancroft, room 33. Ratpack motivation turned a boy into a green warrior wanna-be and gave him: CDR Moore, illicit photos, shapely neighbors, and his first pre-airborne. How about SERE w/ a YP cruise too? The Southern Deputy went from 8-4 to 7-4 and into 14. Rooming with KB and RS didn't help get those elusive grades and girls, just flaming planes, pre-airborne #2, and driving that makes enemies. Instead of going to UNC he went to the History Dept. 2/c year gave Mac EE round #1, pre-airborne round #3, and a chit for his itch. Is D.C only three hours from here Shauna? Bulldog and Benning made him a fighting machine. The "new" Mac beat EE round #2, smooth talk a lobbyist, get a platoon, and the smoothest haircut ever. His accent we'll never understand, but friends like this are hard to find. The South WILL rise again!! SEMPER FI, MAC. DPH





U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
Davi

Jon Raymond Olson

Minneapolis, Minnesota
Naval Flight Officer

Descending upon the Naval Academy from the "Land of 10,000 Lakes," J.R.(never call him 'Junior') had his sights set on a quick four year swing through the Academy and then on to what really matters--flight school. With hockey running through his veins, J.R. spent many a winter sucking air on the ice and many a summer dreading the start of "dry lands." But he persevered and overcame the urge to hang up his skates, deservedly spending his final year as co-captain of the squad. But don't think this Minnesota rebel only had hockey on his mind, no, the femmes were definitely part of J.R.'s syllabus. After a brief trip to the dark side, he rediscovered CIVLAND women during his tough summer training stint with L.A. When he found the time, J.R.'s other love was studying, something he grew proficient at not doing. But hey, too much work and the eyes go. He was right on the money there, for he put in just a bit too much and now the back seat awaits. It turned out to be a whirlwind tour after all, J.R.(sorry 'bout the floor)! Best wishes for a successful career and a happy life! - RMB

David Grant Perrin

Hampshire, Illinois
Marine Corps, NFO

We first heard of "Wacky's" antics when he ran from Santee Basin to sixth wing in his birthday suit. A real bead plebe year, he learned to loosen up 3/c year. After getting some calls from GOD on the mate's phone he started Navigatin' his way through life. Pretty tough, especially living with the Emperor.There were many late nights with D. Letterman and mischief was the norm. Wacky excelled in sports—basketball,softball,soccer and football. 2/c year we saw Wacky flame. We also saw many trips to the donut shop downstairs. I guess it helped him to be such a gungy mud-pig. He was a great "killer baby" and an even better rack-monster. The hikes in the woods were great. Wacky grew up in the woods it seemed. I think of the jungle often due to Wacky. He was always such a kid out there in the thick of it. Flexing in your speedo's was the best. In the words of Wacky himself, "GOD sen me a great roommate". The Marin Corps will be getting a terrific guy an a great leader. I envy the pilot who flie Wacky around. Not only will Wacky be in the backseat but also GOD.-MBC

Joseph Paul Reason

San Diego, California
Surface Warfare

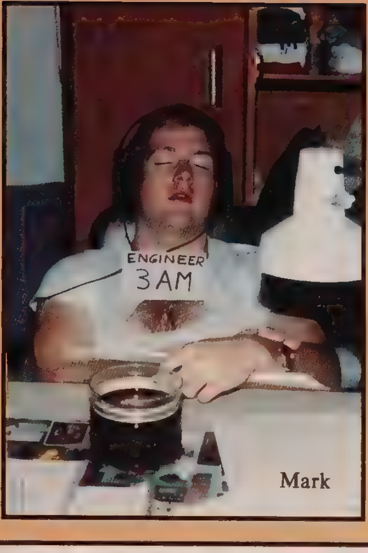
Joe was a guru of that ancient Naval Academy philosophy "2.0 and go." He did have priorities, but they just happened to be on the other side of "the wall." Before we could exhaust the stories of the past weekend, Joe would ask, "What are we going to do next weekend?" His study hour activities included trips to the phones, his remote-control car, weekend preparations, late workouts, dancing lessons, pellet-gun wars, and anything else he could think of to avoid his books. However, occassionally during 2/c year Joe and I were forced to "go deep" into our studies during the wee hours of the night. Joe's image was completed at the end of 2/c year when he purchased "the PANTHER." He then terrorized the highways demonstrating the importance of "getting sideways" while crossing intersections. On 1/c cruise, Joe developed foreign relations in Canada which were later extended to Greece and Imperial Russia at the Deb Ball '89. His mellow charm left women helpless, but don't misunderstand; Joe is the kind of guy who you could trust with your own sister. Friends are friends forever--JRC

John Gabriel Romero

Taos, New Mexico
Submarines

John, a Westerner from Taos, NM, known only for skiing and HIS family, came to Hotel USNA after spending his entire life land locked. Up in 19, he found out it wasn't quite the resort its name implied. Fortunately between Gooo Navy Sir's, his sponsor's made up for USNA's lacking--a home away from home complete with water front property, a boat, and a hot tub. 3/C year he found himself in 14 with his co-sponsoree. Little did he suspect that during Christmas Caroling he would meet his future bride. 2/C year for the mid with bionic shoulders brought the onslaught of academics, his car, and a new sponsor in Vicky. Ring Dance provided the opportunity to pop the question and earn himself the distinction of being the first amongst us to fall. Plebe detail and a sub cruise on the Shark (razor blades now) behind him, he set his sights on graduation and a career as a bubble head. Having met the ADM, he realized his goal of going Nuke. With a June wedding to culminate his career at Annapolis (the last of our coincidencs) I wish you the best of luck down under and with Vicky.--KLH

Y HOCKEY
William



William Robert Russ III
Cincinnati, Ohio
Submarines

"Wally" came to Crabtown from the Queen City of Cincinnati with the ultimate challenge to conquer Canoe U. and its Physics program. His first milestone was completing the gruelling routine of plebe year with the Fun One Company. Youngster year brought him to his home-away-from-home on 7-4 with the Fightin' Fourteenth Company. Youngster year brought with it the hard earned privileges of music and women--both in which he was incompetent until second class year brought him the light and truth of an experienced roommate. Second class year academics faltered to his new-found love for loud music and wild women. First class year brought Wally more free time to devote to his training in extracurricular activities with the opposite gender. He also found a way in which he could impress them by touching his tongue to his chest(see picture)!! His future in the Naval Service will find him glowing under the seas in nuclear submarines. I'll miss you dude, but I won't miss your loud obnoxious snoring nor your reverberant flatulency for a reveille bell. YPDD.

Richard Alan Schoenwiesner
Florham Park, New Jersey
Submarines

Rich Scho--(how do you spell it?) left exit 14 and headed south on the NJTP bound for 30th co. The sweat pump soon went into overload so he joined the beaters and blowers. Youngster year found R. on 7-4. Instead of studying he greased pullup bars and bombed the USAFA D&B. Returning from the waterhole he bellowed "Where are the WW Blues?" 2/C R. renewed his pact with Satan; he got the brains and a date for Ring Dance, the plebes got the flames. Rich enjoyed the salad so much at the Dining Out, he decided to toss it twice-the 2nd time in his lap. During 1/C cruise R. introduced Romania to Perestroika and his XO introduced him to hack. Returning frustrated, R. hazed his way through detail. To the chagrin of his shivering roomates, Rich's intensity and supercritical activities necessitated open windows to keep his primary coolant low. Decked out in denim, sporting a laptop, and his blackmagic running out, the 1/C half civilian VGEPer suddenly found himself hitting the books. Good luck with SUBS, we hope your talents are exorcised to the fullest. M-D-B

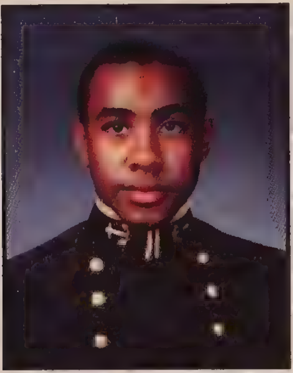
Mark Taylor Smitherman
Longview, Texas
Submarines

Hailing from the Lone Star State, where men are men and the cattle know it, Markus "Wish I'd gone to A&M" Smitherman arrived at USNA ready to rewrite the manual of rack. Plebe year saw Mark in the third toughest company in Fourth Batt (19). Mark learned how to skate through Plebe year by joining the offshore sailing team. Youngster year, Mark found himself transported to 7-4 and Fighting Fourteen. The same year the "Curse of Urs" was laid upon Mark. Youngster year, Mark also learned the value of telling girls how he felt about them eating his Cheetos. Second class year Mark became a nocturnal creature in his efforts to beat the worst that Mech E could throw at him. First class year Mark was on the prowl again, and despite a first semester slump, things were looking up by February. Mark, besides your mountains of dirty clothes, procrastination, and sleeping all day, you've made the USNA experience more enjoyable for both of us. Good luck in subs, but remember to check your six in the shower. WAB,BSG

Peter Joel Snyder
Laguna Niguel, California
Surface Warfare

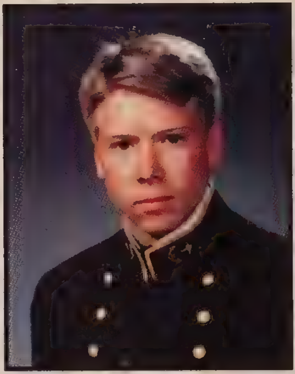
Being a cool cat from Cali, the women were beautiful, blonde and plentiful to every man except you, who had but one. Amy was the girl who lay waiting 3000 miles away while you conquered the challenges of Form-2. As a 3/c you brought your tremendous training skills to Fighting Fourteen which few but me appreciated. 2/c year your gunginess left you and entered me, probably due to your weakness with the blue monster. First class year would be the test of all tests when you ventured over to the dark side. I'm glad to say that you recovered in NYC. It is too bad that you will not be wearing a leather jacket but I'm sure you will become an expert on the secret SWO handshake. I'm happy to say that you have gained some Soul and Rhythm over the years. You've got great potential. Even though you are a History major I'm sure you will do well in today's highly techno computerized world. Slice, you made my stay here bearable and I couldn't have asked for a better roommie. Action

15th COMPANY



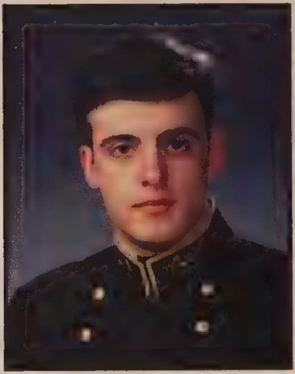
Andre Stroud
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Marine Corps Pilot

From the streets of Milwaukee, Dre' came to USNA and spent a tough first year in 18, one deck away from his future home on 7-4. A sailor bagit during plebe and youngster year who enjoyed sharing his rap music with often unappreciative neighbors, Dre' got bitten by the gunge-bug as a 2/c and wound up becoming the only semi-intelligent Marine Corps computer geek I know. An infamous flame, Action Andre' quickly became a favorite with the plebes and a certain E-4 on 2/c YP cruise. 1/c year saw Dre' spending most of his time playing with his two favorite toys; SLM and his computer. When he wasn't too busy getting girls, Dre' found time to educate his So. Cal. roomate about the finer points of soul food and a pumping bass line. He's still working on the rhythm thing. But for all this, a guy couldn't ask for a better roomate or a closer friend. There will only ever be one Room Slice! Good luck and adios Hoss! PJS



Michael Scott Varney
Kittery Point, Maine
Submarines

"Seagull" hails from the back woods of Maine. Four years ago he decided to enhance his professionalism, cut the ponytail, stop abusing his body in the construction business, and join USNA. His professionalism didn't start plebe year as he became a dinghy sailor and got along well with his superiors. He came to 14 after 2 mo. on an SSBN as a flamin' youngster. His best memories (or lack thereof) are of bar-hopping (entering numerous times in one night) spring break with Cyn, Ang, and Puch. The old man also started on his all night vigils of coffee, dip, work, Mountain Dew mixtures, and itching/smelling. Second class year brought a screen, a Walker, EE, and a heightened degree of professionalism - sub-geek style. Detail renewed the flames and the dip-n-drill. He will always be remembered in 14 by the first stall and by rooms second semester. Smooth sailing and may your sub never sink. - RAS



Donald Eugene Bain III
Williamson, New York
Marine Corps

Hailing from upstate N.Y., this arctic warrior is known for his ability as a runner, stunt driver, and scholar. Cruising through plebe year as a member of the X-Country team, Don took youngster year by storm starting with the 15th company party where he assaulted a garbage can and received a beating. Second class year brought Don a head to head confrontation with the OOW which resulted in a two month prison sentence. Don is perhaps the only Pol Sci. major that came to the Academy wanting to major in EE and ending up taking three semesters of it. Senior year held such highlights as a hole in one on the 15th green at the Naval station course, even though he never played golf and a nasty run in with red wine. Leading the shock troops of the PRC, Don managed to avoid march-ons continuing in his quest for the perfect girl, one who couldn't drink him under the table. Don do your parents know that you went Marines? You'll never be able to explain the haircut. Good luck at TBS. Nuke Cleveland! Be excellent to each other. III ABM

Raymond Alfred Berzins
Chicago, Illinois
Surface Warfare

Crazy Ray. Who in the hell came up with that name? The craziest thing this guy did was telling Woody he had no licorice when his mom just sent him a whole container. There was that crazy night at Ring Dance though, when he became 230 lbs of drunken slobber, and I'll never forget trying to carry him off the bus and into the bungalow. My wife and I will never forget the sounds of the rats dying in the room next door that night either. Maybe it was that Narc education that taught him to study every night and to go to the library, because it sure didn't teach him how to spend a credit card. Of course the really crazy times lie ahead for this future SWO and his beautiful wife in San Diego. You couldn't ask for a better roommate when you needed an example of a hard worker, or when you needed an example of a good friend. Crazy was always the guy you'd look to when you needed anything, and Heidi is lucky to have such a man. Here's wishing us luck in June (did we really go through with it), and to the women who took us. Semper Swodelis!........ FTC..........BRS

Charles Joseph Brady III
Glendale, Arizona
Navy Pilot

C.J. made the questional decision of attending the Naval Academy after spending a year at Arizona State..why? No one knows for sure but we're real glad he did. The "ICE" company made it possible for him to begin here with booze and babes, and it was non-stop from then on. Yakster year gave him more lessens in life than he wanted- including giving up Grandpa's security money. But that didn't slow him down. No tears were shed when the "Onion" was chopped out of his life 2-weeks prior to Ring Dance (my fault.) Between camping at BK's, gambling, dating the women, road-trippin' and constantly drinking beer it's remarkable he kept his rank high enough to get AIR at all. C.J. knows what he wants in life and will "get it"... but it's curable. Here's to Larry's, Bud, and, of course, EVAN DOG

Thomas Gerald Bufkin
Jackson, Mississippi
Navy Pilot

He is known as Jorgamos, Dick Duce and the Administration's lead singer, Uncle Dan's favorite nephew, and Senator Bufkin. He is also known as a looper-you know-a pro jock-a caddie. When Gerry is not leading the Triathalon team to Baltimore, sitting through extra classes at Navy, improving the Academy's relationship with Towson State, Ole Miss, UGA, UVA, UMD, UCLA, and Sweetbriar, he is solving world hunger. A 0.0 on a Celestial test and 2 service selections. He was like a VCR in fast forward. But even the best of them fall. (good luck Connie) Sometimes Gerry gave so much of himself that he hurt because he couldn't keep giving. Just ask Paige, Kristen, Stacy, Christine, Tami, Cheryl etc. Yet he always made it back before reveille. Gerry's first job will be to recruit people as caring, as sensative, as giving as himself. Long hours,late nights, and weekends spent on this task will ensure his success - but that kind of dedication is typical of Ger-E Bufkin. The U.S.S. Patterson and Navy Air will both benefit from this outstanding example of America's finest. Good Luck,Senator.

Timothy Morrow Chain
Chester, Virginia
Navy Pilot

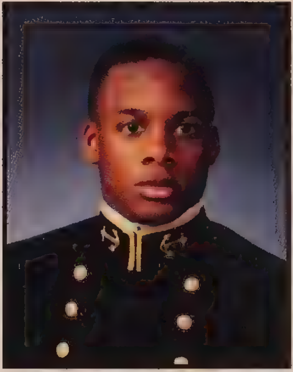
Timothy Morrow Chain- aka CHAIN DOG- came to USNA from Chester VA via NAPS. A cocky plebe from 30th, Tim found Fightin'15 home for his midn tenure. 3/c year: mute roommates, sloppy kisses, a crush on Webb's sister. 2/c year Chain-style: Jersey Spring breakers in G-town, pass-the-pigs in Nueva Yorkay, reg cdr, beating-up Pook(again), eating grass, O-course, CDR's daughters, skiing in Canada, New Year's w/ Bruce driving; Niagara Falls, plebe detail, 150# football, the 'Z', & falling in love w/ shipmate/classmate/ compatriot Kelly. 1/c year continued the military montage: bullfighting, civlant in France, unfolded laundry, shower strikes, hypnotizing foreheads, shimmy-gang @ Snowshoe & Del, crew cut, watching Quigs spin to Army, a roommate for study habits, & continued love for a sister-in-arms. In four yrs Tim made his mark as a leader & friend. On to Navy Air & all we've waited for so long & impatiently. The past few years we've learned "It's tough being pals", but also learned that's what life is all about. Good luck and God Bless to a true friend and shipmate. CJQ

Kent Talma Churchill
Atlanta, Georgia
Surface Warfare

To be spoken ... with reverence:
He never thought it would happen to him; he never thought he would end up on the banks of the Severn River, squeaking through the back door of the Academy only to become ...a hero, nay... a legend. Never have so few done so many...wait...something like that. Anyway, no one really knew their names, but their fame spread throughout one-fife and the Brigade...CHURCHILL'S WOMEN. Is he really Canoe U's first Ace? Maybe fact, maybe fantasy, but we look to the future for greater contributions to equal opportunity. He's there for all of them. In fact, he's going to be there with all of them. How did Pearl get so many General Unrestricted Line billets anyway? Never mind, he'll be there as a piercing beacon in the uncharted darkness. Wherever there is an odd shaped cover, wherever there are stiletto corframs, wherever a child cries out in the ... no wait.. wherever six digit numbers are the rage.. there you'll find him. And why not?

Michael Pierre Jacobs
Walla Walla, Washington
Naval Flight Officer

I first met Jakes Youngster year. He was sick at the time, praying to the porcelain god after the company party. After thirty days restriction, along with the purchase of a red Chrysler and the removal of the plates when he abandoned it, first semester came to close. Second semester brought the purchase of a green Optima RC car and the destruction of two airplanes. Second class year brought a new roommate, Shifty, and the aggravation of Sparky's brother, Ira. After a long haul, the Vette and the ring finally arrived and Ira left. Unfortunately, mechanics, chain link fences, and Vettes don't mix. Hey! Wanna do a Rockford? The Dodge 600 was a great replacement, who will forget the road trip to Georgia one three day weekend. Jakes - do you think we can make it down the hill? With service selection upon us, Jakes turned down the lure of easy money and sold his soul for a leather jacket. It's a shame, there are plenty of ships out there with your name on them. Best of luck to you and especially to Glenda, she's the one who needs it. ERR

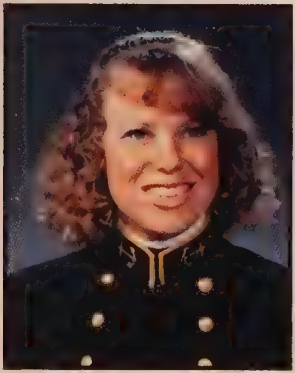


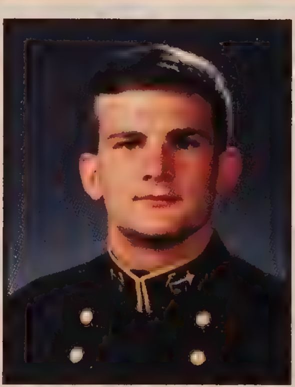
Aaron Louis Johnson
College Park, Georgia
Surface Warfare

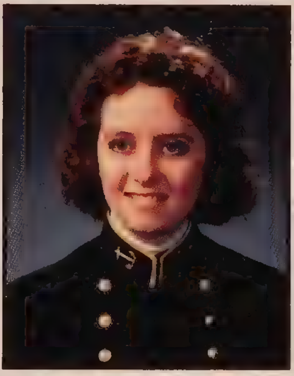
Aaron came to us here in 15 from 22. Plebe year had to be fun considering they had their own house. So long Duff, hello 150's. From the start it was evident that AJ felt that if he slept 12 hours a day he would really only be here for two years. Hey Aaron, wake up... 10 minutes till formation. Hey Aaron...5 minutes dude! When you were awake we had some great times. UVA Lacrosse...who was that chick anyway? Hopkins Lacrosse and a long trip to D.C. How did we ever get back? What are we going to do this weekend? Free food at Maggie's? McGarvey's? How much was your tab anyway!? Drive to Army. There's that guy in the ditch. Felt great to finally win. Game of darts before bed? How about nerf hoops? What's on in the wardroom tonight? Get any new movies today? Where's the fabled Mustang? You know if you had all the money you've given me for phone calls to Stephanie you could pay your Visa bill. Have we got a beer machine like Steve's yet? Good luck dude. My door is always open. Oh, by the way, bartender...put this on Johnson's tab. POOK

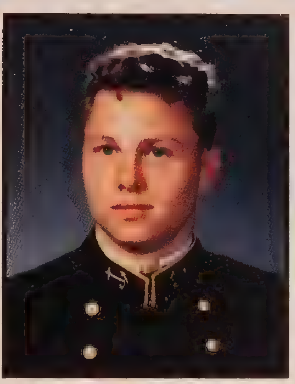
Paul Steven Krush
Mechanicsville, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

Krooshka, Krusher, B.K. - Bone Krusher are all descriptions of this nutty individual from podunk Maryland. The lads from 15 will never forget the parties on the farm; the rally car, the hounds, the camping and for Tin Man and CJ the jellyfish. Plebe year, Youngster year, second class year there was Ruth from Goucher, Firstie year it's Aimee from Mary Washington; who will be next or will there be a next? What ever the outcome, Pensacola awaits!!! A time for maxie nuttiness and some fun in the sun: maybe a little drinking - just a little. In his free time he'll try to learn that NFO stuff. He will be accompanied by the WHITE STALLION, his faithful '73 Mustang. She should be making her debut in a week or two. Southern COPS beware!! But since he has 90 on his side, nothing to worry about. Semper One Fife!! Speedy









Denise Suzanne Leadham
Eugene, Oregon
Cryptology

Deni the Dork! She has been a great friend and roommate. 3/C year it was me, Deni, Ernie and the mice. Did I forget anything? 2/C year we enjoyed the "Budget Beach Motel" and a great day at King's Dominion. Can I have your autograph Deni? She didn't lose that "loving feeling." In fact love was in the air. Later that year she met her little soldier boy. It was true love from the start. We were all very happy to see Deni engaged. Especially when we got to crawl around on our hands and knees looking for her lost ring. Deni made other changes in her life 1/C year along with her new status. She gave up track for a sport that was actually fun, soccer.(what a terror on the field!) Our room also changed with the addition of new "equipment." Service selection was great. I'll never forget how happy she was when she found out she was NPQ! Now she is off to paradise? with the ex-woop. Deni will always be remembered for her enthusiastic personality, her humor(or attempts at it) and her unique abilities in burping and making spit bubbles. Best of luck Deni! I love you! RMW

Kent Andrew Leka
Riverton, Illinois
Surface Warfare

Dog, 90!!, 36th Icemen, D.Bear, Stick, Vassel Rat, F-14, Animal Sounds, Q Ball, Coop, Corndork, Baseball, Christ Duff, 15th, Narcs, Weekends, 7th Wing, Smokin Joe, Your Brother Jakes, Tinman, Woody, Lance's Xmas Present, The Ghost, Ghost Stories, Hooper, Ball Crab Feast, DB'S Old Grandad, Goucher, DC, $5 a Case, The Bar, Kong Bottle, The Bong, Ocean City, Shark Eating, No Insurance, You Got Me Jim, UVA, Special Friends, Death of the Ghost, $100 To Buy-$125 To Tow-$3500 Phone Company, Playboy Article, Goodbye Cathy, Onion, Jules, CO Hoops, Heavys, Slowpitch, The Prowler, Later Joe, Hello Jesse, Time On Our Hands, Love Boat Cruise, Doms, Morronson, Bennion Brothers, Blood Brothers, Camping @ BK'S, Cooperation-Graduation, 21, Larry's, Evan Williams, Pool Cues, Smoke Hall, Spring Break Riverton '89, Restriction, Ring Dance, Solomon Island, TRUXTON, Firsties, 15th Libs, Road Trips, Fantastic Four, Cleveland, DB&G, Lehigh, Atlantic City, $440, Lucky Dog, Buoy Tender, Service Selection, USS SHILOH, San Diego, Beaches. These four years have only been a beginning. CJ

Dianne Theresa LeRoux
Clovis, California

What's to be said about the woman, the myth - DTL? For starters, her personality could get as fiery as her red hair! But she also had an incredibly mellow side which put her in close communion with her rack. Their relationship was even more intense than the one she had with her computer! Lots of rack and little studying = good grades? I guess so! In spite of having over a 3.0, she could still never find things which were right in front of her face, insisting she lost everything. Dianne did not enjoy the lesson that the Navy taught in patience and tolerance, but she survived! Best of luck in all you do! By the way, where were you really going all those week-ends when you said you were going to "hang out at your sponsor's" !??

-TRW

Alexander Brevard Moore III
Duxbury, Massachusetts
Special Warfare

Al came to Academy wanting to fly Navy, but somewhere along the way something went terribly wrong. Following a grueling plebe year in the once Sweet company, Al made the big move into the Freeballin' company. The tone for the next three years was set by Al at the company party where he attempted to single-handedly defeat both the keg and the Lobster. Al always managed to avoid drill and march-ons, and as PRC president carried half the Brigade on his excusal list. Second class year saw Al make some investments with Merill Lynch in Georgetown. Spring break second class year earned Al the nicknames Gremlin and DCA for his prowess at getting into mischief with girls and at damage control. First class year brought Al a room with a view, a girl he met in the gutter, and a free ticket to the beaches of Coronado. It has been a most triumphant three years in Toyland. Nuke Cleveland! Party on dude! Good luck on the beach. III DEB

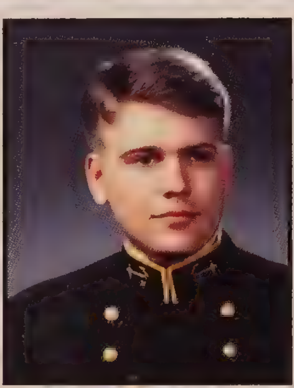
Christopher

1400→
POLK
atth

William Butler Muir

Wheaton, Illinois
Marine Corps

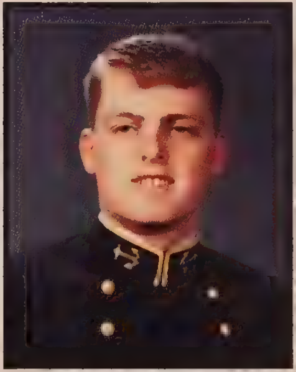
Bill came to Navy to play football but ended up becoming an integral part of the women's basketball team. Bill was a marine from the start. He was the original Darth Vader. In dealings with the company, when anyone lacking tact was needed, Bill was there. And as if one Muir was not enough, Bill's brother Dan joined us from Zoomieville for a semester. Always a seventh winger, Bill found true-love only two decks up. Leave Bill's zippers alone. It has been a great three years. Good luck in all you do. TBS '90.



Matthew Todd Polk

Bridgeport, Illinois
Submarines

Like a maverick out of the old west, "Todd" came to the shores of the mighty Severn via NMMI. Plebe yr. bets of whiskey & Admiral boards, MP and GY - 3/C yr. After striving for perfection Matt (AKA Pookie, Budda) arrived in fighting 15. With help from the boys he found a home, almost (the Sachs' & trips to N.Y.). Ferro's bros (SPLASH) - 2/C yr. BUTT & GUTT BROTHERS. Lax - peanuts, rings, Molsons, girls at UVA, rain at Hopkins & UofM, secret weapon. Trips to GTOWN (How did we get back?). MONO. Rack-a-thons. LESS the pain. Darts. Moro owes us a case. POPPED THE QUESTION! - 1/C yr. Summer in S.F. on POLK ST. Plebe detail ($300+ bar tab). Pook & the Eskimo. Anita. More darts. The O-course/Mile & 1/2 (HELP!). We finally beat Army (Houlihans, bar b-ball, people can't drive in the snow)! Nuke interview gouge. Surface or subs (ub). '65 Vettes. Raceway (None till June). Happy hour at Maggie's, Pete's, McGarvey's. RJ's big brother. 155 by 30 May. He came to be a lean mean fighting Marine, but somewhere along the way he saw the light and a paycheck. Good Luck! YOMYFB ALJ



Christopher John Quigley

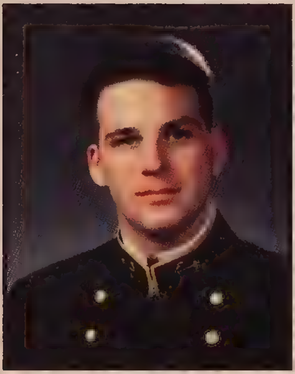
Plantation, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

A Plantation Transplant, or is that Avon, Conn. "C", Snappy, Quigs, Quigmo, Quigsley, piggly, wiggly. A man driven to the Navy by his quest to find a challenge (SUN, SURF, AND CHICKS). Plebe Year was tough--What, no walkmans. The Kimmer and Knighter--and wonderful sponsors. Fightin' One Fife was the next home for the Quigmo--Scheck, Pook the Marine, and ceiling parties. Lee press-on-nail lady. Anne--Long distance disappointments. Paul Mall, 5 beers, "Look Tim, smoke rings." New Jersey/Georgetown vacationers-- New York--Kettle de Fishe?? See the town by 8pm. Little Girls, 1/2 gallon of Vodka, Cristin, the comedy club, and the new car, LIBIDO PATROL AND A BUS. Iranian Canadians, a confusing bathroom, Brador, Blinkin' Beacon. 1st class cruise and workdays that went to 0800 with Tinman, a special new friend, Fred who? Solomons. 15th Company CO, LCDR Her & a Presidential Inquiry- NO stress. Off to see the Lizard--again. It's tough being pals. TMC

Leonard Edward Reed

Gambrills, Maryland
Navy Pilot

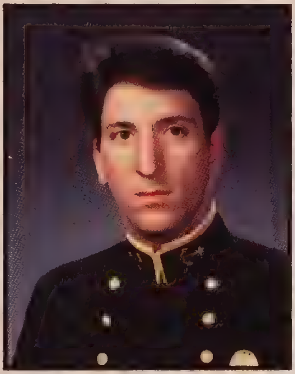
Lennie Reed hails from a small town about twenty-five minutes away from the Academy. As such, he has stood many watches over leave periods for his classmates. I first met Lennie on I-day way back in July of 1986. Although we did not room together over plebe summer, he has not been able to get rid of me since first semester plebe year. Bob Dietz is a name that will stick in his mind for quite a while - who will ever forget the scared bunny look? Gymnastics took up most of his time. If you wanted to find him your best bet would be to look in MacDonough. After countless years of practice, I'm not sure if he will know what to do without it. Of course, we all remember the movement orders that you went on. You always met the most beautiful girl you had ever seen. Funny how this happened five weekends in a row. Then, of course, came Brenda. That put a hold on your observing the opposite sex while away. After a long bout of indeciseveness, our hero opted for Navy air. (For the first time in his life he was 20/20.) Best of luck to my dearest friend and his wife to be. ERR



Eugene Robert Robertson

Plant City, Florida
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

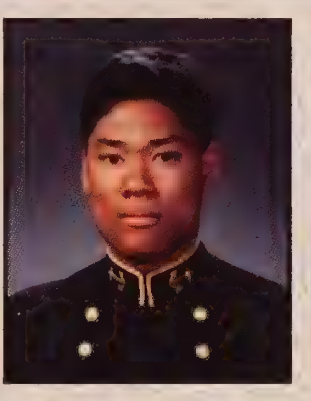
At 2200 every weekday evening you'll find Eugene manning his post in the Fifteenth Co. wardroom for the Star Trek hour. Eug's ability to maintain 3.2+ QPR without missing a night has left many of his classmates in awe. The company has left the task of explaining Eug's abilities to me, his four year roommate. Eugene started his casual attitude towards academics plebe year by chosing the Math Honors major. While working in the Honors program Eug managed to get through two basketball and softball seasons as well as three extremely painful fieldball seasons (that wonderful sport invented in prisons). After two years of hearing about Miss Emily Thomas, Eug decided it was time I finally met her. Emily turned out to be far too good for Eug but he still somehow managed to get her to agree to an August wedding date. Eug's last major decision at the Academy is one I'll never understand; He turned down all other communities to become a SWO warrior. It's been a great four years Eug, see you in the fleet. LER



Bret Robert Simon

Toledo, Ohio
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

He heard the call.....and answered it! From Toledo, Ohio, came this man known as "SWOGOD"! An Econ major with excellent athletic abilities, 3/C year he could be found wearing stereo headphones with Don and Alex around. Weekends he was a Goucher man (the S word)! Living with Bill was Fun?!?- 2/C summer time was spent with...her! 2/C year - his god like qualities began to shine - qualified small boats, C. O. of a Y.P.! Beating on Jacabo and his brother next door! Early signs of C..Co...Com.... Commitiment with her. Ring Dance and those damn mice in the house! Aargh! 1/C year - an engagement ring for Laurie (Finally)! Weekends conning your YP. (Van, all stop!... "What's that noise?) or Toledo Express in the "Screaming Turismo of Doom"! (Should have got a Ford) Beat Army!, Finally ! The three years have been swell. We've put up with each other, now let's see what we can do with.....them! Good luck to you and the goddess in Nuc school! Heidi and I will be ready for you in San Diego (the beer will be in the fridge, get it yourself!) Semper Swodelis, Your Pal, RAB

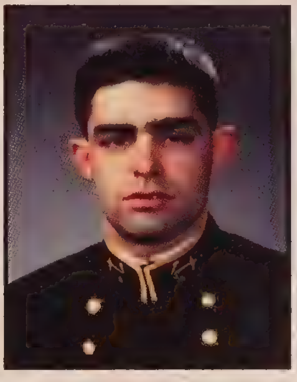


Paul Arthur Thompson

Milpitas, California
Navy Pilot

Speedy came east from California to follow his brother into the P-3 community, that blissful land of per diem and long runways. Speedy was best known for his huuuge biceps, his smooth moves on the dance floor, and his ways with the ladies. In the BLACK BEAST he cruised the eastern seaboard leaving a swath of broken hearts in his wake. From the ski slopes to the beach, Speedy was always ready to party. It was after a frat party at Hopkins second class year, however, that Speedy encountered a temporary setback and was brutalized by the admin conduct system. Both Youngster and Firstie Cruise took Speedy to the adult playland that is otherwise known as the PIs. Speedy returned from cruise determined to enjoy his last year at Navy, in spite of long hours spent in front of his computer. Speedy is now ready to move on to that great party in Pensecola called flight school. He will no doubt do very well and go on to be US Air's best pilot. Questions?

BK and Chauncey



Jesse Vaughn Tomlinson

Russellville, Arkansas
Submarines

Jesse Vaughn Tomlinson, living proof that someone from Arkansas can function normally??? in the real world, How the noisiest man in the world ever selected subs I'll never know. Jesse spent four years sleeping by the bay-- Conservation of Excellence he called it. It looked like a bad case of youngsteritis that never got better to me. Uncle Jess wiled away the time armed only with a rack, the bat-eye sleep attachment, and an ever growing supply of computer games. First class year found Jesse manning the conn in 15 Co. wardroom. Star Trek anyone? J.V. contributed greatly to Academy life with his colorful (If you use it, flush it!) announcements and ancedotes, (not to mention the high score on CABAL), One thing I will admit about Jesse, he never met a dollar he didn't spend. Jesse the Midstore Card crusader made one wonder if he didn't have 500 shares of Midstore stock in his portfolio. Hey Jesse, wake up!! Wanna go to Maggie's for Happy Hour? Keep adventuring-Jakes & Euge.

Christopher
Thomas

Christopher Petrovic Tinio
Parma, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer

Tinman. One of the druids of '90. Close friend and advisor of the "Brain". What's up with Trish, Tins? Surprisingly proud of the fact he's from Cleveland. I can't blame him. When asked directly, Chris claims: "My biggest goal in life is to win the Stonehenge Memorial Golf Tournament!" Other aspirations: to follow in Jim's footsteps via the hershey highway. The latter, completed first, would clinch the bet. Sorry Jimmy. Pensacola, look out! Hook him up Dr. Lloyd. "Hello... 'O Teri, its you again, hold on, I'll get him." These go to 11. Big sticks, coming through. Go slow pitch, Beat Army. "Tinman, we're going to Atlantic City again. Do you want to come?" Answers to the name of Viv Savage. The summer of '90 - we're gonna rage, dude! First Annual Academy Road Race. Here lies Christopher P. Tinio and why not.

TNT '90

Thomas Neil Tomsheck Jr
Glenview, Illinois
Surface Warfare

Although frequently mistaken for a native Californian, Sheck is actually a product of the Windy City. No one knows who he was or what he was doing - especially during formations classes, and mandatory lectures. Answering to the name of Woody Youngster Year and Nekima by his teammates, Tom spent much of his time in the water as the two meter man for the Water Polo team (earning four stars along the way). Second class year saw a "great love" develop for our young lad. But alas, it was not to be. "Have a good time all the time" is Tom's philosophy. This attitude prevailed throughout first class year which produced a CPR of .9O! Our young rock star was foiled from going Navy Air by evil Navy doctors who claimed that Tom was NPQ due to stress of all things (I would definitely get a second opinion!). Nonetheless, Sheck is destined to become a salty dog. What else is there to say but - BEAT ARMY!! TIN

Kelly Renee VanDyke
Detroit, Michigan
Civil Engineer Corps

Kelly, Blondie, Vanna, Vicki Vale, arrived at USNA via Detroit, Michigan (she'll point out where on her hand). X-country/ Track is her true love. Friendships among teammates will never be forgotten; Krista, Tracey, Maria, Fitz's, Colvin's, Susie,etc. MEMORIES!! Where's my tie?, Michigan Southern Belle, Sun/snow goddess. How 'bout those track parties? Army meet youngster year, nationals in Strousbourg, & how 'bout those N*'s?. 3/c year brought her to 15. Systems engineering & a 3.0. 2/c year brought change to Kelly's life in many ways- plebe detail, "a nice guy" aka Tim, and a new big picture- partying, dancing(car), frozen yogurt, camping, skiing in Canada, ho-hammer, bonding with Brador & SPAGHETTI! . 1/c year: cruise on Niagara Falls, scuba diving in Guam, Tokyo, & Los Alamos. A turbo convertible, a radar detector, and a heavy foot, shimmy gang, Snowshoe, morning runs (miles & miles). Now Kelly moves on to CEC wearing a PINK hardhat and a smile (not to mention finding a duty station with the best beaches). Good luck & God bless you! -TMC

Jeffrey Paul Varanini
Sacramento, California
Surface Warfare

Arriving from the home of the powerhouse Sacramento Kings, Jeff entered the Academy determined to excel. That he did (sort of). Jeff was a Political Science Honors student, recipient of a VGEP scholarship to Georgetown, and the proud owner of a coveted N letter sweater (15O lb. Football). 15O's sometimes got the best of Jeff, a.k.a. Red for his liberal political tendencies, but he still received his N by whatever means available. At least he had an easier time with service selection - or did he? Jeff went from one extreme to the other. After completing Christmas Corps and the Nuke Interview, the Navy decided that Surface Warfare would be best for Jeff. Jeff was notorious for being a party animal during his tenure at USNA. Always willing to go out and have a blast, it's surprising that he managed to keep his good grades. Jeff also became the Fifteenth Company Commander and has modeled the company in his own image. I wish Jeff all the best in all his endeavors. MAN

16th COMPANY

Racquel Marie Williams
Poway, California
General Unrestricted Line

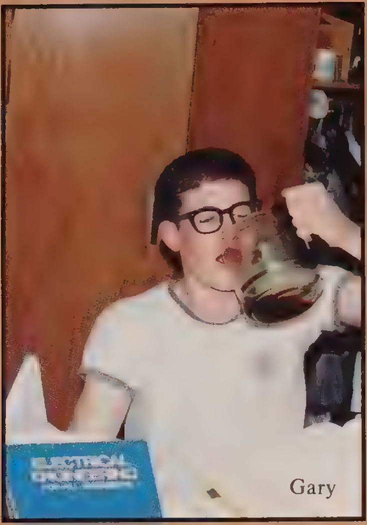
Rocky came to us from "the only real state" California. Youngster year she really earned the name Rocky when a football was surgically removed from her stomach. By the way she still has flashbacks from this operation so don't touch her. Rock is a true nature buff, she really has a way with plants-&fish. Poor Ernie never swam the same! Rock was often found in a mall. By the way, how many plastic cards do you have? Better watch how you answer, people are always listening! Youngster year Pebbles was found with Bam-Bam. We spent many nights talking about nothing important! A late night was accompanied by fruit juice and Reese's. Oh yea, do you think those donuts are still at Giant? I wouldn't suggest driving out to get them during study hour. Rock's car is her baby! This is the closest she'll be to having kids. For Navy track Rocky, of course, ran her favorite event: the 400. Occasionally the LJ and TJ too. She does hold the TJ record for Navy! Our first class year was the best and I couldn't have picked a better roomie! We are finally going back to the best coast, the West!!!! Aloha! dsl

Tanya Renee Worthy
Dale City, Virginia
Supply Corps

Tanya came to USNA all the way from Dale City, Va., a whole hour's drive. After a year long stop at NAPS, and a vacation in Hawaii to recover, she arrived in 36th Co. She made a good impression and was selected as plebe Co. Cdr. They must not have liked her too much because they tossed her to 15th Co! Youngster year included many challenges from mid-watches on SAILTRAIMID, to a weary fight with mechanical engineeing. Tanya wisely decided to major in history rather than become history.--"Incoming, it's a discus, no, a hammer-take cover!" Although her burly throws for the women's track team didn't resemble incoming missiles, they were for many of her competitors. 1/C year brought the shiny rasberry sports car in which she would be cruising ANY day of the week! Tanya had no problem with MIDREGS- ignorance was bliss! An active Christian and OCF member, her faith in God was something which never faltered. She learned just how important faith and prayer were. She always was a little gungy, so she joined the only Corps-Supply Corps. Take Care & God Bless Ya'dear!-JKB & DTL

David Alexander Arteta
Los Angeles, California
Navy Pilot

After a little work, some college, and some time in the "real" Navy, David Arteta decided to take the USNA plunge and spend four years at Fantasyland on the Severn. David didn't let plebe year erode his social life; frequent D&B trips provided plenty of frat houses, parties, nightclubs, as well as a visit to (or behind) the Air Force Academy chapel. Though his Academy tenure has been a tiresome battle with the forces of "Mech E" he learned to fill-in the Blank's and will probably be the next chairman of Ford. His pride and joy, the Beast, could often be seen parked outside Margarita Maggie's (Perhaps At Mum's), at the naval station garage, or simply cutting-off some poor motorist on Route 50. It's been a long, hard climb for this former Mickey D's manager and Boost graduate, future Navy pilot, and Member of the Geriatric Society. The roughest part was the roller-coaster romance with his darling Celia, for whom he crossed the waters to be with one Christmas. Good Luck! GMB.



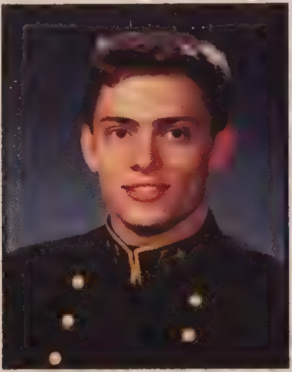
Gary

UNIVERSITY VERMONT

David

Victor

Catheryne



Victor Perry Bindi
Olney, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Vic came to USNA in his IROC with his tires squealing and his speedometer pegged. In fact, Vic and his IROC didn't go unless they could go ninety (ugh). Vic and the white lightening bolt were inseparable, except when his car was in the shop after a weekend doing E-brake U-turns or with the crazy Korean. Nobody knows for sure if Vic really knows all that he claims to know about cars or if he is just giving us a line, which he was known to do on occasion. Academically, Vic was a stud. He rarely studied and even pulled off stars for a semester. He was the only chem major who didn't want to be a doctor and luckily the chem lab escaped with only a few small explosions. Vic's sole consolation was the fact that Ramona was only a hop, skip, and a jump away, even if the jump was usually at his own personal gate behind Halsey. In the end, all worked out and Vic is off to Pensacola to become a fighter pilot. I pity the melodjian who finds Vic screaming up his six. You have overcome all, including the final test of a screwball rommie. Good luck and God bless. -- Ozzy

David Erich Bogner
South Burlington, Vermont
Submarines

Bogs came to Navy from the Great State as one half of Team Vermont. Originally in 29, AND the D+B, he was scrambled over to 7-1, where The Team was reunited. It was shortly before this reunion that he decided to strive for the Yeeman Award as a NARC. It was also 3/C year when he joined the only fraternity with tighter bonds than the Academy - there IS no escape from the Duffer. Life went on, and Bullpup showed him he wouldn't be a Marine, but a Nuker. Nuke school shouldn't be bad, especially since he's not allowed to study in bed, which usually lasted all of five minutes (which was apparently enough: 4.0, #1 in 16, pretty good for a melodjian). Anyway, ballistic subs won't be the same again. Yep, boomers- better for the family life. What's next- a station wagon with fake wood on the sides? Jean Marie works at a jewelry store, so she could like, pick out ANY ring she wanted, good thing he got that bonus. The Navy got more than they bargained for, but they'll be glad he's there. Besides, it's only five years. REBELS RULE. We're AWESOME. GAM.

Gary Madison Bruce
Dayton, Ohio
Submarines

First there was Socrates, Freud, Nietsche, Marx and then came the Brucester; a dying breed of men dedicated to the principles which made this country what it was 20 years ago. Where there's an issue, Gary is there-- red in the face, shaking his finger, gnashing his teeth over the decline of man in the 20th century, reverse discrimination, government social programs. The rabbit of justice kept the boy mobile, but not even the women could tame him. Debate movement orders (what was her name...any idea?), Hood College (oops, wrong dance), Mai Nguyen (ever she wanted), the 26 year old woman not even you could convince, firstie cruise--the Dynamo of the Far East returns with enough postal service to keep the stamp at 25 cents. It's a beautiful thing. The room of culture lives ole boy. Have a Havanna, some Irish Pub, a cup of java, or perhaps a can of Jolt (garnish that with a Vivarin please). Just keep the boys from 7-4 outta here. Good luck Gary; the fleet will never be the same again and neither will the youngsters of 16.

Catheryne Mae Buckholtz
Piedmont, California
Civil Engineer Corps

Her name's Catheryne (yes, with a y). You may call her Cath, but DON'T call her Cathy--don't ask. But, do ask her when she finally learned how to drive--she just got her license last year! Two years ago, if you would've mentioned the "m" word around her, she'd swear she was NEVER getting married--when's the wedding date, Cath? Oh, and Cath NEVER loses her cool, no matter what. What was it--an extra lost weekend due to a bit of UNSAT-ness that gave you the overwhelming urge to redecorate our room last year? Yes, we've been through a lot, but we managed to pull each other out. Cath's my best friend. She's put up with all of my basketball bumps and bruises, as well as my millions of school problems and kept me going in the right direction. When I was feeling really low, I'd suddenly find a crazy card on my desk, telling me to hang in there. She's gotten me up every day for the last 3 years for morning quarters without a complaint (well, maybe one). What can I say? Thanks, Cath--you're the best. I love you. -Tawn

DUNCAN 90
Kelly

Jerome David Conner

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

He applied from Pittsburgh (TMI), burning 1/2 a candle of desire and survived "Skate 8" as 4/c Eraserhead, wrestling with Gar-dog and Voltron. From the 'tain't no mo' plebes party, I never thought that Jer-dog and I would room together in the Penthouse. But who could forget bedtime stories with the Judge, CH-46s, Intramurals [SCUM], and draggin' Moose outta the rack. As the only real group 3 engineer, he created beautifully colorful S&D graphs. Although he had Mich in the flower shop, his tremendous charm broke many hearts-"I bet you I've got an American Flag in my pocket." In spite of them all, his phone bill & odometer prove he was faithful--"could you pull over?!?" Here's to the Corps, Bulldog blisters, and the American hero. Yet his candle is fading. With speeding tickets, phonecalls to the OOW, inspecting(?), (and being inspected), NL400, the PCR, and section leader forms it's a wonder it's still lit. But "there is a better way to do it," and the malodjian's rubbing off on you (softy). Graduation couldn't come too soon. You're a helluva roommate-SEMPRE FI-B.A.

John Allen Dissinger

Lebanon, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

After spending a fine Navy year in scenic Newport being a wanna-be, John joined the ranks of the Rat Pack for a plebe year filled with Hitman and Hawkins, wrestling, making it back for taps, and Tom and Christie. Hardcore after year 1, John went to Airborne and had the first summer with no leave. Youngster year John roomed with "Boomer" Bruce, Oliva Newton John and John Travolta. After many battles and broken light bulbs (sorry, Gary), he finished out the semster with no weekends and no Maria. 2/c year found John fired-up with plebes everywhere fearing his name. Still hardcore, John hit Bulldog and found that the Marine Corps was not his corps, it was Everett's corps! Finally a Firstie, John enjoyed Capt. Done-It-All-Twice, brought new life to the job of P.E. officer, and quickly transformed Sweet Sixteen into the Sixteenth Reich (not bad for a melodjian leadership major). John enjoyed his time here as he often told me (I hate weekends). I'm grateful for the laughs (it is his fault I talk about women the way I do). Go P-3's! Smoke a fat one. Take care and good luck. GKR.

Kelly Lue Duncan

Evergreen, Colorado
Supply Corps

Kelly came to USNA wide-eyed and ready to take on the world, but plebe year in 21 had other plans. Trying to catch a clue in everything from pro knowledge to chemistry, "Sandy" was, well, a bit naive in those early days (and some later ones, too). Those who know her need no explanation; those who don't, there just isn't enough time. Somehow, though, she faced every challenge with a smile, even the Nazi roommate from hell. Where's my mechanical pencil?! Alas, via SAILTRAMID and all the ice cream in New England, she arrived in Sweet 16 to continue her bout with academics. Yes, she passed EE, but was not so lucky with Celestial Nav! In the '90 musical, "Sarah," (who said typecast?) finally learned her "chemistry." But all these bits and pieces don't reveal what a truly beautiful person she is. With her faith in Christ that made her strong, she was always there with more support than anyone could ask. Kelly Girl, you have more brothers than any girl I know, but how fortunate you are. You are the wind beneath my wings. Go Corps! CJ BLR

Michael Orr Florence

Mclean, Virginia Navy Pilot

Clubber Lang, otherwise known as Clubberishnokoff, was always the hard worker on the soccer team running back and forth from goaline to goaline; and we will never forget the Teddy Holt crunch that Michael was the victim of. If you had to pick the highlights of 'NAVY SOCCER,' Mike was always a part of them. For example, the 30 meter crack in the upper corner against A.U. plebe year; or how about the brilliant volley against ARMY 2nd class year which could have easily been in the 86 World Cup highlights. Mike was always a 'ladies man' with a FLO-EGO and a will to party it up. Sometimes he got a little carried away: "99 cent burritos with 'the lads' (Seiskameyer, Cheeser and Bradly B.) at Riordon's Happy Hour." Wherever you see Clubber, whether in sunlight or moonlight, he must always have his sunscreen on his red nose. Mike was a brawler on the fieldball team and a lover on the social scene. He never met a penny he didn't like. For Mike's whole life he has dreamed of flying. May he fly high and fast in the skies of Pensacola and beyond. JCP CMS GSL

Wesley Alan Freeman
Tucker, Georgia
Supply Corps

Wes came to the Naval Academy as the ideal All-American boy from Georgia, the one in every mother's dreams. We met youngster year, when I helped him pass the Physics final. Although he has struggled to keep his head above water academically, the hard work has made Wes a better man. All of his experience during summer school over the years left him as Summer School Company Commander as a firstie. Who was more qualified? But Wes's presence in 16th company has been a pleasurable experience for all of us. With hard work, dedication, and a great deal of patience, Wes finally earned his letter in Football, and he wears the sweater well. I have always been impressed with Wes's fine taste in southern women. Although he did take a detour youngster year, he immediately got back into the mix of things. His interests have started to change during his final semester, so Dan and I have sworn him into our secret Fraternity. Thanks for all of your support and patience buddy. I couldn't have asked for a better roommate. I'll never ask for a better friend. MSG

Michael John Gabriel Jr
Huntington Station, New York
Submarines

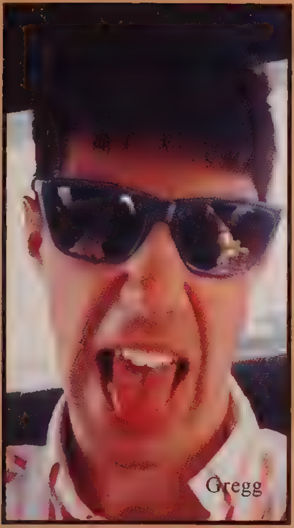
Although I didn't have the, uhm, "honor" of knowing Mike plebe year, I still suspect that he was the only midshipman to have been a 2/c "flamer" all four years at USNA. I mean, the guy LIVES for professional questions! I think the most fun he had 1/c year was "90's Night" (to show off his pro knowlege to the plebes!) I guess it's the result of too many years listening to his headbanger..."music." On "repeat." And the stereo! If a sub can put "30 men in a 2 man Bancroft Hall room," where ya gonna find space for a multi-component system? I guess your girl Julie H could hold it for you. Anyhow, how's the car running? (yeah, the one with the red velvet interior and the lampshade visors.) And how can a man with 20/900 vision drive? Eat any carrots lately? (oh yeah, you finally passed the eye test for commissioning. CKW would have died for the chance you had!) In closing, I'd like to ask if Mike "we can keep it oral" Gabriel has met any blind dates lately....CRN

Mark Stephen Gilmore
Westminster, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Mark has definitely left an impact on the Naval Academy. Likewise, the Academy has left its imprint on him. He spent a good part of his plebe year paying for the atrocities he had committed against the system. Youngster year, Gilli found a new home in 16th Company and a new roomate (because of his awesome stereo). During his stay he developed quite a reputation that has followed him around, even if he sometimes wished he could leave it behind. One thing he certainly remained loyal to was his love of speed. He proved he possessed more than his share by excelling in cross country and track. Many of his qualities have rubbed off on me and now we share MORE THAN A FEW things in common! I don't think many people thought we would both be around Annapolis in May 1990. Wouldn't they be surprised now!? I'll never forget you buddy! Best Buddies, WAF

Gary Stewart Larson
Kamuela, Hawaii
Surface Warfare

Shocked to find that the Naval Academy really wasn't on the beach, Gary enjoyed an exciting plebe year and was appointed 4/C conduct officer for his rapidly accumulated experience. After record tours, he needed only to overcome pavlovian computers and a viscious impulse to rack to begin exploration of bizarre east coast culture with intense tax games vs. junior high girls. "What penalty, Becca?". Nalu, his young coconut tree avoided cannibals for less than a year despite his overly protective attitude. A circumlocutory philosopher, Gary seldom avoided arguement, although he infuriatingly denies it. Never far from the computer or his nav kit, Gary, a.k.a. the traitor, was a natural for navtag. His vaunted nav skills which sailed him to Bermuda were naught beside his land navigation which seldom got us where we were going, but often somewhere just as interesting and in only twice the time. When he had tires, Gary "lived on the edge" Larson kept the auto mechanics working extra shifts -- sorry, Stan. Thanks Finks. MOF & CSM Reptiles and Samauri



Christopher

Gregg Andrew Manazir
South Burlington, Vermont
Navy Pilot

Snake came to then-Sweet 16 from the Green Mountain state, via Lucky Seven. He started right: restriction his first weekend(your pro book?); Megadeath (Pizza sells and we're buying). Snake was unsure about his future at Navy but knew that Team Vermont could not exist without him. Between the Team, Ronbo and Yee-man, he managed to get through. Snake also had baseball. Mayday Manazir was one of the firemen, until one cold day in March when the hose sprung a leak. Needless to say, he joined the many proud ex-baseballers here at Navy. Then came first class year, with the sock of truth, SHP, swimming(ugh), brocolli, and, of course SCUM(you melodjian). Snake has been a great part of homeroom 16(got your hall pass?), and it wouldn't have been the same without him. A better roomy (and teammate) couldn't be had. He will be an asset to whatever squadron he joins, and the Navy will benefit from his presence. Our paths will soon part, but the team will always remain intact. Rebs rule. We're awesome.DEB

Benjamin Louis Mansour
Phoenix, Arizona
Marine Corps Pilot

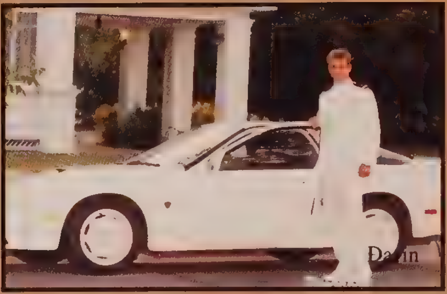
Benjamin Andrew, otherwise known as B.A., came to 16 via 18. Ben headed east from his hometown of Phoenix, Arizona, to seek out the challenges of the Naval Academy and girlfriends with four digit phone numbers. B.A. enjoys the Academy so much he decided to stick around until August. You could always tell where he was due to his boisterous outbursts. Except for the times he would mysteriously disappear during study hour. Ben is one of the few to survive 2 AC Boards; now even the Supt calls him B.A. Ben chose Marine Pilot and will make a valuable contribution to any squadron. They probably already have a flight suit with his call sign on it,"RAP", and it's not because of the type of music he listens to. Ben's energy and enthusiasm will take him a long way in the Corps and in anything else he chooses. Even though it has been a rough road you have hung in there like a trooper. 16th company has been a better place because of you, and nobody could ask for a finer roommate, even though you are a melodjian. Shoot for the stars, and don't forget to cover your six.

Paul Wade Moody
Pinedale, Wyoming
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Paul hails from the metropolis of Pinedale,WY where he left his 'rodeo rides' for higher aspirations. Plebe year:sweat a load, study study, num num, got to get 40 hrs/week. International Ball leads to satisfaction/5000..worth it? General, "want some tylenol?" and flashers in G-town nearly saw the end of Moodman. Hood College/Blonde-/Tequila..not a good combo! Spring break youngster year the stars aligned and Mood found love @ FAU-Jen and the 6-pack shooter. The summer found Europe/a Boink/runnaway shopping carts/Smethport women/and the arid region of Catholic U. Aside from training for the olympics in B-ball, Paul found a strong need for something sweet..chocolate. Then the Ring Dance/hiding candy in the closet/waterbeds? First class year brought another [illegible] Boink [illegible] and dito/carcover/dingleberry/ Bozo and counting sheep. Chocolate bar on P's waterbed.. X-mas saw more PA lovelies/a wasted road trip to Buffalo. Final semester, Paul grabs the cash and runs/ @ PSU. Paul carried the team and scored on his own/The Cellar and his ultimate bout- The Judge?! ..VCC

Christopher Rolfe Nelli
Lexington, Kentucky
Submarines

After two unsatisfying years at U of Kentucky and a year in the fleet as a nuke to be, Chris was sentenced to USNA (or was it the other way around?). His "Conservation of Excellence" theory worked well for the 1st three years, but a certain professor discovered a flaw. Wasn't engine math much easier the second time around? He never played computer games (EVER!) because he was too busy with 1st LT duties and homework, although nothing (especially a good ranking) ever came of his efforts. Weekends found him behind the wheel of a car that did nothing to hide his true age (42 or 24, I'm still not sure). Socialism did reign supreme. "Don't worry, I'll put it on my (ha) Master Card." NAVTAG Co-Capt, Racquetball Stud and Karate (undefeated CKW :12) Champ, he retains a long standing record that could be brought to a grinding halt by a trip to Delaware or a much sought after case of Johnny Walker. Going "where the down boys go", he will do well until the day that somebody yanks on his chest hair. Have fun in Japan and Australia, Scooter. Best of Luck... MJG & CKW



NAVY
Tawnya

Donald Edward Osborn
Snyder, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

Ozzy joined us here at Sweet 16 with one thing on his mind, getting horizontal. Whether that meant an afternoon of rack or battling it out on the ultimate field, Don was a master of both. Never finding it necessary to study, the guru of aero had ample time to exercise more rewarding pursuits. As skier extraordinaire, he taught his roomate many lessons. How did you end up on your head following that double reverse jacknife at Blue Knob? Never let it be said that anything was beyond Don's ability to tamper with, not even the USNA NATS mail system, just ask Mike the F.F. One question though, how did you ever accomplish anything from your personal wardroom chair. Many of us thought that you were anatomically attached to it. Speaking of the wardroom, has anyone other than Don sat through all of Rhinestone, I know it gets better once you've learned all the lines, but come on. We, the great ones of 16, wish you the best of everything. May your dreams never be out of reach and the strength of close friends never be forgotten. Be excellent to each other. Party on dude. Good luck Don.

Darin Eugene Perrine
Sebeka, Minnesota
Naval Flight Officer

Derb's (WAAH!, Derber, Derwood) naval career was spurred early on by his father's days in the Navy during WWII (and a desire to leave Sebeka). Plebe year brought the pure-bred Minnesota boy in touch with reality through his two Californian roommates. Youngster year he thought he wouldn't make it due to academics. Through hard work and perserverence (plus switching to General), he is with us today. He was marked as a flamer when as a new second classman he was called "Ma'am", King Hall learned how he felt about that, While at Navy, he won two coveted prizes from Canoe U.: his Mazda RX-7, and a career in Naval Aviation (in that order). He'll be driving his fancy sports car for years to come. We'll never forget Yard Lib's and the SEAL 03/03/90 (we won't count the other one), Howie and Joe's change of command, unwanted visits to "Avec le Vent," the illustrious Color Guard Commander, BHT, Thanksgiving in R.I., late night chats, Billy Joel in concert, and most of all, his pride in his car, the Navy, his career, and his car. Remember, You ARE Master of All You Survey. JBW, ESW.

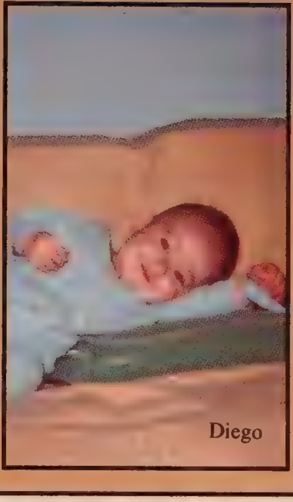
Tawnya Jean Petrick
Loysville, Pennsylvania
General Unrestricted Line

Tawn, TAWNY!...huh? Well at least you have improved since younster year; I don't have to shake you awake anymore. Remember missing watch? One of these days I will check the Bible. Guess you know who never quite accomplished "the goal." Oh, and who's on deck and who's playing basketball in skins? (Peeping Tawny) Second-class year we were both miserably UNSAT, and so and so was down in P-cola (tell me: who do you miss?), but at least we had each other to complain to and boy did we go off, especially around two in the morning. I'll always remember hearing you coming down the hall a mile away and hiding near the sink waiting for you to barge in the door so that I could scare you. And the time we were halfway out gate 8 when you slammed on the brake and exclaimed "I forgot Connie!" Between your being B-ball captain and everything else we sure did share a lot of tears as well as laughter. Just remember that no matter what, I will always be there for you. You are a beautiful person Tawn, and I couldn't have asked for a better roommate. Love, Cath. (PS What 'cha eatin?)

Barbara Lynn Rapson
Winter Park, Florida
General Unrestricted Line

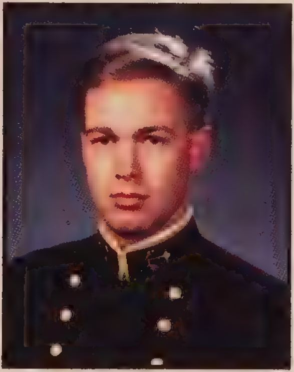
Shakespeare once said, "You can't judge a book by its cover," or if he didn't, he should have. He was right, at least in the case of Barb, affectionately known as "Rap" by the gang. His words have proven true. Not only was she NOT quiet (nor her music!), she had absolutely no qualms about telling you where she stood; and don't cross her on a bad day ("I...have...!"), especially with late game reports. Behind the sweet smile that won more than a few hearts was the mischievous one, the determination to try her skill at anything while keeping a 2.7 without sweat, and most of all a bedtime of 10:30--at the latest. With first class year the girl from Winter Park was made Batt Sub-Cdr so her ever-lovin' roommie could enjoy the phone (I KNOW I let you use it a couple of times) and she could sleep til 8:30 every day. I won't forget the long talks and late nights, disertations on life and conclusions that, next to Him, preserving the baby seals was the only sensible solution. But not nearly as much fun, right Barb? My love and prayers go with you! KLD

WN U.S.A.
Daniel



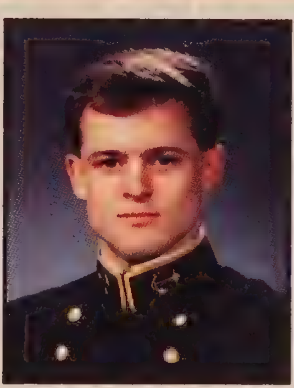
Gordon Keith Ray
Utica, New York
Marine Corps

Shagmaster, Shell Answer Man. He's been everywhere and did it all before the cow's came home. GK hails from the E. Coast Megaopolis suburb of Utica. Whoever thought a guy who worships the Dead and dancing bears would come to USNA and lead the creme a la creme. Gordog was a 4/C in the Rat Pack. His only regret from that year is that he didn't have a Smeltz Box. Or did he? He did have a special girl. Domeco, right? For the rest of his tour at USNA he had TAD in Sweet 16. Gordo adapted well to Hitler and member and found out the real meaning of hardcore. This is due to Marnie. Or was it Cari? No, it was Angie. Gordie's little harem caused him trouble and 2/C year showed him why this place is called Crabtown. Gordo lost a lot of little friends that year. 1/C summer's motto "Better rested, Better rested" Going into the last roundup, Gordo had the conn. He let people have fun before the dark cloud rolled in. Hey, either be flexible or suck it up. Leave is for wimps, pain is good. Thanx for the times. Who-ya eye on LA. Show'em what its like to be hard. Bibo ergo sum. JAD



Daniel Erik Savage
Costa Mesa, California
Surface Warfare

Sav, Salvaje - What ever.. Here's a firstie that loves loud music, ultimate frisbee (Dan, it's a frisbee, not a disk), computers, and women. But how can he have fun when not weekend eligible? His favorite place to hang out is the sea wall or rocks. I guess it's pretty nice to have something in common with Wes and Gilli. (Does Cindy ring a bell?) Oh, Dan loves concerts, especially the Pat Benetar one: it's amazing what will go through fishnet stockings. Don't ever let him organize hotel rooms. His version of "hot tubs" is ridiculous. 2/C summer: what an experience. Too bad Mayo wouldn't wait for us. It ended up by long walks on the Florida highway and side streets. Thank God for truck drivers, but I wasn't in the mood to "smoke". The ultimate surprise was the alias "Bridgette". I would have never guessed.. his quest to repopulate the earth. Hey how were the walks and talks near my house (The Bay) or better yet under car covers ? Well Sav, Do you know what time it is ? I don't want you to get in any trouble!! Good luck buddy and keep in touch !! Your roomie - Real.



Charles Martin Spangler
Marshall, Texas
Surface Warfare

With a name like Charles Martin, it's not surprising that the vigorous Texan claims "Bodie" as his alias. After rooming with him for years, we are still not sure if they are one and the same. The stories filtered up from the "DKE's" UNC frat house can be attributed to Bodie as easily as "decaf" to SWO's. Bodie's Academy life has been a series of obsessive actions. If he wasn't making all league in 150's, working as president of F.C.A., assaulting people in fieldball, or desperately training for a marathon, he was receiving "love-buckets" or studying to retake the PCR, or EE, or the PCR. Due to this excitement, his biological clock has been irrepairably damaged and stuck two hours ahead of the rest of the world. "Early to bed and early to rise keeps the Bodie healthy, Mike wealthy, and Gary philosophical. Although only 5'7" (on a real tall day), Bodie's huge frame frequently startled the underclass and always blocked the lower half of the mirror in the mornings. It was his unique physical attributes which lured him away from Pensacola and into the Surface Navy. GSL & MOF

Diego Paul Torres
Long Beach, California
Surface Warfare

Paul,alias..Dingo,Deigstein,Oopid,Oopido,Oopidstein,Paully,Paulito,Stinky,Stupidstein,Stinkystein, came to us from California and will always be a Californian at heart. His laid back attitude and carefree manner have earned him many friends. He loves working out, often 2 or 3 times a day and any sport that takes him outside. His biggest claim to fame, though, is the monster inside him which earned him the nickname "Stinky"...STOP EATING ALL THAT DAMN FRUIT! Paul, the extremely disciplined studier that he is, worked very hard getting through the Academy...that is until he met his favorite "Honeywall" senior year. No more studying on the W.E. or scabs on the knees for that matter, what a transition we saw in this guy. Some unforgettable events include his exploits in Detroit..WOW.."Nice Wheels", our Spring Break in Fla.- Paul's bad aim in the bathroom, his toys, my friends tooling on him, and taking breathers during marathons. He is a great guy, a great friend, and would do anything for anybody(but won't admit to it). Thanks for the memories Paul, Bunk.

Claro William Villareal
Annapolis, Maryland
Surface Warfare

He goes by many names; Real, Zoom, and Barkada Boy are only a few. He's proven the system wrong. The man with the lowest SAT's in USNA history worked his way to the top and did it with one of the biggest smiles you've ever seen. He worked hard and showed us that even normal people get stripes. On the "Flip" side, his only fault is not hanging out with "The Boys" enough. Mayo (You two are related; I know it!) and I managed to broaden your horizons during 2/C summer. It began at Rum Runners and only got worse. I almost corrupted you, but you didn't give in. Who could forget being stranded in the middle of the night with our thumbs in the air 50 miles from the BOQ? Even I got nervous when that guy wanted by the DEA picked us up and left us to give Cujo a shot at us. We did everything that summer. You managed to put up with me for 3 years, and now you've got Ann from here on out. Good luck with her and all your "little Reals." DD-963 is getting the best. Commitment Makes the Difference. Your roomie, SAV

Eric Scott Wiese
East Greenwich, Rhode Island
Naval Flight Officer

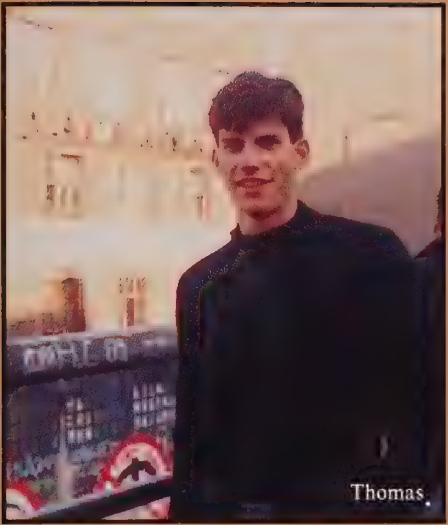
Eric Scott Wiese (Wieser, Wieseman, "Monkey") hailed from the little state of Rhode Island with eyes for Naval Aviation and a young woman from MN. His plebe year was marked by late-night harmonizing, Wrestle Mania IV, breakfast parades, and snowball B.B. Let's not forget that party at the H's. Never let this man try to dress himself when he is squiffed; he came darn close to hanging himself with his own tie. History proved a natural for him-it gave him more time for his rack. For three years he competed for Navy pole-vaulting, eventually earning his "N". But, Varsity status and drill exemption only accounted for the fact that he marched his platoon into a tree First-Class Year. He bought the ultimate Yuppie mobile, a SNAAB, but it spent more time out of the yard than in. The most common occurrence First-Class Year was a high-pitched voice outside his window yelling "Hey, Wiese!" Don't ever forget...the Mousecateer from Hell, late-night anxiety, El Barto, "Aviators are Gods!", and huge phone bills. Remember Eric, You really are "Master of All You Survey!" DEP, JBW,KAC

Jeffrey Brent Williams
Bethesda, Maryland
Submarines

Brent Williams (a.k.a. Yups, Thurston, Heeb) came to Canoe U. from "Buthezduh." He disappeared during plebe summer when he lost twenty pounds. Luckily he gained it all back, whew. Youngster year, Brent began his loan sharking career when he helped fund a former roommate and ex-classmate's civilian education, or was that for his Toyota MR2? Second-class year his life was completely transformed by the introduction of two important things: a red-headed Texan, and his Jaguar XJ-S. He milked his second-class year Color Guard position into first class year as Color Guard Liason - no drill. As a firstie he sweat the details of his musicals, fought with the music secretary and the "Walrus", got calls on his personal line, and commuted to and from Lubbock. Remember..."doin' the do in D.C.", sailboat memories, Ring Dance battery and hurricane, the drink bill from Ring Dance Dinner, Pinto Man, "Signore, por favore, va funculo ma dama!", Brenta Claus, surprise!, C. "Crash" W., solo at Kennedy Center, and "Talley's Heroes." Brent will always be the master of all he surveys! ESW, DEP

Steven John Wood
Middletown, New Jersey
Special Warfare

Born in California but raised in Jersey, Bunky was forever plagued with jet lag, as he was always found asleep. He should have stayed on the West Coast cause all those "Tsunami Big-Hairs" never appreciated his "Beemer." But what about Hood, Towson, and the U of MD? Nah! So CAPT America, who wasn't one to easily give up, tried his luck in Spain (Hola Clemson, que tal?). But as fate would have it, no Girls for Bunk! Back in the Hall, Bunky's study hour usually started around midnight. But he never got into those books.....they were such a bore. Pole vaultin' was where it was at. But it seemed to me like the Spunk-Meister missed a lot. I guess he must have been really tired from all those 5:15 AM workouts with the 'Ockey Team! When senior year rolled in, Woody set his sights on the Navy SEALs. And so I say... Ya done good! Buy yourself a few toys, find a nice "honeywall," and remember If You See Kay Um up on the Wall Street! See ya in 46 years!! DINGO.



Thomas

Sheryl

Mark

17th COMPANY

Sheryl Lynn Ames
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
General Unrestricted Line

Before a high fiber diet of bran muffins set you on the road to health, your loving roommate, Mary Ann, nursed you thru bouts of plantarfascitus. 'Bama & MMA behind you, USNA kept you on your toes-on Cloud 9 or in Stalag. Fate fell your way with Chris & Buen, & you all made pacts against marrying mids. You preferred YPs to singles bars & sailboat galleys to mess decks. Depressed to find ocean engineering had nothing to do with sand sculptures or ice statues, you embraced poli sci & your CQPR. Not content with complete recovery of your feet, you ran regularly, cooked, cleaned & crafted-magically manufacturing everything except atom bombs in your room. Carried away by the Lex and Pentagon per diem, your ship came in February with a load of rocks-and a June wedding! The first to know of your engagement, you swapped your green & black checkered dress for a wedding gown. To provide for the Navy's next generation & to thank USNA, you plan on 5 kids before Jim leaves the service. But, don't plan on Dora being a live-in nanny. Enjoy your extended honeymoon in Hawaii! JBT,JMB & DUL

Thomas William Arbaugh
Gross Point, Michigan
Surface Warfare

Being one of Tom's few remaining roomates, I feel greatly relieved to be writing his bio. Where to start? How bout Georgetown South, biscuits and butter, Espana, and the scooter gang in the Bahamas? Of course who could forget Pink Floyd, "Run like Hell." Yes the kid from Motown had no control over his love for rock N roll. Tommy gave new meaning to the words, "wing it." Seeking love and adventure, Tom set off on numerous adventures, around the world, with his latest conquest being the Berlin Wall. A true rugged individualist and a daring mid, Tom managed to tie me for the company lead in demerits(OK Tom, you won.). Although Tom had his ups and downs, he will indeed be a fine officer and gentleman. You may not have gotten air Tom, but you will always be flying in life and in my memory. - MWB

Mark William Bauermeister
Spencer, Iowa
Navy Pilot

Mark, aka Buckethead, is your true thoroughbred midwesterner. A native wrestler from Iowa, Mark still drives his 79' Chrysler named Fred and has a girlfriend who teaches school in Omaha, Nebraska. Being a true scorpion, Mark never passed up a chance to party. After completing Scuba school last summer, Mark has used his quals effectively, and even has difficulty distinguishing scarves from mountains. Be it Georgetown, Pensacola, Detroit, Chicago, New York, the Bahamas or Europe, Mark found plenty to do during day and night hours. After three years, I've gotten used to Mark's habits, including his nightly ritual with his $100 toothbrush. Although we got fried for Pink Floyd, you have to admit it was a good show. Our time in Spain was a blast; our first taste of topless beaches and true all night fiestas. How did we ever get back from Seville! Wherever we end up this summer, it will be loads of fun. Although we may part for a while our paths will meet in the future. Good Luck.

Donald Robert Bourassa

Newport Beach, CA
Navy Pilot

No one knows Quite where Rob came from. Hailing from many states, though a true S. CA bum, he made the big jump from ducks to goats. The first weekend in the Stalag, he quickly earned the title, "King of Goucher." Having gained advice and contacts from his cunning sister, he was now master. Always one to share a good time, many of us joined the weekly expeditions to infamy. Forever reeling or stumbling, he of infinte tolerance was a friend to all. Dabbling with various neurotics, he was most noted for one long dive below the hard deck. A physical and intellectual giant, he dazzled us with intelect and intense workouts. He lulled teachers into believing he actually studied. With a penchant for analysis, he was a true diplomat. The sleep game, the legs, the 911, and the dance were all uniquely Bobo. He joins the Airwing for another year of stories. Best Wishes, my friend, on your journey to glory. -Spits

Jennifer Marie Buenviaje

San Antonio, Texas
Supply Corps

Well Jenny Buen-from frat to matrimony,boy have you had a time at Navy.I knew you were in it for the romance,right after you said,"I'll find out, sir?" to Bond,the God of Love.I must admit,you must weave quite a spell for him to exchange here the following year.Back at the Academy,I knew you were too into D&B. I'm REALLY glad you got that subcdr thing out of your system.(For my sake!)I'm really happy for you;you finally found the boy next door-or was it across the hall? With all that wooing,how'd you find time for anything else?Oh, your chits excused you from EVERYTHING,so you had plenty of time to develop your charm&sophisticated demeanor-,"Read my lips, Baby." Thanx for getting me thru weaps 2/C summer, our tag team system w/ Bean was almost efficient & after you,the struggle would never be the same.You dogged me on the grog & I can never forgive you & Lisa for that one.I'm over it,I guess.Tecumseh really looked good & the macaroni was even better.Well roomie,have a bitchin life, don't ever change & thanks for taking my side over the 10 m tower deal. See you down South! BWC

Timothy Sullivan Bush

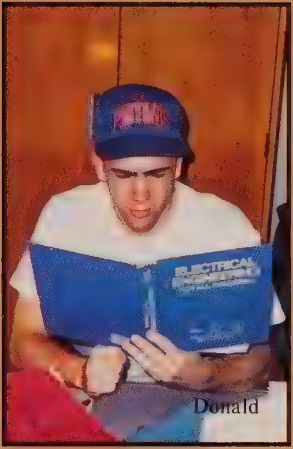
Cincinnati, Ohio
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

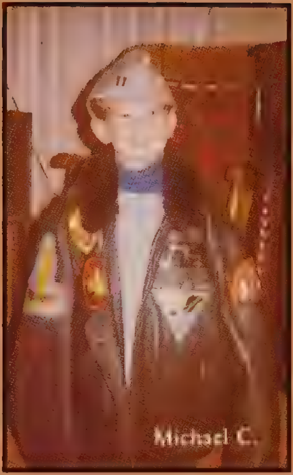
Tim (The Bushman) came to good old USNA from Cincinnati, Ohio with a quick wit and a love for cars with fins. During plebe summer in the BuFu, Tim was the man with the model room that still failed. Youngster year, Tim and I found ourselves in the Stalag rooming together. Second class summer, Tim discovered the joys of high speed travel, or rather he found himself in the grasp of the long arm of the law. This didn't douse the need for speed and Tim later aquired the General Lee, a 1971 Dodge Challenger. "It'll pass everything but the gas station," he proclaimed. Too bad he is underneath the General more than behind the wheel. First Class summer, he found himself in command of the SECOND finest yawl in the navy. Green Eggs and Ham and unreps at sea kept both our yawls as the scourge of the fleet. Firstie year brought us back together again as roommates. Throughout his time at navy, Tim has always maintained his keen perspective on life, and has managed help me through those rough times. Remember when you see your old roomy flying overhead, don't lean on that button. MRM VF-17

Todd Eric Carlson

Crystal Lake, Illinois
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Todd may have been the only plebe not to want to climb Herndon, he had such a good deal in 7th Heaven. He was correct, since he drove his car more often as a plebe than as a 1/c. Todd made instant friends w/ Stalag'88; antagonizing Wroom residents w/ his stereo & leaving processed 151 all over the Wroom one Sat night. Also friends w/ '91, he separated his shoulder in a rumble, despite the assertions of one plebe that "He's faking it." Todd's charm worked w/ civilians, especially 11 Gtown locals who ignored his 2 buddies and gave Todd a real BIG nose-but not the $. 2/c yr Todd met Beata, a match made in heaven. The Towson fire dept agreed after responding to a dorm fire alarm set off by Todd cooking for his beloved. Others trembled as the "lose, abuse, lose" expert fell victim to this charming lady. 1/c yr started w/ Todd getting taken out by 13 Co 4/c. The brightest systems major in '90, he didn't sweat his Nuke interview and spent $6k of his $4K bonus. Hasta pronto, mi amigo-Orlando won't know what hit them come Nov. Swo


Donald


Michael C.

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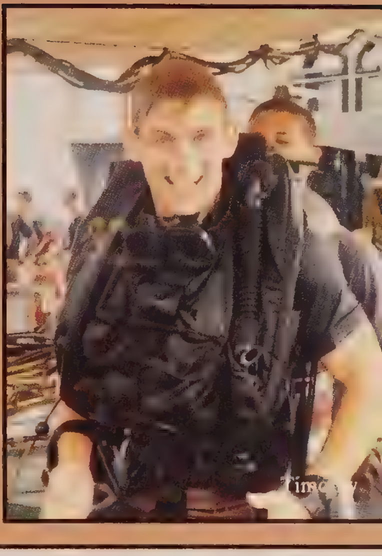

Tim

Michael Gordon Coonan

Orange Park, Florida
Navy Pilot

There once was a dude from Virginia. There once was a dude from Orange Park. There once was a dude from Novato, California. There once was a dude from Virginia Beach. And there once was a dude who was all of these, but really from Orange Park. He came to the Academy a Cy Young Award winner from Orange Park High School, privileged to play for the insurmountable, until 1/c year, Coach Duff. Mike became one of "The Boys" plebe year, the cockiest 4/c's to ever dawn such a doorplate. Never one to turn down a bru-haha, he maintained a reputation for slamming with the best of 'em. With a family history to follow, baseball to get him through, and a little black convertible to get him there, Mike proceeded to Pensacola by way of USNA, a small detour that bypassed the nominal college party scene that Mike surely would have owned. And though the Doris scene never panned out to his expectations during these, his peak years, he maintained (unlike so many around him) a standard for the gentler gender, matched only by his roommate. Let it all continue at The Ranch. VFA-17 bop

Donald Hopper Gill III

Milford, Michigan
Navy Pilot

Don, after surviving the rigors of FORM-2, managed to become well acclamated to the academy and survived well. Don tried playing B-ball for Navy his plebe year, but was soon shown by David Robinson & Co. that his awesome moves and screwy left-handed shot (which rarely missed) were just not good enough to make up for his lack of about four inches in height. Still, he remained an avid Navy B-ball fan for the rest of his Navy career and after Pee Wee Herman's dismal '89-'90 season, he vowed to some day return and coach Navy to the Final Four. Hopper was not only a Navy booster, but also a Piston's fan. Don started his academic career at USNA as an aerospace engineer which was great since some day he knew he would fly jets. Even though he studied hard second class year, academics reduced his dream by half and made him a general engineer, but at service selection, he was still able to see well enough to go pilot and did. I'm sure Don will end up being a Top Gun in his own right and wish him the best of luck. P.S. Just say no to stuck-up, snobby Euro-chicks--Date American!! JJL

Timothy Michael Henderson

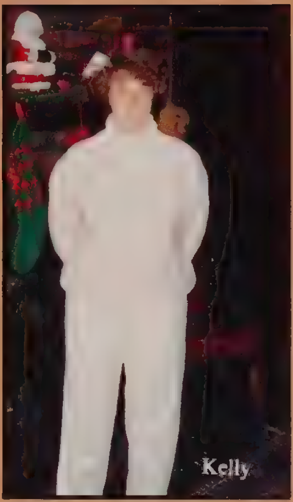
Saratoga, California
Submarines

Tim arrived at the Academy full of youthful idealism and aspirations. Youngster cruise took him to the fine ship Pogy - the start of his love for Submarine Force. He arrived at the Stalag a picture of professionalism - taken into the hands of a few caring friends this situation was quickly corrected. In fact, Tim soon began to symbolize the wilder side of 17 - "Rosies" in Tijuana, Piezano's, and "Son, has your friend been drinking tonight?" That summer Tim took charge of 2nd Squad alongside Martinez and they set the tone with the Spetznaz swim. Having made the decision to stay he returned to USNA to ponder the meaning of life, with little success. First class summer saw Tim as a dominating force at Scuba School, both in the water and on the beach, under the expert guidance of Instructor Kelly. He ran his first marathon and decided to become a Diver, then a NFO, then a Marine, but having fooled the Admiral, chose Submarines. Tim, its been great and I could never forget you even if I tried. So get smart at Nuc School and next time order a Bud light. MWB

Michael Douglas Hendrickson

Morgan Hill, California
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

$wo, aka Mike, spent his plebe year in SLACK 14. AC year brought the "Loud Room", while X-mas leave brought a father's shotgun due to an errant "smack" letter originating in this same room. Fortunately, '87 graduated and our hero survived to take his youngster cruise where he ran his ship aground on a "sand bar" of floating seaweed. In the Stalag, he often rumbled with his own classmates. After a bloody nose that only Mike Tyson would appreciate, $wo tried his hand at romance. After sending $300 of anonymous roses to a girl back home, $wo (thru Jeff) finally met this dream girl, where he also found that the dog still could not bark. While it may sound like Swo is an unlucky character, he has successfully dodged at least 7-5000 series offenses. This year, $wo has managed to attend dances with Susan and Jill. Looks like his luck in romance is about to change, but beware of those underclass females, they'll get you into trouble every time (20 Dr). You have been a great friend. God Bless, and I will see you in Orlando, Idaho Falls, San Diego, Long Beach . . . JWH and TEC



Jeffrey William Hickox
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

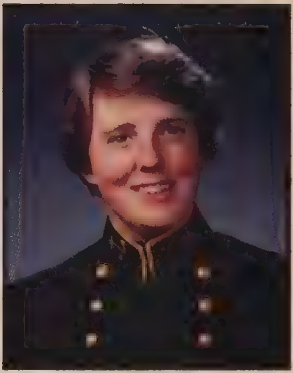
The hard-luck kid, Jeff doesn't even have a real hometown, hailing from Chicago, KC, and Pitt. After a rough Plebe Summer, Jeff chilled out the year in Playboy 21. After scrambling to Stalag, he quickly saw what he had missed. A history major at heart, Jeff chose Mech E and met Prof Lee--thus creating Wild Bill Hickox. 3/c yr was spent trying to get sat. Jeff met the PDBFH, a drama that cont thru 2/c summer & fall and nearly sent him to the Axe @ 2/c Xmas. Facing Rocket & Granger in the spring, Jeff felt discretion the better part of valor and jumped to EGE. 2nd sem was much better & Jeff became a favorite w/ the gals on 2-4-- Wagner 2/4 that is. A true god w/ a sword, Wild Bill Hickox became 2nd set Foxtrot CDR & fought off the Injuns--JAGs--who swarmed over his command looking for atrocities committed by 1st set. Coming out of the fight w/o a scratch, he was selected for Brig 1st LT in time for the great offensive against unreg chairs, ICOR signs, etc. EME grades notwithstanding, he was selected for SurfNuke...it's been great rooming with you--see ya in Orlando, Swo

Brian David Huey
Gainesville, Georgia
Naval Flight Officer

Youngster year was never dull for "Boats" as he dealt with PT's popularity (surfs up!), saved Jimbo many times, qualified as a shower repairman, and was a man of many women. Second class year saw him putting the women by the wayside (including Elizabeth) and taking on more rigorous pursuits such as Conditioning Squad, Mini-Buds, and Bulldog (shouldn't have gone to the meeting.) But he finally came back to his senses First class year when he joined the ranks of NFO's. Brian, never stop being yourself and don't lose the "charm." Our friendship in the last three years has made a lasting impression and has been an unforgettable blessing. Good luck and God bless. JWJ MJM

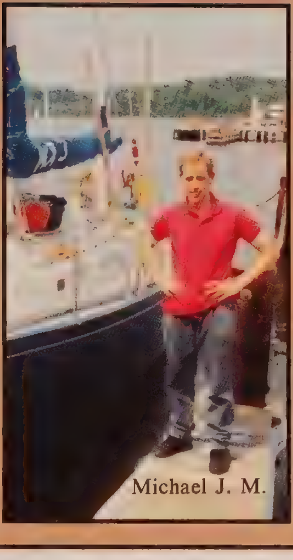
John Wayne Jones
Friendship, Maryland
Marine Corps

Although you hated it when we called you Duke, the nickname aptly fit. Your reserved manner and stern expression were responsible for the "Mean Mother" syndrome and your exploits in the boxing ring and a couple of Collegiate Boxing runner-up titles reaffirmed this image. Yet beneath the surface was the real John, and a unique individual who we were fortunate to have among us. Determined, quick-witted, caring, hard-working and fiercely loyal, you were an extraordinary roommate and an invaluable friend. Although we never quite understood your masochistic tendencies- Physics, getting hit in the head, and subjecting yourself to the whims of all those girls--you persevered and survived the Sub-zero Ac Board, the Quantico Appendectomy, and Bulldog Part II. Best of luck at TBS. Take care of yourself and your men and God Bless you. BDH



Kelly Ann Keefe
Bristol, Tennessee
Intelligence

Kelly came to us from the back woods of...? Oh Tennessee, My Tennessee. Why USNA? To discover what the real world was like. Plebe year in Slaughterhouse 5 was a rude awakening, but it proved to be no obstacle. It was there Kelly learned it could be lonely at the top, but the top was the only place to be. She kept up the pace in the Stalag by hitting the deckplates running and the golf greens swinging. Kel carried the Women's Golf Team far, as the #1 (and only one) player. Even with that special made position as company HRC rep, she still couldn't convince the NAAA to allow her to compete. Speaking of HRC rep-how did you get that position anyway?!?! But wait, it's first class year. It's all downhill-right? Wrong! Batt stripes colored Kelly's uniform (not as many as she deserved) for a semester until the Sturge crowned her 17th Co Commander. He had hoped her impeccable conduct record would rub off on fellow company mates-no such luck. And now, it's off to the Intel Community where we wish her all the best. Just remember Kelly, "only the good die young." JMB, DUL & SLA/T



James Joseph Lawless

Lebanon, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Despite surviving two ac-boards, Jim (J.J. or Joking Jim) still found plenty of time to get horizontal. Somehow, he ended up as a most unlikely 3-striper by being captain of the fencing team. Jim will always be remembered for his sly practical jokes and food runs for the entire company. Never one to spend much time at the academy, Jimbo was either fencing (quite well, usually), taking a weekend escapade up to Cornell, or simply racking. If you sleep twelve hours a day you spend two years at the academy, right? After becoming a General Scientist, Jim also found plenty of time to hang out in the company cave. A SWO-Daddy all the way, Jim will definitely make his mark on "THE CUTTING EDGE". I feel blessed by our friendship and I wish you and Lisa the best of luck. HOPPER VF-17

Dora Umeyo Lockwood

New Salisbury,Indiana
General Unrestricted Line

Good Grief!(Dean) Swimming in lane 4 from Navy--Dora "Big D" Lockwood on her way to another All-American title (Paul). Those o'dark early practices paid off (Dave) - but oh, I almost forgot Dora "doesn't do morning workouts."(Rob) After finally deciding what to do with her life, she's off to the beaches of Hawaii. (Jeff) This time the Navy knows where she is (Jim) but for how long? (Tom) The best of times; (?) "But Coach I don't like boats; Hey Hank; Mr. Right; The Jolly Pleber; 3/4 speed; Studly's Snake Ranch; The Little Mermaid-Yes; "Oooh, but I have missed one!"; Ho--Ho--Ho; And like, you know this D&B thing, well like they just need me...way cool!; Tequeeellaaa, but don't forget the soy sauce;... "I just can't go on any longer!" P.S. Did you hear the one about the "check" in the mail? KAK, CEF, PLK, SLA/T; JMB

Michael John Martinez

Issaquah, Washington
Marine Corps

Having departed the Great Northwest, God's Country, Mike came to USNA destined for military greatness. After muddling through the quagmire of plebe year in 35 Mike found a taste of the true military in a sawdust pit at Airborne and went on to give blood for his gold wings youngster year. That summer Mike took charge of third squad as a member of second set and he joined his roommate to set the proper tone for the 1st annual St. John's Spetznaz swim. Our favorite history major wrapped up in the body of a general engineer, Mike learned to like the ways of Dr. Love, Jacques Cousteau, Patton, and Bono all rolled up into one, "Candidate" Martinez ate up Bulldog. After vacationing in So. Cal with the first Recon Battalion Mike returned to take command of the Stalag. In his first marathon ever, the Marine Corps one of course, Mike came within minutes of qualifying for the Boston.. despite the total abscence of training. Mike, thanks for being a great roommate. All the best in your career as a leader of Marines. TMH and SRS

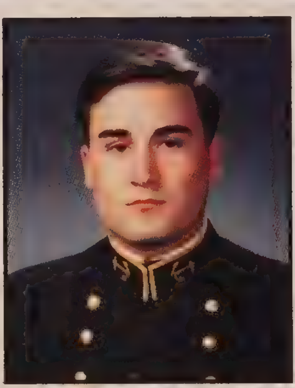
Michael Renick Moore

Hot Springs, Arkansas
Navy Pilot

Mike came to the boat school from that breeding ground of naval officers, Hot Springs, Arkansas. I-Day found us thrown together in the last great bastion of professionalism, the Firebase(BF22!DFL!) where lasting impressions were made by Chuckles and Mikey P. Plebe year had its bright spots, including the birthday party and the Plebe House. Sticking it out together, we would have done fine if it weren't for THAT NOISE! It wasn't until three semesters later that he realized what good music was, and he too bailed out on the WAD. 2/C year hit Mike hard, when he found that Aero and a new Steady didn't mix at all. One had to go. But hey, who needs to know what makes it fly, anyway? 2/C year also brought THE Christmas party, and the summer when we skippered twin ships into infamy(the now famous "Green Eggs and Ham" maneuver). You KNOW we were the faster boat! Firstie year finally came, and in between weekends at Goucher, there were Trek fests, good music, Pete's after P-rades, Service Selection! Congrats(condolences?) on an imminent happy whateverafter. Go with a smile! TSB

Anthony Lee Ohl
Coulter, Iowa
Surface Warfare

Arriving from the metropolis of Coulter, Iowa, the land of corn and tractor pulls, Ton-Loc found that Plebe year in Roaring 20 wasn't exactly hog heaven. Fate next landed him in Stalag 17, where Rack Ohl-A commenced on a CompSci degree. However, due to an overindulgence of "Tesla Girls" and a rigorous run-swim-lift routine, Ohl-A heeded the call to GenSci. After mastering the books, Tony embarked on other adventures like CSTS, gaining only a 5K, pre-Bulldog, which offered only blisters and sore limbs, and the arduous process of Service Selection (USMC,SWO,JAG??). But the "World's Most Fickle Man" finally decided on the coffee cup Navy, a choice that will surely provoke Tony to rise for breakfast - maybe even midrats, too! Though Rack Ohl-A 20 years from now might not recall everything from the days of Dee & Al's, Mexican meal, gouge hunts and Visa/MC bills, he will no doubt hold on to many good memories of his 4 years by the Bay.JTW



Bruce Edward Martin Oistad
Buffalo, Minnesota
Navy Pilot

Bruce (Bemo) was swept away from his father, the King of Norway, and brought to Minnesota - only to decide to join the singles paradise at Annapolis. His flamer year was spent down the dark shaft only to be brightened by his purely platonic weekend adventures at Delaware with the "D" woman. During 1st class summer, monster Bemo, Duke of Plebes in 17, found his lost love of dictatorship. Leading into AC year, "Heartbreaker" tore up the dance floors and bars, making it impossible for this stud-muffin not to bump into a nameless Dr. Jeckel and Ms. Hyde without spilling his drink. Always the life of the party at Dining-Ins (although I'm never awake to remember), Bruski has a unique ability of conveying humor, class, and poise to those around him. His high standards and ardent work ethics have served him well and will no doubt, make him the best pilot in his class at P-Cola. Bruce, it's been fun, sad, hard and great. Your dedication and loyalty are unmatched. I'll miss you, but will never forget.. NEVER HAIRED, ALWAYS EPIC... - MWS VF-17

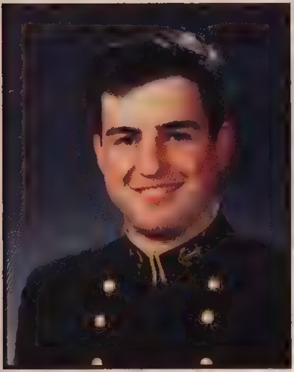
Stephen Robert Silva
Pleasanton, California
Navy Pilot

Third class year - a happy go-lucky innocent red head who just wanted to make friends and be the best drummer in the history of the D&B. With a steady head and a wit the likes of which you've never seen, Steve kept his sights on the ideal upper middle class stature. His high professional standards never got him any respect. Schweetz went on 1/c cruise and coasted to a seventeen out of sixteen ranking aboard USS Peneilla Lou. Continuing to search for storylines for "The Book" that will follow in years to come, Stopa decided to turn up the action volume in his final year and give his TV generation imagination a chance to express itself through the body of one M3 drivin', blackjack bettin', jello shootin', snowboard thrashin', femme crazin' yuppie. Let it be known that no camaro, monte carlo, or polyester material will ever be safe from his WT thrashing. And when "the picture" with Carrot Top in the middle becomes the symbol of success for all of America's youth, remember that a little plastic up front couldn't stop Steve "Gordon Gecko" Silva. -MJM, BRW(partner) VF-17

Mark William Sortino
Litchfield, Connecticut
Naval Flight Officer

Our little Diego came to the stalag from that bastion of professionalism, better known as - the ROTC battalion. Instantly realizing that he wasn't in Kansas anymore, Markie set out to distinguish himself as the dominant social dynamo in the company by setting unparalleled standards of decadence in his weekend conquests. Finding himself in a cultural desert, Riles used his prep-school savvy to force feed his cornucopia of Left wing/Far East liberal propoganda upon us all. Let it never be said that Smiling passed up a chance to go to bat for any bleeding heart, gay whale saving cause. Futher along in his tenure in the stalag, Marko pushed the outer envelope of his favorite book, and earned himself a handsome addition to his wardrobe - learning the true meaning of the phrase, "The Grinch who stole Christmas." Clutching his hard earned NFO billet, Sort-Nose heads for P-Cola with visions of the three B's. All in all there never was a more true friend, thanks for opening our eyes - we luv ya babe - see you in P-cola...Schweetz and Brewster VF-17

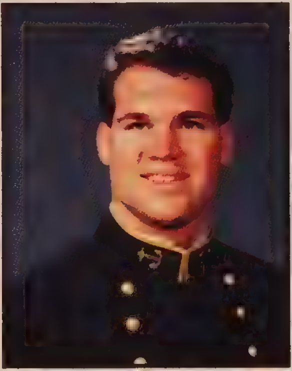
WHITE HOUSE
Timothy



Timothy Ward Spitser

Los Angeles, California
Navy Pilot

In our 2 years living together I've come to know Tim better than most of those girls he never calls back. His youth was spent on the beaches of California, sunglasses donned and volleyball in hand. Driving ambition and a lust to fly made him our companion for four years by the Bay. Great was his disappointment when he discovered the Academy was located far from any beach amongst the ruins of the decrepit East Coast. Tim never felt forced to waste time on his Engineering studies that could be better spent on his "progressive" music. Though Spits became a legend of the airwaves, his preference for music made by sexual deviants caused much ribbing. The ladies in Tim's life came and went in blurred succession, sometimes not sure who it was they had really met. The adventures in the Holy Land and the Spitter deserve mention. As Firsties we moved into the Airwing and Tim took his first abortive step over that threshold of the adult world. Soon Tim will follow his elders down to the Happy Hunting Grounds; we'll be glad to have him there, near the beach and with his friends. – DRB



Jeffrey Tharpe Wall

Americus, Georgia
Surface Warfare

Jeff came to USNA from Americus, GA (home of the City Beat) with his football in hand. Thirty Tool welcomed their new leviathan but his new roommate's weren't so happy! A spine injury placed Jeff in a body cast for 6 wks (no showers = no friends) and a bro ken leg stopped Jeff from playing football. It was 2nd Sem 3/C year before most of us in the Stalag realized that the Big Man was in our company! His ability to upset his roommates was shown again when he melted Pete's stereo with a 150 watt bulb! 2/C sum mer brought: No half stepping! Me and my plate one on one! Who sings that song? Room Standards! NO BS! Engine math was tubed, but that was surprising since Jeff took notes like a laser printer, used Cones of Silence, and had all the gouge (where did that PCR come from?) All agree he was a sweat (there's a sponge under the sink, Jeff) I'm sure he will always remember stubby-fingers (thanks, W.H.) and his time in the weight room. Our mama's boy went SWO to SC: he never strays far from home! Take care & good luck. ALO

Jeffrey Paul Whetman

Cedar City, Utah
Navy Pilot

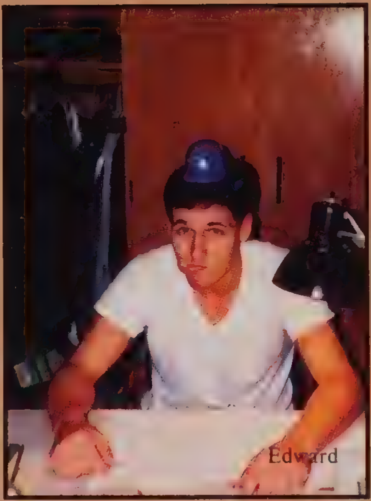
His adventure begins in the late 70's, or possibly the early 80's, when Jeff left his home in Utah with hopes of making his way to good ol' USNA. After a year in the sun, Jeff finally found Annapolis and took his place in the class of 90-2. In August of '86 Jeff decided to follow his heart to Japan. Returning to USNA in '88 Jeff had the good fortune to not only join the Class o' 90, but to become a member of the Stalag. It was during first class year that it became clear that Jeff, while he was not getting any younger, did enjoy a lot more luck than most people. It was then that the love of his life and soon to be better half, Suzanne, moved east: mostly so Jeff wouldn't have to continue to spend all his cash on phone bills. As Jeff's marathon academy career comes to a close he prepares once again to blaze his own trail; when he heads for P-Cola....by way of Japan. JP, you've been a terrific roommate and a great friend, thanks for all the help and support. Best of luck in marriage and in the air!

-SRS VF-17

Bryan Ray Wright

Mineral Wells, Texas
Navy Pilot

What can we say, we made it all the way. Just a skip, jump, and a hop for the man they call Be-Bop. Mineral Wells he left behind, for many new adventures he was sure to find. The trip to Wilmington was going great, until a deep sleep fell upon his date. Then there was Phily -- was the outdoor bathroom a little bit chilly? The limo ride was definitely something new. I had a good time but I think I juked you. The beverage of his choice was not hard to pick. No matter what brand you chose he was sure to get sick. Playing 150's forced him to constantly lose weight, but he turned this hassle into his ticket to become great. An All-League performer at the position of free safety pleased his parents, both Wayland and Sherry. He came to Annapolis to go to school, but he left with the title of Wacool. You've been a great friend the last four years, I'll see you in P'cola and you can buy me some beers. Beach, girls, beer and the aviation branch -- meet you in Florida at the Snake Ranch. VFA-17 DOG



18th COMPANY

Edward Leo Anderson
Evansville, Indiana
Submarines

Ed arrived at the Naval Academy in 1986 from the Hoosier state. Actually being a native of California, no other state had much to offer and this made life difficult. Ed's approach to life at USNA was diverse, yet interesting. He was always one to be counted on for a word of discipline. His printer and computer were his pride and joy. If you used them you had better have left them the way you found them or else.., After meeting his beloved Lori, he became much easier to live with. Vacations were Ed's favorite activity. He would plan them and think about them and finally report back that all had gone as planned and that life was great. Too bad that wasn't the case End-Of-Semester Leave 2/c year. Where is that car now, Ed?

Ed usually was very meticulous about following directions. When the doctor told him not to eat hard food for a week after the wisdom teeth exitted, he thought no harm would come. How long DID you complain? Oh well, at least you made it to subs. After all what else is there in life? ... MONEY. GHS

Gregory Clark Archbold
Salt Lake City, Utah
Submarines

Hailing from the historically nautical environment of Salt Lake City, Utah (aka Happy Valley), Arch always knew that USNA was for him. Destined for submarines, he finished plebe year with a 4.0 and single-digit class rank. On to 18th company, Arch made many friends youngster year. Second class year brought a brief exposure to the Corps ("Did we ever room together?"), rooming with his plebe year roommate ("We've been together much, much too long"), and that Vixen thing. Then came the 78 days of first class summer with Arch loading the Brigade in restriction and cruise on IOWA. First semester of firsty year kept Arch busy as adjutant, but second semester brought VGEP at Hopkins, MIR status, and Missy. Good luck in grad school and nuke school, Semper Submarinus, etc. THB

James Richardson Barney
Springfield, Virginia
Submarines

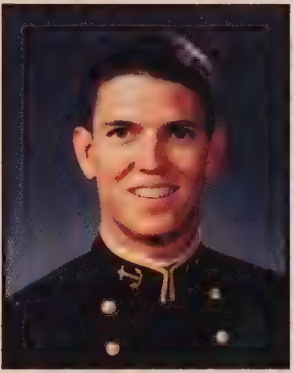
I didn't know Jim Barney my first day in the 18th company but I knew by the way he unpacked his books that he and I would get along extremely well. One of his magic abilities that fascinated me was his ability to breathe life into heaps of junk he called, "cars". We traveled to far off lands in these cars of the living dead, often stopping on the side of the road to crawl under the car to turn on the heat. Jim and I, setting out with only $7.33 in our pockets, would often have no destination. If I recall correctly we once ended up drunk on the front lawn of Rev. Faldwell's Liberty U. What made living with Jim so interesting, aside from love affairs with histrionic women, was our philosophical exchanges that often ended up with us violently agreeing with each other. I'm not sure where we should look for Jim in the future but I'll bet we wouldn't be far off looking in the CEO's office at Dow or Dupont, a plastic surgeon's office in Bel Aire, CA, or at the end of the bar of the Pink Palace. Where ever he is, I hope I'll be able to find him. DH

Timothy Hampton Burgess
Indianapolis, Indiana
Medical Corps

"Burge," "Doc," "Graveyard," but never Tim, came into our presence roughly from Indianapolis. A self (and proudly) proclaimed chemistry geek, Tim plans to serve his country as a practitioner of Naval medicine (God help us). Burge's favorite past times include burning and exploding various chemicals in his shower, taking up residence in his classmates' con lockers, exhibiting his manhood to anyone who cares to notice, and hanging out with the wife to be, Susan. He has been seen wandering the halls very late at night, carrying a large glass of home-brewed iced tea, mumbling about Elvis stealing all of his mechanical pencils. Perhaps these are some of the causes of his premature gray hair. Never one to over-do in the wardrobe cleanliness area, Burge religiously does his laundry when it achieves consciousness, whether it needs it or not. We all wish Burge well in the next few, lean years. Anyone who can send $ or children's clothes, Burge would appreciate it. Watch out for those sideways moving Venezuelan elevators and those nasty side affects of antihistamines. GBY. TWS

Brian Joseph Fitzell
Yorktown Heights, New York
Marine Corps

Brian J. Fitzell, "FITZ" hailing from Yorktown Hts., NY, spent year one at NAVY in 7th Heaven. He gained infinite wisdom from Dwayne W., applying it con gusto with special droogs: DAN-O and OTTER at LINDA's. The Luck O' the Draw put him into Serene 18 where he distinguished himself through his sustained lechery, devout cynicism and quest for the ultimate cup O' joe. LIB-O was spent with the likes of Smeets, Winand, Fast Eddie, Bone, Duder, the Beefer, Huckster y Fightin' Lou. Frequently said to "go out on a limb," FITZ spent W.E.'s imbibing in Annapolis' Tap rooms stalking vampires and divorcees. Highlights include: Ring Dance, B'more, D.C., Delaware, Radford, Penn State, UVA, ARMY, NYC. Although "he should have been a cop," he plans to don Marine Corps green and fly the friendly skies. He expresses his sincere gratitude to his family and friends. Your Humble Narrator "In the days of my youth, I was told what it means to be a man... and now I've reached that age, I try to do all those things the best I can..."

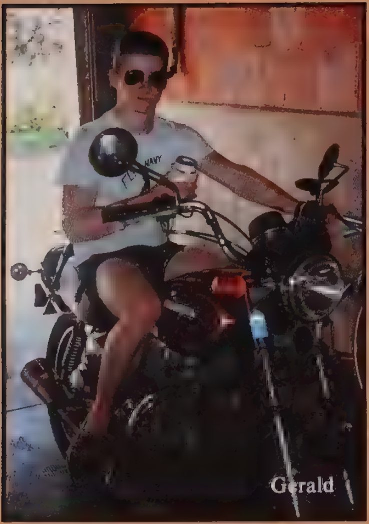


Robert Austin Gillette
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Marine Corps

Rab assaulted the walls of the Naval Academy leaving a proud father and a worryed mother behind. He came from Ft Lauderdale with a 150's helmet in one hand and a pair of skis in the other. All of us are still wondering where Rab picked up skiing. But a good skier he is, as trips to the Fireside Lodge and Walt and Wanda's proved. In quest of more violence, Rab put down his helmet and picked up a fieldball, where he was a dominating force. Back in the hall, Frank and Ed joined us for a while, only to be driven away by one Lt C. Herb the herb, a much more layed back roommate, was able to fill the void left by the eviction of Frank and Ed. But his prize companion materialized near the end of 2/c year, as a red four wheeled monster with a Beverly Hills cover. Trips home proved interesting for Rab. The chick was always receptive to Rab's interests, as well, he was able to lead the guys to the best in Ft L. (Candy Store,Wobbly Barn ,Hooters). He was born with green skin and his heart is set on the Corps. Good luck as you begin your career as an Artilery Officer MAM

Walter Hill Glenn
Pensacola, Florida
Navy Pilot

In 1986, Walter Glenn arrived at the Naval Academy with the goal of one day returning home to Pensacola - to one day be a Naval Aviator. A year later, Walt arrived in the Eighteenth Company with his newly acquired sailing skills and a workout program that could make a tri-athlete look lazy. His will to workout was surpassed only by his desire to eat. It took Walt three semesters to realize that he could be a "star" by changing his major and by hitting the rack before anyone else nightly. Walt got his friends thru youngster year with a misbehaving Cutlass named Christine. It behaved for Walt but it allowed for messy situations for Tim W. Two consecutive broken ankles convinced "Fat Walt" to give up rugby a year later. Walt was never much of a repairman, sometimes needed help getting dressed in the morning, and was often amazed by others talents (like ironing and sewing clothes). It is a good thing that Walt and Shannon are getting hitched.



Christopher

Christopher Edwin Gronbech
Grant Park, Illinois
Navy Pilot

Arrival 7 July 1986

Departed 30 May 1990

Matthew Melecio Gutierrez
San Antonio, Texas
Marine Corps

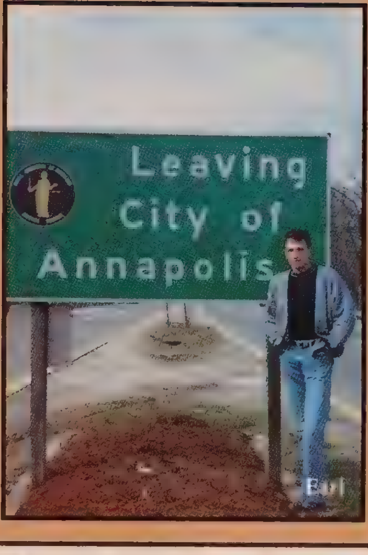
Matt Gutierrez (better known as 'Pete' to every one else outside of the Academy) has truly been a unique roommate. Never one to conform, Matt is a man of unique qualities. Mashed potatoe sandwiches, pizza with its topping ripped off, mellow mail girlfriends, and a strange habit of playing with his food has made an interesting 3 years of King Hall entertainment. Matt's music speaks for itself. Looking through his collection of tapes and CD's, one cannot help to notice the strange mix of music--Iron Maiden, 10,000 Maniacs and country music. The best way to understand his other qualities is to realize Matt's and his father's mutual service selection--U.S. Marine Corps. There are few midshipmen who still aspire to be "like DAD". His father is deeply religious, reserved, caring of his men, professional in appearance and action, and a good humor. You're not quite there, but you're well on your way. You've been an excellent roommate who has been a good friend. See you out in the Fleet or in my "multi-billion dollar corporation"!

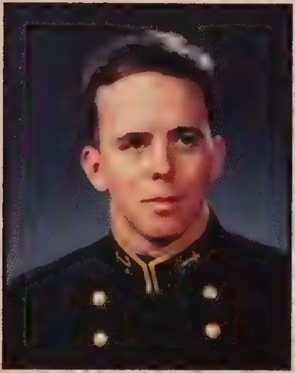
Gerald Brendan Haran Jr
Milton, Massachusetts
Special Warfare

Jerry's plebe year was an enigma for Navy. He found a companion in the Brigade, escaped to MacDonough Hall at first opportunity to pray to the Gymnastics gods, conquered Easterns, and earned the nickname "ICE" for his composure. 3/c yr. started well for Jerry (UA 12 hrs. in the head worshipping the porcelain gods), but it got better when he got football player roommates. Our hearts were destroyed by evil temptresses, but we recovered to covort in D.C. THE RIDE FROM HELL. He escaped 2/c summer (The Gulag of Navy) to try and make the '88 Olympic Team, hang with Bob and Ferg, and enter the class of '90.5. 2/c yr. Jerry's faith in the Gymnastic gods waivered as danger and excitement of the SEALs overcame him. The year of mutiny, Lt. Coughlin, car problems, Restriction, Midnight Run to Boston, motorcycle mistakes, SEAL billets, Conduct, Presidential Pardons, $500 phone bills, Jeeps, Capture by old lady cops, and a new found faith in the Gymnastic gods filled 1/c year. Barcelona '92, give it a go. Hoo-Yaa!! --JAK--

Douglas Ian Hewitt
Potomac, Maryland
Navy Pilot

In the three years I have known Douglas "Hewbage" Hewitt, I have come to see him as a club man. From the combat pistol club to the Fraternal Order of BMW Owners, Doug has belonged to more organizations over the years than I previously knew existed. The most important of these were the unpublicized clubs of which he was generally a charter member: the 3 o'clock club, the Wednesday night club, and of course one club so exclusive that it remains unnamed. Doug is an honest to God intellectual and was always on hand to lend his special blend of secular humanism, libertarianism and Adam Smithism to a conversation. Our debates often lasted well into the night and have thoroughly convinced me that Doug has long been on Hell's payroll as the Devil's personal advocate. Doug can add class to anything, and in the years to come, this ability along with his other strengths will get him anywhere he wants to go. He'll know what to do when he gets there. JB





Michael Patrick Huck
Bellevue, Nebraska
Surface Warfare

Michael Huck come to Navy from the cornfields of Bellevue, Nebraska with his idealism and manhood intact. After spending a fun-filled plebedom in 2nd and 26th Co (day and night) Mike found himself in Mighty 18. Joining alongside the ranks of the other bad drunks, Huck distinguished himself on many occasions. A few deserve notation: J.P. and Fagan's sis, Horuka Kura and his walk on "the dark side." His thirst for inebriation is only matched by his penchant for smokeless tobacco. Most of us will remember Huck with a big 'ole dip in his lip and a lecherous thought in his mind. After flirting with the idea of joing the Air Farce, Mike woke-up and smelled the coffee which led him to go SWO. We all expect him to be if not a "front runner" than at least a bartender in Subic Bay. Semper Donut Huckster. Good Luck. Fitz.

William Clency Jones
Jacksonville, Florida
Surface Warfare

"Who are You? I'm Willie Love. Tell all your friends about me." His flag is flyin', I ain't lyin'. Livin' large, rollin fat, stayed unsat. Engineer of the year, psyche! Billet: Buzzard. Owned the brigade, tryin' to get paid, not money, honey. Mandela: Capt (ret.), a martyr, a soldier, a hero. The sensuous Black Woman, a natural born Southern pleaser. Don't forget the "tuck". "She will put something on your mind..." Some, dumb, Bubble Yum Bubble Gum... The Boat House, your home, and that girl named Fran, "She sung on your records..." There are no secrets on the water. Dummy Mover, Groover, Smoother than any brother I know cuz he got it like that. Go for what you know. Maybe someday the memoirs can be released.

Fleet & Fran, w/ editing by WCJ90

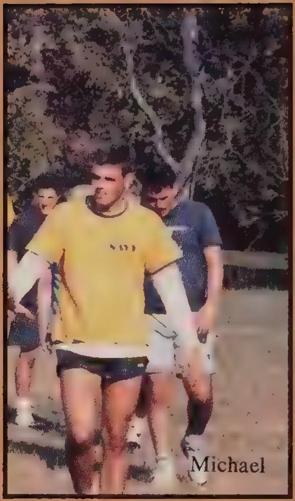
James Adam Kirk
Hershey, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Midn 3/c Jg. Kirk began his USNA career in 27th CO. Jim's 1st varsity football game, against Notre-Dame, is a fond memory for us all (8 hrs to Baltimore via D.C. and arrive at half time). '86 began the Uzelac era and Jim's post-army binges. 3/c year found Jim and I together in Fighting 18th CO. Both of us victims of female autrocities and crimes of the heart. "The Year Of Women" often found Jim in Chicago's on Saturday night and worn to a frazzle by Sunday morning. 2/c summer ended "The Year Of Women" with dinial from the Dark Side and secured Jim as a SWO after T-34 sickness. 2/c yr. began with a KGB chase after the Army game. Chicago's went out and Jim's affinities turned to women with claws, a beautiful Bostonion, PHD's and "The Sure Thing". The yr. was topped by a 6 hr. sprint to Boston - 24 hrs. of @#X~- and a sprint back(36 hr round trip). 1/c yr saw the defeat of Army football, Jim as a proud uncle and surface line out of Japan. I'll remember long nights of solving the world's problems. Best of luck my friend. --ICE--

Earl Jennings Knight III
Beckley, West Virginia
Navy Pilot

Earl Jennings Knight III, Jay, Bone, hailing from Beckley, WV, came to Navy via Marshall U. (Marshall?) He brought with him an affection for alarm clocks, mirrors and James Dean. Bone was always there to provide expert advice on the martial arts, skiing and baseball. Bone started his USNA career with a real plebe year in Elevenworth, capped off with a degenerate journey to Bermuda with the Fast One. He jumped into youngster year with 2 great weekends, followed by 8 long weeks. The women could never get enough of Bone or the "Squiggle", until he was snagged, at least for a while. Bone, a true nocturn, can be found during daylight hours hanging upside-down from his rack. Good to see you "free" and back with the boys. Fly high, Bone. We love you. SOD! Duder and Fast Eddie

Leaving
City of
Annapolis
James



James Arthur Lewis
Reading, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

James Arthur, King of Kings, came to us from the clothing metro of Reading, PA, where he never needed to read Esquire. He loved plebe year. We were destined to be together, "Hey ya got a rack?" Duder soon showed us that he was a man of many faces; the ultimate consumer, the rennaissance man, the silent philosopher, riot cop. After retiring from 150's, he actively pursued a career as the world's best dancer, and a pretty good singer too. Firstie year brought Jim the little red money pit, Harry Browne's, the helm of 18, mysterious females and a great attitude. Maybe in San Diego the quintessential "he-man" will find someone to talk to, besides himself. "You da man!" We love you. SOD! --Fast Eddie and Bone

Stephen Edward Liszewski
Gaithersburg, Maryland
Marine Corps

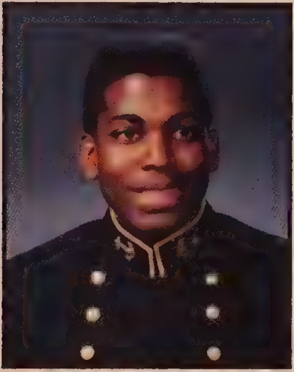
Who better to recount the last 4 years than myself? I came here as a naive seventeen year old from the suburbs of D.C., looking for life's great adventure. I don't know if I found it, but what a JOURNEY. Plebe summer found me in 7th heaven where I met my nemisis, Meehan. I quickly found a home and salvation from academics in the loving arms of Hubbard Hall, the house of pain, where I met some of God's most gifted specimens (Gunny, Ryan, Pat, Polly, Wally, etc.). What I lacked in grace I tried to make up with in horsepower on the end of an oar. 18th company was a good home, where else could I have led a mutiny in the modern Navy? Trying to educate my companymates in the finer points of the Corps was an exercise in futility. The outstanding character of the men on the crew team and in the 18th company makes me proud to call them all my brothers in arms. To the team, the company and most of all Mom, Dad, Val and Mike - thanks, I never could have made it without your love and support. "Someday we'll look back on this and it will all seem funny." Semper Fi! The future is ours.

Michael Alan McCartney
Cleveland, Ohio
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Mike McCartney hails from that oh-so culture rich environment known as Cleveland. Instead of directly reporting to the famous Canoe U, he spent 2 yrs at the football powerhouse of Colby College in Maine. It was there that he used two yrs of elgibility on the swim team and learned enough chemistry to break every curve on a chem exam and earn many friends with the major. He slid through plebe year getting high grades and hanging out with the swim team. Youngster year brought the most expensive stereo system ever seen at Navy, a varsity letter, the beginning of many ski trips, the beginning of a long association of phones (legal and illegal), and a "new" sport. Yes, for his final two yrs he was convinced to prove that Ultimate Frisbee was a real sport. Second class yr flew by with the shortest and laziest man at Navy as a third roommate, more skiing, phone calls from B Zaks, and having to actually work for grades. First class yr and yet another ski trip, 6 stripes and a roommate who wasn't always trying to get him in trouble. Good luck as a SWO Warrior. RAB

John Michael Prendergast
Upper St. Clair, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

John (Shorty) came to us from a crazy little town in Pennsylvania known as Upper St. Clair. Nothing has ever gone wrong for John here at Navy. It amazes me but he never seems to get a raw deal. He is a Systems major but he manages to spend more time in the rack than anywhere else. John has turned racking into an art form, he is truly a master of the blue magnet. When John isn't sleeping he is either out with the Weds night club or tied up with psycho women. Second Class year found John as the Brigade boxing champion at 125 lbs. I have learned to not start fights with shorty unless armed with a water gun. John is off to Pensacola to learn to fly but he has to memorize his personal checklist...landing gear down, cujo locked up, double crossbow ready, suntan, more than 15 dollars, and AWAKE! Good luck as the shortest pilot in the Navy. Thanks for all the laughs and the frustration of living with someone who has a perfect life. Grow, fly well, play hard, and learn to stay awake. These will all pay off in Pensacola. Life begins at mach 1! Fly Navy and never look back. Beeper



Theodore Anthony Prince
Fredericksted, US Virgin Islands
Surface Warfare

Ted's diligent study of aviation magazines at the expense of EE, Steam, etc, has made him a proud contender for that $1000 pot at graduation. Each semester after Ac Boards his class rank went up. Ted says "Weekend list?" Service selection landed him a spot on the VA. I hope he stays on centerline lest his rear end capsize her. The CO of VA rewarded Ted with an "I'm proud to be a SWO" license plate which Ted gratefully affixed to his car with a bracket reading "I'd rather be flying." I have never seen anyone else make an Ice cream, grape jelly and water milkshake nor have I seen anyone else put sugar on their chicken a la king. Ted's greatest dream is to own an old Corsair. Wearing his beloved (and fashionable) survival vest he will fly inverted, without fear of losing his Swiss Army knife because, by God, it will be securely attached to his vest with a safety lanyard. Ted's incessant facination with flying and airplanes will one day put him in the cockpit where he belongs. That I can promise. Keep the faith. GBY. TWS & THB

Douglas William Rhodes
Hanover, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

4/c ROTC Admiral Rhodes came to USNA from the Texas grid-iron to find 33 and the Ratpack, Rodell, Plt. runs, the Chevelle, flexible watch hours, and the best weekends he's had yet, plus pre-airborne #1. 3/c year came Jen Bop, weekends at Hood, and the begining of the Coughlin Era in 18. Doug put his $50 on the table and almost lost it the night with the Sand lady and Dave (Back shaft of 7-3). Hoo-Yaa Pre-airborne #2, success. 2/c year began with a ride on the Hindenberg and an infestation south of the boarder. Restriction yr. '88 brought Doug to Smoke Hall. Doug meets Miss Caligraphy who will proceed him to P-Cola. Scandals, mutinies, and $50 still on the table. A first trip to Wishtons ended with a vow for a rematch, the Airo-space museum and bright blondes. 1/c summer took Doug to the P.I. and Scuba School. Ac year opens with a stock crash and unsat at 6 wks. Bruises from the Nittany Lioness, the valentine balloon woman, and fatal attraction. The question is, " Will Ens. Doug hitch with Lt. Caligraphy?" We'll bet $50 on you any day. - GBH,DH,MAR-

Michael Anthony Riffice
South Holland, Illinois
Navy Pilot

Riff came to us from the city of Chicago after finding his true calling from the U of I. Two years ahead (or behind) the power curve, Mike first established himself as a confident plebe, not too interested in being "indoctrinated". Youngster year brought him to 7-3, 18, and Chuck. After quickly being shown the light out of engineering, Riff found himself master of things like the parachute, the late night wardroom, and the restriction line. Soon came 2nd Class Summer and the Trio in full motion. Let's just say the Trio all had a unique time in P-Cola. Then came combat town, back to Smoke Hall. Now our legend meets his future, someone to quell his wrestlessness, Dana. Back to Smoke Hall with the rest of 90/18, good-bye end-of-semester leave, hello "big view". 1st Class year brings a new LT, some liberty, and a "nice" car. In the end, we can never forget the TRIO, the trips to D.C., or our interesting life on 7-3. Riff gets what he wanted (a graduation certificate). Riff wins, Chuck loses, and for our man Gregory, "WE'RE OUTTA HERE". It was worth it Mike. DWR.

Brendan Pearsall Rogers
Kaneohe, Hawaii
Special Warfare

Brendan, a.k.a. Beeper, comes from Hawaii where his father was the CO of Kaneohe Marine airbase. During his stay at Navy University by the bay, Beeper was destined to be just a tad bit louder and more warped than his peers because, at some point, he decided that SEAL's was the way to go. He will never be accused of being the quietest man at Navy. Beeper has many fond memories of the Academy, specifically the seawall in a heavy downpour and Bishop stadium on a Friday night. The cab of his Ford Ranger has seen some strange times. Despite predictions of imminent marriage and many accusations of being whipped, Beeper has managed to retain his bachelor status. San Diego women beware! Go get 'em Beep, maybe you'll stop meeting the innocent ones. If anything can go wrong, it will happen because he seems to have a knack for getting raw deals whenever possible. Over the years, Beep has shown a lot of patience by rooming with someone who does little to no work while his never seems to end. Beep, rooming with you has been fun and exciting. Good luck and take care. HOO-YAH SEALS! JMP

Leaving
City of
Annapolis

Edward

Louis

Tyler

Gary

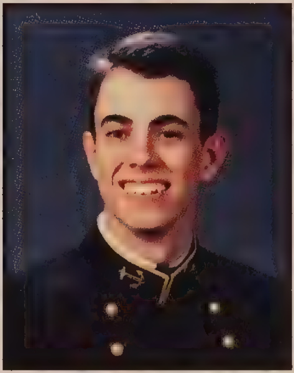
Louis Franklin Rutledge
Hawthorne, Nevada
Navy Pilot

Louis F. Rutledge, AKA "Bitter Lou", AKA "Mr. Fixit", AKA "Mr. Vegas", AKA "Magic Johnson", have it what you may, this man had TOOLS! Lou came to USNA out of the great American desert, the land of cactus and tumbleweed, the Meca of higher learning(UNLV), his cornucopia over flowing with high school accolades ready to conquer the great "Boat School". So maybe a 4-digit OOM wasn't the best start, but damn, the guy's got a 96-piece ratchet set and a hot glue gun to boot. From the halls of Rickover, the Mech E Moo could be heard stampeding Lou into a 1.15 and the unavoidable switch to General E. Keep those cross country transits up; maybe you can break 100,000 miles this year. Watch out P'cola, here comes the first student aviator with his own collection of NFL facts and stats, "The League according to Lou". Never forget, Bo may know sports, but Lou knows TOOLS! WHG

Gary Howard Savitt
Reseda, California
Submarines

Gary came to us a small little guy. I didn't know him then, but I hear he was pretty little. Well, the old Gare Bear(He couldn't get me to call him that for two years) has certainly filled-out. Although he never tried to pass himself off as the Karate Kid, he did have a lot of spunk. Gary could be counted on to liven any conversation, even a study break at 2 in the morning. Of course, Gary was often being chased as a result of this enlivenment. When I came to USNA I thought my writing was bad. I even worried about making it better. After seeing Gary's, I've yet to even let it enter my mind. Gary being a Astro major, I guess they write in their own code. After all, none of us common folk are supposed to be smart enough to understand all that hocuss-pocuss anyway.

Gary's favorite weekend activity was to try to maintain as many "girlfriends" as he could at any one time. Of course, this did backfire a couple times...okay, I give, he's down to one now, but he's still looking. Good luck and keep plugging away. ELA



Tyler William Shepperd
Tucson, Arizona
U.S. Air Force

Tyler came to the Boat School from Tucson, AZ. Upon his arrival, he took a nap. Ty chose to major in poli sci because it readily fit his formula for academic success, which includes two hours of rack for each hour of class. As a political scientist, Ty had plenty of time for outside interests. The principal of these has been sleeping, of course, but one of his long-term (and as yet unrealized) goals has been to road-trip to the LL Bean outlet in Maine. When he's not racking, Ty spends time with the future Mrs. Shepperd, the fair Rebecca Porter. Many's the phone conversation with Becky from which Ty has returned declaring the imminent commencement of chainsaw ops. A favorite topic of conversation for Ty is his rack: "Say, you didn't just smoke one on my rack, did you?" The son of an Air Force General, Ty initially wanted to be a Naval Aviator but soon realized that his destiny lies with his father in the 'Force. Best of luck Ty, Aim High and Semper Unconscious. Do you suppose those marines are still wondering how that stripe got on the BEQ in Burmuda? THB TAP

Edward Anthony Simila
Long Valley, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Fast Eddie arrived at USNA to be immediately subjected to the rigors of "Sweet 16", wrestling shoes on one arm and "that" girl on the other. He never could quite get rid of the girl, but quickly moved on to 17 year olds in Bermuda with Bone. The escapades of youngster year brought unique experiences. The altercations of G-Town, sudden blizzards and Mr. Vuarnet: "I hate you guys, we're gonna die!" Ed quickly developed an undying relationship with his scalp and became equally consumed with the demands of Rugby, and Rugby parties. Ed, destined for great things, earned 5 stripes and only hormones kept him from 6. In the end Ed won over destiny; passed up the bonus and went Navy Air. We hope to visit you on your island some day. We love you. SOD! --Bone and Duder

Timothy Brooks Smeeton

Burke, Virginia
Navy Pilot

There's so much to say about this great guy, TBS. Look at his initials; that's enough. A wiz kid with the girls and a speedster with writing papers, Smeets never ceased to amaze me by pulling all-nighters just to find the right word for that three page paper. But when I look back at this bio after twenty years, I'll still remember the under the bed frolic at Penn State and other assorted adventures, namely the World Wrestling Federation title bout at Western Maryland and the Delaware outbreak that started all of this fun three years ago. I don't forget the serious side about my boy either. The man is a dedicated athlete in rugby and tennis, an academician and a true adventurer, and I'm fortunate to have been able to spend these formative years with him. Pensacola awaits him and I hope he gets to fly what he wants. Best of luck to you! TEW.

Timothy Eugene Winand

Towson, Maryland
Marine Corps

Tim "Boo" Winand came to us at the Naval Academy from the suburbs of Towson, Md. This former Lax player in his heyday is quite a unique individual. He is the only guy I know who could eat two Big Macs and a large fry and truly be hungry 30 minutes later. Winand translates to huge appetite as I'm sure his parents can attest. This bottomless pit tried to defeat a close companion of mine,Horace,only to end up in the fetal position the rest of the night. A valiant effort..Living with this big guy, complete with his own set of 'sequoias',was quite an experience or should I say a chore. If someone was to tell me that he would be leading the company in our last semester here,I would not have believed it. But somehow Timbo got himself together and proved us all wrong. Some great times were spent with this 'party animal'; infamous road trips to Delaware,Ocean City,and PSU to name a few. This devil dog and marathon man finally got what he has always wanted; a free bus ride down to Quantico to start his career in the Corps. Best of luck to a great guy and close friend.Semper Fi.TBS

Clement Kwok Man Wong

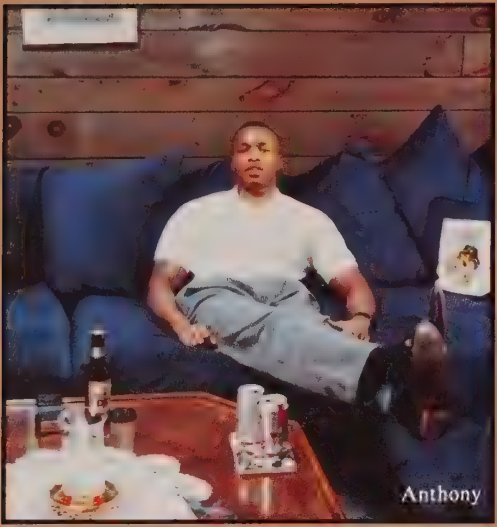
San Jose, California
Surface Warfare

On that hot July morning, one Midshipman 4/c C.K. Wong arrived at the Naval Academy from his California home. As such, Clement had a very ... (uhm). "west coast" attitude that our upperclass felt obliged to pay close attention to. Remember your first visit to 17th company with Debbie looking for her lost probook? Ah, the good old days! Anyway, Clement ("Gotch'a", purple swatch) Wong wasn't the quickest of learners to the "navy way", but you can fake it pretty well now. I guess the past four years weren't a COMPLETE waste. 2/c year, that Saab was a joy to ride, wasn't it? Too bad the telephone pole didn't get out of your way quick enough. Damn stubborn Maryland obstacles! The VW "Thang" has more character anyway. (sigh!) And this past year! How can a car that cost $2,000 be so expensive to maintain? Are you really planning on driving it to California, or are you planning on holding a lottery on which state it dies in? I'll put $10 on Kentucky. To end seriously, good luck in the SWO fleet (and congrats on getting the last San Diego billet!)

Eric John Zerphy

Bath, Pennsylvania
Submarines

This short squatty little lifter, pound for pound the meanest man in the navy, embarked on his Naval Academy career full of hope and ambition of one day having his head in the clouds. However, navy medical did not feel that he was going to be able to reach the pedals. The moment Zerph jumped into the pool and immediately sank to the bottom, he knew his talents lay instead in the depths of the ocean. Zerph tried vainly to escape the stigma of being a physics geek, but was on a first name basis with all his professors, their wives, and children, a result of his frequent calls to their homes. The only things that distracted him from academics were Navy powerlifting and Sabrina. Best of luck in the future, but then its not luck is it? SSB,DRB


Anthony

William

Vonda

19th COMPANY

William Scott Anderson
Alexandria, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Spaz traveled vast distances to get to the Naval Academy, coming all the way from Alexandria, Va.. He only lived 40 minutes away, but always had the hardest time getting home. It's about time you got a car you mooch! During his years here, Mr. Mom made a conserted effort to do as little as possible. Study? What's that? The yard had a strange affect on Scotty: Cannons ... sleeping with cherry blossoms in the 4th wing parking lot. He also had quite a presence out in town. Everyone wanted to go and toss a few with Scott at Franny O's. Scotty spent his weekends at UVA until: Margret = thing, ring, sting * 2. Founder of the Ivy League and with no regard to epedemic control. He liked to spread the wealth. You'll make a great pilot Scott, but I think you'd do even better selling clocks. Tick, tick, tick.... TAJ

Anthony James Anglin
Columbus, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Fumble at Michaels I, MVP at Michaels II. Tony soon learned he couldn't chaperone us, so he started needing his own. The poor guy who sold him his Saab should get an extra $5000. The conscientious student who brought his books on leave so that he could get up early and fall asleep in front of the T.V. with them. Late night beer, disc football champion - JH&GG:22Co. As the oldest member of '90, Tony was known by such "revered" titles as Old Man, Coach, and Gramps. With such respect, it's no wonder he left 19 for the well earned position as a battalion striper. Actually, Tony's demeanor and advice, supplemented by four hard years in the real Navy, have always been well respected. Few have matched the devotion and hard work he has put toward excelling in every aspect at USNA. These traits will definitely follow our SWO-Daddy (Grand-daddy?) and distinguish him as one of the finest officers in the fleet. Hey Tone! - Remember the good guy, and watch out for that neon sign. The W.A.'s send their respects. JEG

Vonda Monique Armstrong
Baltimore, Maryland
Supply Corps

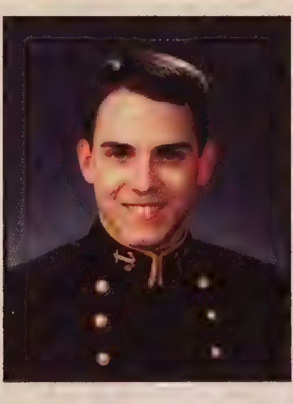
Old Franklintown Road in B-more is where she left
Then four years in the Fleet cold chillin' to death
Onto the Severn for EE and Physics
The suffering began with these academics
But that didn't hold this songbird down
Hecht's plate and Lil Harris she'd be B-more bound
This strong (powerlifting) church going lady
Loved to procrastinate and act real lazy
Humble, beautiful, talented her song
But shy of the microphone until the power is on
Fresh hair cut like Anita Baker
Hardest thing to try to do is wake her
From a nap she finally arises
Clothes by stack - money in those fitting sizes
A friend in need is a friend indeed
And you'll always have your friend V.P.
See you in Georgia, Peach.

Suzanne Marie Autry
Sterling, Virginia
Civil Engineer Corps

Suzanne was discovered by the Academy playing handball on the curbs of Sterling, Va. Realizing her obvious leadership potential they quickly signed her up, call sign "Sand Blower". We thought there were height restrictions. From Mech E to four stripes, she was never one to take the easy path, but always came out ahead of the pack. Her exploits on the soccer field were legendary and size made no difference. Vitamin M saved the day more than once. She was never one to brag or show off, except in volleyball (next time wear a shirt, not a bikini top). She fell head over heels for Tahoe, literally, and decided she wasn't a world class skier. First class year came and so did service selection - so what's it going to be? Heads! CEC it is. By the way, is your car out of the shop yet? How 'bout that bar trip you owe me? Take care and best wishes. MJF BDN

John Francis Burns
Levittown, New York
Submarines

This Long Island boy came to USNA with a nose for hard work and a will to succeed. Plebe year in "Dirty Thirty" brought JV lax and good grades. John met his roommate for 3 years in the Long Beach O club on 3/c cruise. Younster year, John gained his infatuation with mirrors and his ability to argue any point. John also discovered young women 3/c year - "Let's play the name and age game." 2/c year brought the Opel lemon. The ring dance cruise boat kept John from going SWO - must have been a 24 hour flu. 1/c year brought first sem. Company Commander and a few trips to Hood. Because of his economics major John went for the money and went Nuke Subs even after a slightly unpleasant interview. We know you'll do well. Good luck. MMM, JCJ



Jay Anderson Butka
Trumbull, Connecticut
Submarines

A man with a mission describes this hairy Conn. native. In these final days when Jay's laptop, golf, and graduation are foremost, it's easy to forget the countless all-nighters and kilos of Maxwell House which made him famous. He's made it thru Mech E to Nuke, so mission accomplished, thus far. A "pleasant" year with the flames of Form 2 gave him something to be proud of, as well as some insight into leadership. 19 was his real home away from home and there he was a great friend to many. Dart throwing champ and jokester with Cav, to academic Atlas and 2/c with a vengeance', to pre-Nuke cucumber (Oh, so cool), to the big WHEW! after acceptance to NPS, he did a fine job coasting through the last few days. Mean and lean at the wheel of the 300Z and at the diving planes, yet fluent in Monet and Mozart, Butz has many facets unknown to many, some unknown to himself. Kev, Trav, G-man, Ween, and myself (the jerk with the mean right hook) are counting on you to make the underseas safe for us, Butz...RES

Brian Woodburn Cavanaugh
Baltimore, Maryland
Marine Corps Pilot

Here we have a mystery lover. How is it that this guy talks less about having a girl than Pope John Paul does, can design, perfect, and practice the Caboo theory, yet show up to various functions with smokers that stop the rain from falling? But then they disappear the next day. 19 really made out when Uncle Sam recruited 'Baltimore's Finest'. We were all forced to go through Cav's training, AS101 thru AS410. "Now pay attention foolish mortal. Zub dee ruba doo..Wha?..Whooo! How bout a donut? ..Gotcha..Hey, catch this brick..Flinch..Come back when you're ready ya silly rabbit." So take these lessons with you 19 and think twice before looking the next time you feel a tap on your shoulder. But there will always be something missing when he's gone. Nothing ever got this 150s star down especially with the Bull on standby. He could always brighten a day with his light-heartedness. Good luck to 19s only Corps daddy. Guess you failed your own course, Buddy! I'll miss ya Nimsing. Duke

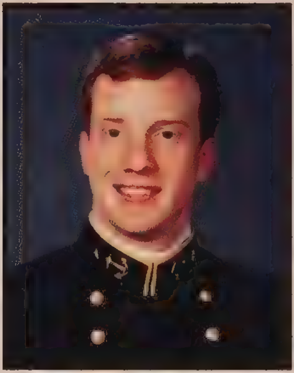
NAVY
Jeffrey

Jeffrey John Czerewko
Detroit, Michigan
Navy Pilot

The motor city produces more than automobiles, such as this overly energetic work of art. You will be fine if you don't feed him sugar. His practical jokes abound, and heaven forbid you should try to retaliate. Just ask Dean W. He skated through plebe year, then became the LT's favorite youngster. He was also a member of the first ever U.S. Olympic Hall Luge Team. Second class year saw him reduce the air resistance on his face, even though he will tell you his septum was deviated. Yeah, right! Discovering that four digit phone numbers are easier to remember than normal ones, he found the beautiful woman who stole his heart. First class year they decided to let him teach drill, even though he hadn't touched a piece since plebe summer. A foray into his room would raise the pace of even the stoutest heart; who knows what stalked within the piles of clothes? He is God's gift to aviation; just ask him! His consistent good humor and optimism inspired all, and the years have been grand. I hope there are many more. BDN

Joseph Ronald Darlak
Clarence, New York
Surface Warfare

Big Joe "Lurch" Darlak: a guy with a big heart who doesn't like anybody, who gets more sleep at his desk than in his rack, and who goes under the gate instead of over the wall. My roommate 5 of 8 semesters in addition to plebe summer. He represents the Felix character of our "Odd Couple" relationship. "I just can't sleep when it (his laundry) isn't folded." This guy puts plastic on all his uniforms after taking them off. I take that back; he only hangs up his white works. Joe is known to be an ardent lobster, bulldogger (when it doesn't interfere with his tee time), bricker of roommates, pursuer of dingle-dangles, and sprinter (he holds the all-time Frannies to 4-4 sprint record). Joe addresses everyone as "hey." It's not because he is unfriendly or doesn't know them. He just can't see them. "Hey that girl looks pretty." Kappa and I got our four grand and have had a lot of great times along the way. Joe owes a piece of leg to Mike L. Dean owes his life to Joe. Joe loves the Navy and puts his heart into it. He is going to be the "man to beat" in the Fleet. JTD



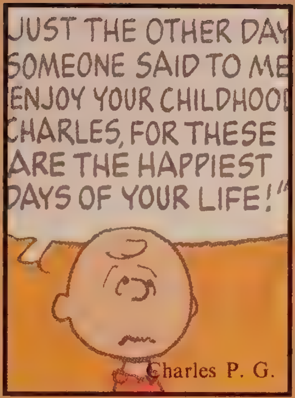
Joel Todd Davidson
Rockwall, Texas
Surface Warfare

His name is Shavy. He's in the Navy and all he wants to do is...Joel Todd "Craig?" Davidson, a Texan among men, a true professional and a pillar of military discipline, just don't look in his locker! Todd is living proof of the 2nd Law of Thermo, watching him work at his desk one can actually see the entropy increasing. Don't worry, if you can't find it, it can't hurt you. "Can you tell me how to get to 50 East from M St?" 2/C summer taught Todd to iron and Plebe Summer taught him to shave, especially before Regimental comearounds. Road trip "Kappa!" Decided on Subs he swayed to Med Corps then Marine Corps. A week in Pre-Bulldog was plenty. The Silent Service looked appealing and with 20/20 anything could happen? But one morning "Attn Aviation candidates: Blood tests 0600--avaition was out! Not that Todd was one to faint at the sight of blood. Best of Luck SWO DADDY! See you at NL Mess Night (and at the Mixers)! Duck of Spring come Spread your wings just don't open your mouth. Above all--THANKS! JRD

Andreas Josef DeVine
Rancho Cordova, California
Navy Pilot

The sunshine boy and worldly lover
Tries to get paid under cover
This mack daddy is lookin' for a dolla
He'd rather grub than skeez or holla
If not at the table check his rack
CC & 7 in hand or a bull six pack
Began in physics but got broke down
Now's a gen. scientist and P-Cola bound
He's a church goin brother once a week
Other six days you'd say he's a freak
To be a catcher was a first love
But Duff didn't like that black glove
The soldier left without a scuffle
He can now be found doin the Ikky Shuffle
The Ikky is one of many routines
A phat gold Audi helps to cool on the scene
19th Co. HNIC was an ambition
An aviator is his next mission
As the lbs add on and he appears obese
Don't get mad to you Duke as we say peace, Cav, Bookie

Jo



Charles P. G.

Charles R. G.

Peter

Peter Gerard Galluch
Lackawanna, New York
Surface Warfare

Galluch corps! All the former Boneheads of Fun One know who you are. Plebe year was a chance for you to excel, and you did. Being ranked first both semesters gave you your dream cruise, a WESTPAC. Returning to the Warrior Co. you were able to help me celebrate my B-day. I think you did a little bit more celebrating than me in G-town with the new friend. Second class year was not so great, ie. EE, but we got our rings and cars. 1/c year was a blast. Spring Break in the Bahamas was unforgettable. So many beautiful Southern belles, and of course you were able to find the Asian Persuasion. You lucked out by getting the Breed's Hill to Japan. I'm sure you'll be owning your own house. Just make sure you don't push the wrong button when I fly by or when the CO wants coffee. Good Luck to you and victory at sea. The BK

John Gatewood
Springfield, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

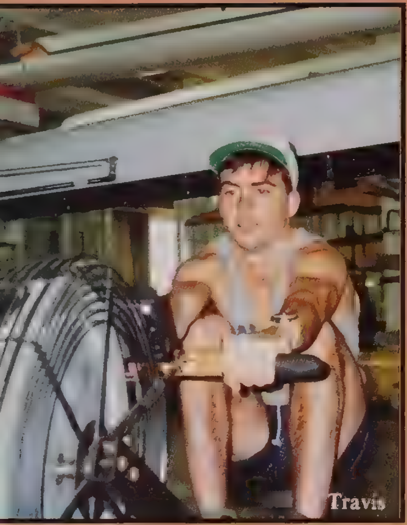
John Gatewood, alias the "Walking All-Nighter" came to the Warrior Company after a stormy plebe year in Thirty-first company. After spending a rather "restful" night on his mattress in the passageway of 2-4 with an unidentified teddy bear, Johnny-G decided to devote his time to academic endeavours. A typical study night would include his usual rounds in company area, a detailed analysis of how he "appreciated" the evening's G.M.T. (General Misuse of Time), and finally homework. Homework lasted from 0030 to 0100. If Johnny had a paper to write, he would pull an all-nighter. His all-nighters usually climaxed with a 0630 harangue directed at the printer (John isn't the most mechanically inclined person). John is also famous for his weekending ritual proclamation of "I.D.G.A.S.!" All frivolities aside, its been an honor to have struggled with John. You often hear of the mythical "man who would give you the shirt off of his back", well John Gatewood is that man and the shirt comes with no strings attached! Take care, A.J.A.

Charles Royce Gillum
Sarasota, Florida
Surface Warfare

Chuck, remember all the good times? The May and ... ??? (Don't we still owe you for it?) We dreamed about you the other night. You weren't in it. Chuck... WAKE UP! too late CRASH, hello Alpha, (Thanks for the nice deal Bill), Good Night, Chuck. CRASH Goodbye, Alpha. The Pitt game was great, even though the moon was out. And you soon after. Chuck, your professionalism was incredible, the 'Dant was constantly rewarding (awarding?) you. Your First Class billet showed that you definitely had the potential to be a fine naval officer, Head Restrictee for the whole year. Spring Break '89: Your safety valve, Pat, Old Time Rock 'n Roll, Long and lonely walk, 151 Doubled. Thanks for the fun, Good Luck in the Fleet. If you see us out there, whatever you do, Don't Leave Us Hanging. Stick & James (The Mav'sters)

Charles Preston Good
Huntington Beach, California
Surface Warfare

If there was anyone in the company who approached midshipman sainthood, it had to have been Chuck. He was always willing to lend a hand, very caring about his people, and a true professional in all endeavors. However, he IS from Southern California, and that means a loose screw somewhere. Take his advice on drill - "Just follow the guy in front of you!" Only a Van Halen T-shirt could get him to violate the sacred study hour. His Room With Attitude was hallmarked by the Carbonated Caffeine Trophy Case, and the display of his and Arkster's weekly science project (was that an apple once?). R.H.W.A., T.W.A., W.B.W.A., but never N.W.A. "Trespassers will be eaten!" In the end, Chuck offered his services to the traditional navy, despite the nukes' incessant nagging. Perhaps he will be most respected and remembered for his dedication and unwaiving devotion to Our Lord. See you around Chucky - good luck! JEG



Hugh Wyman Howard III
Alexandria, Virginia
Special Warfare

Starboard stroke of the foul four, Ambidextrous in the shack. Eastern Sprints Bronze in the Steve Kinney. "Aw, Geez, are your legs sore?" It's all in the upper body, "Hey Coach, have you seen my chest?" January 1990- "Wyman, why don't you have a car?" Uh, wanna see my CD collection? 5 chocolate eclairs- you're on the erg in 10 minutes. Bad water, I didn't eat right, I had a paper due, CMOD, I didn't get my 10 hours beauty rest but still made the boat move. Wyman get your eyes in the boat, but I'm part of the involvement clause. "Cary, how much weight on this set?" Poise, academics, class, climb the boat house, take the day off and jump off Fitch Bridge. A friend of Wyman's is ... a friend of Wyman's. Safety first- 80 mph (sideways) gave him stitches and one missed practice- sorry about the car Dad. Fourth generation USNA but first Frogman, thanks Uncle Sam. WE FEW, WE HAPPY FEW, WE BAND OF BROTHERS.

Jeffrey Carney Jockel
Edgewater, Maryland
Navy Pilot

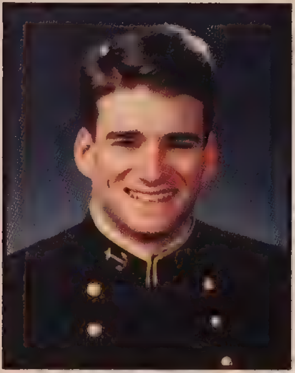
This Annapolitan came to the Navy with Naval history behind him - father, brother, sister. Jeff didn't want to come straight into the Navy though, so he took the JMU route. Jeff was such a hard charger plebe summer that his squad leader said, "You're headed for a mental instit. if you don't loosen up." And 3/c year he did loosen up after meeting the RAK - "You know how I feel about you big fella but this room..." 2/c and 1/c year Jeff had other roommates. Academically Jeff was a pretty hard worker but definitely knew when to have fun. In women, Jeff had a military taste - Air Force and Navy. For the Ring Dance though Jeff decided to give a chance to someone with certain medical problems. Jeff survived a series of crises in Bancroft - coffee spill 88,89, Rack jump 88, toothpaste choke 88. Jeff marches to his own drum but he is known by all as being one of the nicest guys around. Good luck in Pensacola and in all you do. MMM,JFB

Travis Allen Johnson
Houston, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

The Travmonster came to us from Katy, Tx. as a sailing stud. He decided to become a rocket scientist while he was here, and tackled that chore with ease. He was always quick to give you a hearty Wuh-pah or klingow if you got out of line, and would take the offensive in a heartbeat. Make a pyramid of soda cans if you want to see what I mean. Mention a P-3, and Trav was in heaven. His vocabulary was very interesting, including such phrases as "*&%# off, Nerd!" and "Nerfherder". He was always there for you, and was quick to retrieve an inebriated buddy from the parking lot. First class year came and he became a drill stud, after several years as the backdrop. He also bowed to the M word. Travis is a great friend to have, good times and bad. He is certainly a colorful person. Best wishes in the future, I will be seeing you out there. P.S. Hey, I want you to pay me a HUNDRED DOLLARS. BDN

Kevin Carroll McGoff
San Jose, California
Naval Flight Officer

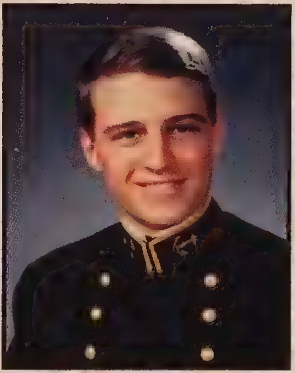
Oh yeaaah! Kevin came to 19 after a year with 21, rooming in the Psyko Ward with the likes of Zu, Nuf, Dazman and Puggs. Since then, I don't think that he could ever be remembered not being in one of the following situations: a cool one in hand, being in the wardroom, cutting logs on his big blue buddy, or bragging about his '70 Mustang ("It's going to be a beast!" - Don't worry Kev, it is.), Army/Navy '86, '87, '88, and the memorable '89 ("19, Fall in!" - Run D&B!!). Our economist extraordinaire, more plastic than DuPont. "Manditory evolution!? Where's my camera?" However, stronger than the mutual affection between him, beer, and credit, was the assurance he gave his friends that they could count on his help whenever it was needed. Git sum bro 'FO!, and don't forget to take off your tennis shoes. See ya' on the slopes Opie! JEG



Michael Moore McMillan Jr

Alexandria, Virginia
Navy Pilot

"He's so down to earth." This is how one young lady described him. But then again this N. Virginian was kept pretty close to earth by academics here at the academy. After Mercersburg plebe year in 11 was still tough for Mike with calc and chem. He was known as a great plebe just not a rocket scientist. 3/c cruise in CA gave Mike the honor of meeting his roommate for the next 3 yrs - "You in 19?" 3/c year brought a romance which led to a 3000 mile epic journey across the US. 2/c year brought a viscious struggle with EE, but romper classes helped out some there. Mike passed EE with much hard work just as he passed all his classes at USNA. Mike should have used his EE to check out the peach (or lemon) of a car he bought 2/c year. What a bargain! 1/c year brought a girl in town?, a piece of cake in academics, and a concert on one "Ruby Tuesday." "I fly F-14's" is another of Mike's lines and this is what he hopes to do. Mike's great sense of humor endears him to all who meet him. We wish you all the best. JFB, JCJ



Brandon David Neisius

Dallas, Texas
Navy Pilot

Nauseous came to us from Westport, Connecticut and the 18th Company where he was a favorite of the upperclass. Now he's a favorite of the underclass. Youngster year and the girl at the Waterfront - still don't think so. Driving on the Naval Station, Jeff got four days, Randy got maxed. Everything is an arguement. Any female can get Randy to do anything. In love with the whole women's soccer team, but we mock him. Second Class year, Ms. B's favorite and the favorite of any underclass in the wardroom. "You, outa here," always Mr. Tact. Escort inversion, Mustang perversion, but it's a dry heat. Honor roll of the Ivy League. Coming back from Dallas looking like J.R. Ewing. Sweating two Ae Boards and a flight billet, but you made it. Hey, thanks for coming. Pull chocks. DMW TAJ JJC

Laura Jean Pearson

Houston, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

Don't Mess With Texas! Laura is a true blue Texan (even though we all know she was really born in NJ!) Youngster year: 3 out of 5 gone! Will I be next? Christie. Late night talks. Chocolate, Reeses, M&M's, Chinese every Fri night. G-town--Where am I? Lost again. Army/Navy bus ride. A lot of , a little Coke. You can drink like a fish?! Stick to one thing though. West Point football. Navy football. Coast Guard striper. Navy striper. Navy swimming. Huge shoulders! Don't forget the bellhop, Long Beach, frat parties. Coach P and Brian at Grand Central Station. You learned to pack--down to 4 bags. On to Buffalo, 21st B-Day, Chi-Chi's. "Deb, we are going to the bathroom NOW!" San Diego, our sports car. Practice: "10 'econds!" Will you PLEASE turn off your alarm! I guess it was worth it 'cause you Beat Army, made Nationals, and an All-American. From now on its smooth legs and P-cola. Ompany Attenhut! Remember Laura, YOU chose Navy Air not Marine Corps! Fly Navy! It's been great rooming with you these past 3 years. You are a truly loyal friend. Luv ya always--Mon & Hi-D.

Eric Kent Prime

Hampstead, New Hampshire
Navy Pilot

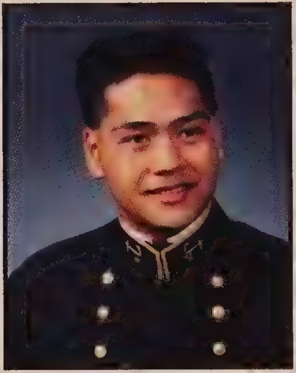
Primer comes to us from the land of King Kancamagus, or was it Gordonstoun, or maybe USAFA. Obviously a guy who likes to taste every flavor before committing to a full scoop. Always on Prime time, always working an angle, and always confident that, "This is going to be the greatest." Although confident that USNA was where he would finally walk the stage, why rush it. Why rush anything? How about another semester at the country club-?...sure! Hello fantastic Rockies and rides up and down your slopes. Hello Boulder and Telluride with your Express and Moon. Hello three hour drives to Denver ("Should I stop here?") and Hello wonderful Kelly with a Goodbye to Eric. Fond memories will always follow Primer, he simply knows what good times are made of. All the best. JPC

MIDSHIPMAN RD
Raymundo

Monica Mary Schrodt

Tuscalusa, Alabama
Surface Warfare

Moni, Moni, Moni, "Four years together by the bay" (or at least the last 3) would have never been the same without you . It all started before I even knew you--Herndon, THE party. Youngster year: 0400 talks, Chinese food, M&M's, Reeses. 2/c year continued the madness with reveille (?), 4th deck showers (hot H2O?), green beach, bus ride to Army/Navy, coke & ?, Smokin' Joe's, Dayton bound, Smoke Hall P-rades. Then 1/c year; sockley, "I'm NOT going to meet someone tonight..." (our famous last words), Astrocast, inspections, tailgators (before, after, ?). BK is glad that you trusted him by telling him your feelings about guys--all of them whether they were good or bad. It's kind of funny cause he is one. Mon, it was REALLY great hanging out with you (Maggies', Franny O's, Mum's, playing golf). BK wishes that someday he'll be as cool as you. We just hope that San Diego, Hawaii, New Orleans, etc. won't turn into National Disaster Areas while you are there! It was (is) really great being your friend (fiend)! You know where to find us--in the sky! Good luck! Don't be a stranger! LJP, BK



Raymundo Bigaly Sevidal

West Islip, New York
Navy Pilot

BK came to the Boat School when there was no room at Chief's School. With his service selection set since day 1, this future flyboy set about his career as a counselor with poor taste. Plebe year saw Cliff's Notes and a nasty flesh wound thanks to Paul, who was "always *@#!ing with me!" Also Big Mike introduced him to the beauty who was just "a bit hippy." Youngster year saw the 1 point something rise to a 3 point geek. It also saw the infamous "G"town trip. Second class year saw the woop.. "Jean, is that you?" and many more trips to Georgetown until he got his car and reason to travel to UVA. "WAHOOYA, I'm an idiot--what are you?" Thanks for introducing me to my first accident and your family. No minatures from either of us to any of them. First class year saw your escape from bondage to the Bahamas. Everyday is one of those Bahama days. Good luck Nasal radiator and keep your mouth shut about Georgetown, you were there too. Tasha says HEY MON. PG

Ralph Edward Stuart

Hamburg, New York
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

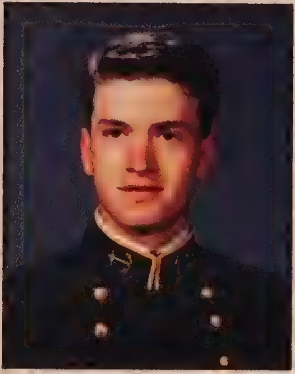
When Ralph is not commuting home to Hamburg or visiting a "friend" in Pennsylvania, he enjoys spending time with his buddies here at USNA. He spent three exciting years in D&B with Natster, Billy D., and BB, before deciding it was time to move on to other interests like his Dolly. An avid golfer, hockey player, dart champion, star gazer, skiier, sailor, and locker abuser, Ralph is a natural at anything and everything ...except maybe his systems project, which will never work. Oh, well, I guess this means a road trip in Ralph's Blazer. Where to??? We will know when we get there. All we need is a free spirit, coffee, tainted milk, tunes, and Lothar himself. If a wandering traveler happened upon 2-4 and heard a wild turkey call, he could be sure that Ralph was around. He could also breathe easily knowing that he was under the watchful eye of a true friend. Good luck, Ralph. JAB

Douglas Hugh Walker

Tulsa, Oklahoma
Naval Flight Officer

Geek moseyed into USN out of HS & went to Orlando despite his Okie state of mind. At NAPS, he specialized in soccer, track, & support of the taxi industry. S/W JS & rack. At Canoe U., he was greeted by 8 co.; known as a wise-guy, validated chem. Fate brought him to 19 & came into cahoots with KW, AD, BC, JC, SZ, & others. 3/c -received first combination to the head & was not the same since. Became cpt. of the Dain Bramage team & cameraman. Mastered arriving to class at the bell if he went at all. 2/c -Swede women, Ring Dance cruise, s/w BMW of his dreams, wired teeth to match & a ring w/ no finger (nyeh?). 1/c -Brigade champ,Rolling Stones, powerout streaks, ski trip, "class? I'm section leader." NF rallies to RI, Fajita night, Chips & Salsa, Highlander, cat food, & witches. Cleaniest, most polite man I know. Best man.

Christopher

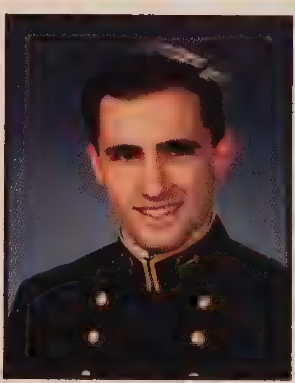


Christopher Keith Wheeler
Manteo, North Carolina
Surface Warfare

From the hallowed halls of Science and Math, Keith (BKA "Wheels") strolled into USNA ("I didn't have anything better to do"). As a plebe, he was in a room of AWA, and learned to rack with impunity. 3/c year he learned to relax (and nearly slipped into a coma).BB was bery good to him- Nice catch, Wheels. Does everyone catch the ball in their mouths? NF coach D- "Chst, homeplate hasn't moved for 30 yrs!" "That's the highest one all day!" Wheels quotables: "I don't want any medicine, I want a chit!" "All these little cannibals were carrying me off." "Plake's so cool!" "You mean, we can't hang surf boards from the ceiling?" "If I skip 5th & 6th, I could get in 18!" "Why do I always make all the food runs?", "It's 3 am, I guess I better study." "I would never make fun of your chest!" "Formation? I went Yesterday." "Anyone up for a show?" "I don't mind. I can live with anybody."- FLW-"I ain't payin' no parkin' ticket!" "Fajita's anyone?" NF playing comp BB near windows, JT, The Stones ("Mick is struttin"), "The tree giveth.." DHW,CAV,JTD,AJD

Matthew James Wilson
Montara, California
Navy Pilot

Matt a.k.a. Frank Miller came to USNA from San Francisco, Ca. This California Golden Boy always hated the beach though and spent his time in Twilight 2000 and the Rifle team (when they had it). This aero major studied sci-fi and slept a lot... where does the time go? There's never enough hours during the day. First class year saw Jeff J. and the Log set him up with "the date that never was" from Delaware (probably a good thing for him). Remember, people are more afraid of spiders than sharks because spiders come from outerspace, from what I've read. Good luck at flight school and keep looking to the stars. FA-Q Buddy PGG, BK



Dean Miles Woodard
McCloud, Oklahoma
Navy Pilot

Weenie came to us from the land of the cow patties. Before coming to USNA Dean's idea of a fun night was cow tippin' on a Saturday night in the pasture out back. The biggest body of water he had ever seen was the puddle Old Bessie left on the front porch every night. Dean was prone to falling in love with any woman anywhere. Youngster year found Dean chasing a nameless GREMLIN everywhere, but only because he had a height advantage. First Class year found him spending more time in company area as an out of company striper than most people spent in the rack. The reasons included multiple bogies at eye level. But Dean, you have to be able to reach them, not swing from them. The consummate SWO throughout the first three years, he saw the light after smelling Bessie's hide on the flight jacket. All in all Dean was a tried and true friend and he will do great in flight school (Only if they have booster seats!). Good luck Lil' Buddy. JJ and RD

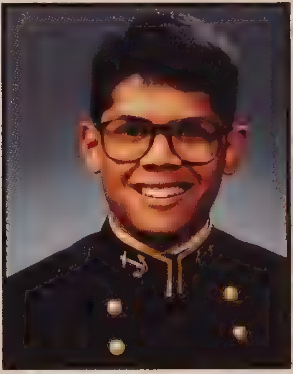
Stanley Anthony Zwolinski
North Tonawanda, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Stan (aka Ski, Beaker, Woodstock, Stas', Bart, Cliff) hails from the Huge city of NT. FB was his ticket to NAPS, where fate made him friends with Rickel & Geek. SW cute chicks from big cities (vice versa?), he was finally drawn in by a babe from SR (BKA SV). M gave Ski something to do with his free time and made sure he left NAPS with only $40 in his pocket. 3/c yr -Bart had trouble adjusting to RM sqeezing TP in middle-"Can't you read! For best results, squeeze from end!" NF wacky trips to RI. "Take it easy, this car's on my credit!" "You're not supposed to pass on the exit ramp!" "Whadya mean following too close! Shadup and go back ta sleep!" "Don't let J drive, he drives the speed limit!" Stas's rep in 19: "Hey, I got this great map I can sell ya."-talk about cheap! "Did you know peanuts put you to sleep? They get me all the time."-what a Clavin! "You know, we haven't had a whiz quiz in a while."- nice jinx! "At least I didn't spend $1300 on a bottle opener!"- famous last words. You owe me a case! -DHW

20th COMPANY

Robert Harold Aeschbach Jr
Woodbridge, New Jersey
Marine Corps

A long time ago, in a city infested with flies and toxic waste, there was born a bald little boy named CRASH. CRASH, at a young age, was thrilled with big, powerful, metal toys. After becoming bored of Tonka toys, he acquired his first Ford. Since then, he has progressed from a Pinto all the way to his brand new Ford Fiesta, a machine too powerful for his driving skills. One of his major downfalls is his vulnerability to alcohol-just ask the porcelain god. The Marine Corps, however, has changed him from the 2-beer wonder to the four-beer-and-a-bucket stud. The only things higher on his list of priorities, i.e. Fords and beer, are dancing women. Additionally, his great study habits helped the company drop from 16 to 33 in color points first semester. We all have one great worry--we fear that ASH will never make it as a Marine infantry officer because his snoring will give his men's position away to the enemy. Good Luck with the Corps, and may your "finely" tuned 66 Chevelle never be beaten by a Ford or a Toyota. The 2-3 gang.



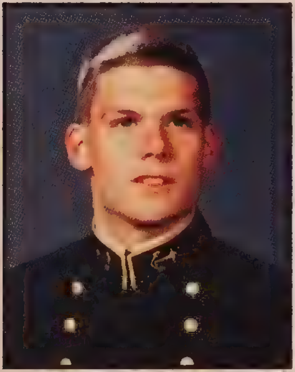
Michael Erestain Araojo
Norfolk, Virginia
Surface Warfare

It has been four long years, but I have finally made it. I would like to take this opportunity to thank both of my families for the support that they have given to me over those past four years. To my Mom and Dad, thanks for being such great parents. To my sister, Susan, and my brothers, Patrick and David, thanks for being so considerate and understanding. To the Agne Family, I would like to offer my special thanks for being my family-away-from-home. To Mr. and Mrs. Agne, thanks for being so generous and kind. To Marc, thanks for being a good friend and for letting me read all your comic books. Finally, I would like to thank my friends and classmates for a terrific four years.

Randall Charles Banks
Alexandria, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Randy came to us from the folds of the Fork Union Military Academy and initially scared us with his intense professionalism. However, he soon found better endeavors with which to occupy his time and regained our respect. Whether it was bicycles, music, motorcycles, or high-speed passes at the Admiral's daughter, Randy tried it all. In fact, he did such a fine job restoring his Mustang that it still drove when he finished. He was truly a jack-of-all-trades, but master of none. 2/C year rekindled Randy's professionalism and after he ran the Marine Corps Marathon and went Airborne we were afraid that we lost a gungy SWO to the Corps. His Log Magazine articles also attracted much attention from the Marine Corps. 1/C year Randy decided that it is more important to have fun than carry a gun and selected Navy Air. This quest for fun often drove Randy on late-night trips over the wall and to the ranks of the UNSAT. A writer by choice but an Engineer by neccessity, Randy gained a healthy respect for any problem involving an HP. An ounce of gouge.., Good luck in the cockpit. SEM/SWK

NAVY
52
Timothy



Timothy Charles Barkdoll
York, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

Tango Charlie, better known as TC, defines a winner. He excelled in all aspects of Academy life. He was among the nation's top distance runners, an outstanding student, and a caring leader. However, his successes did not come easily. Hard work and dedication were his trademarks. On weekends, one could see TC..I mean one could NEVER see TC. He was either on MO, running the hills of York, or entertaining a certain lady. As X-country and track captain, TC earned the respect of his teammates. Our room was often filled with his teammates just wanting to talk, while my teammates filled our room to gain knowledge. TC lost several of his teammates in a tragic car accident. He was deeply hurt by the loss of these friends and I am sure that each of them were with him in all of his races. Tim's family greatly contributed to his success. Their closeness was manifested in the loving support they showed toward everything he did. I'm sure TC wouldn't mind if I express a hearty "Thanks Mom and Dad" on his behalf. TC good luck with the 'FO. You've been a great roommate and keep on running.-ETD

Mark Thomas Brinkman
Austin, Texas
Marine Corps

Brinkfish began his career as an Aggie and a member of the Corps. Not being one to give up, Brinkplebe arrived at the Academy shortly after completing his youngster cruise. After a tough year in 21 and yet another youngster cruise (aboard a sub, believe it or not), Brinkwoman arrived in 20. Youngster year flew by with such memorable activities as yacking, powering, and questing for SATness. Second class year found Brinkflamer being the target of many a rumble and more UNSATness. An intense summer of Bulldog opened the way for the final stretch. Although he slept through most of his Naval Academy career, Batt culminated it by becoming Co. Sub-commander. This "radical dude" spent his spare time as XO of Constellation. As if he had any spare time while fighting his way through the Mech E curriculum. Of course the late nights cost him his eyes, but Mark will move on to be a motivated and successful, ground pounding, Jarhead. No one could have asked for a better roomie. Corndog.

Christian Gold Cabaniss
Tucker, Georgia
Marine Corps

Goldcard, a Tranquill recruit from Tucker, Georgia had a shortened career after his fourth surgery. Cabs overcame this minor setback and his performance grades recovered too. Daytona was never the same after Cabs single-handedly defeated Juniata. Wheezy almost killed him but aside from the wheelbarrow Cabs performed his duty in true Marine Corps fashion. From here Cabs set new standards in dealing abuse. Such lines as, "Shoot me in the face," and "Can't live with 'em, can't kill 'em," became his trademark. Cabs also left his mark on many a front porch at the Jersey shore. His knees will probably never be the same. Cabs was never one for formality, the corner of a bar or the hood of a car or any other non-moving object would suffice. Spring Break '89 marked the ultimate in the plethora of Cabs Weight Watchers women. A brief run in with the SPIDs for whale abuse goes to his credit. Good luck in the Corps man-machine.

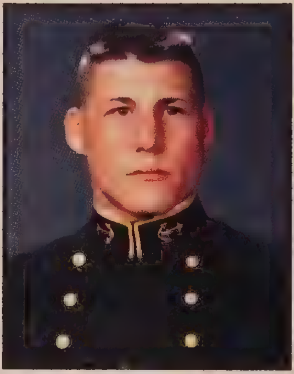
Pledge/Dog

Jose Cervantes
Lonepine, California
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Pep came to USNA from the small mexican village of Lonepine,Ca. He took a pitstop at NAPS where he picked up a baseball glove and a spot on the team, as well as an eight inch scar on his knee. He came to 20 after a teeth-gritting year in Form-2. It was a common sight to see Pep at a party, but it took a second look to see he was awake.The girls came to him though, so I guess the rest of us were doing it wrong.He had standards though;if they were too young to be our mothers then they were too young for him.2/C year he was pitching like a pro & grinning with the Ruskies in USA Today.If he had been a lefty, he would still be too busy too party with us.1/C year brought an early marriage for Pep, but he was revived by a little candy.How sweet it is.I'm looking forward to Orlando. At least everyone will have their own phone.It's been a great four years-.Good luck.Jer

Adrianne Claire Cosby
Titusville, Florida
General Unrestricted Line

No, I'm not member of WPA and I don't have your hours. Hey, Chris, can you turn down your music? Go away, I'm making a long distance phone call. Good thing we were dressed. I'll be in the rack. Let me call and see what Bob is doing. I guess I'm going to Clarie's. These guys are dorks, and they think they have muscles. Who has the keys? I slept under a tree all night. I had to watch people make out all night and here comes the marathon. Too bad about Ger. Have a drink on me. Somebody touched my pictures. Don't touch my stuff! --CS, SJ



Edward Timothy Dewald
Piscataway, New Jersey
Marine Corps

The Doberman, a down-home country boy from the heart of New Jersey (!?) received his nickname because of the way he attacked life. Be it wrestling, academics, or drinking, he went all out. On the mat, Ed's hard work and persistence made him an Eastern Champ. Much of his success was due to his drilling, which often entailed throwing "his lover" high through the air. His hard work also paid off in the classroom, winning Ed a Burke Scolarship. However, work hard/play hard was a way of life for the Doberman. Ed was easy to spot from a distance: no hair, bowed legs, and a red Marine Corps ball cap meant Ed DeWald was comin'. He was "the Corps' best advertisement." Doberman, stay gungy, we'll be SEMPER FIDELIS. - Sal & Deeter Don't forget the underwear, dancing with yourself, your not a pretty man, and you have no life - you have no friends - don't call back. - Roomies, TAD & Stoney

Donald Emmett Elam
Quantico, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Don Elam grew up under the very significant influence of his late father, Donald R. Elam. Don Elam, Sr. was a 28-year, two-war veteran, Senior Chief Hospital Corpsman (HMCS). Since his father was stationed on Marine Bases throughout his career, coupled with his insatiable interest in military history and languages, Don entered the Naval Academy with aspirations of being a Marine Intel Officer. Upon discovering that the Corps would interfere with his linguistic goals, Don decided to become a great Surface Warfare Officer and laterally transfer into Navy Intelligence. His father has been his role model and Don is eager to follow in the footsteps of a great career. Don has the support of family and friends and the blessing of his father, whose one dream was to see his son graduate from the Naval Academy. Dedicated to Donald Ray Elam, February 27, 1934 - April 4, 1989. KCS

Gerald Lloyd Ellsworth
Lakeside, Arizona
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Gerald, AKA Jer, Jerry, and R.M. reigns from Arizona, which is the the greatest state in the US, just ask him. Jerry managed to survive plebe year's leadership of "wild" Bill Taylor and the 6000 fry which made for an exciting youngster summer. After plebe year, Jerry began to amaze his friends and the medical staff with the incredible things he and the Rugby team could do to his body. "Hey, Jer, remember the balloon head you had?" Well we all do, especially when you could make a finger imprint on your forehead. Many feel it was all the vicious blows from Rugby which made him a little different. After all, why did he purchase those 7inch-heeled cowboy boots and the George Strait cowboy hat? We all know that he's not a genuine cowboy (maybe dime-store) or a "redneck." Also, why the truck with the empty toolbox? Yeah Jer, you're a little strange according to California standards but don't ever change because you make for one-hell-of-a conversation item at parties. Finally, Jer, "please take care and remember to use all lockers apporiately because they'll rust otherwise." PC

Raymond Dean Godsil III

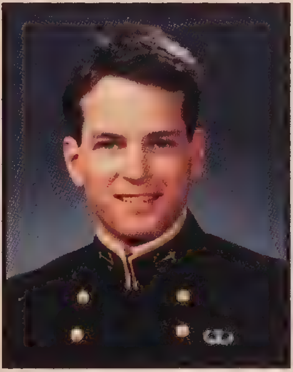
Auburn, Alabama
Naval Flight Officer

Raymond Dean Godsil III,known to the world as Tad;came to the Academy straight from Dixie.Since that time Tad has worked at being "The Boy"just ask him!I first met Tad on 20's b-ball team where he was one of the Twin Towers of Power.Then came fieldball where Tad's right arm scored a lot of goals and made defenders wish they wore cups.The Boy was definitely a lady's man that year as numerous road trips will attest.Then came a fateful weekend in Ocean City,and he was never seen again.However Tad was sighted over the next two years at Penn State asking "What time is it?" and saying it was perfect,for who?,for him.Meanwhile he perfected the art of studying only the night before tests and will graduate with the highest ratio of QPR to hours awake in the history of the Academy.Actually Tad was always awake during study hour once we started EWB and Kluuw could be heard echoing thru Bancroft. Tad's been my best friend for three years and I just have a few words of advice: Don't wear underwear,listen to "Das Boys",and never,ever lead with your chin!Here's to more fun in P-cola!

Michael Davis Gordon

Winchester, Virginia
Submarines

Born to a dentist, Mike is sinking his teeth into everything life has to offer. Plebe year was spent in the outpost of 31st Company (there's always 10% who don't get the word). And I think one of the writers for "Tequila Sunrise" was on Youngster cruise with him. Then the annual ritual of going from 175 to 158 pounds. The 20th Company dining in showed his lack of patience; he couldn't wait till Herndon either. Then came that fateful day, eating ice cream on Main Street. He got hit so hard, I think he's still seeing stars (or are they Maple Leaves?). First Class year meant a lot to Gordo: WVU, All-League linebacker, a 300Z, sweating nuc power, Spring Break Daytona, 39 at this writing, and a roommate for two semesters in a row, who taught him how to study. You're a good man, Mike. Ash



Burchard Cory Jackson

Clio, Michigan
Submarines

Four years ago Cory left his small town of Clio in search of bigger things. After spending plebe year in 33rd company he came to 20th company seeking new life as an upperclass. The son of two teachers continued the academic tradition by choosing Electrical Engineering as a major. After spending his third class cruise on the Barb he confirmed his true calling. With a 3.2 in EE his interviews were just a formality. Corndog spent four years on the offshore sailing team. He will also be one of few Airborne Submariners. After playing tag team with him on the plebes during second class year he continued his influencs on the 4/C as a squad leader over plebe summer. Between EE, sailing, pro-stuff, and a special cornflake he managed to have a busy first class year. Now with only a few tests and the O-course left he continues to express his wonderful attitude about everything. Some day maybe his taste will improve and he will submit to Country music. BRINK

Sidney Thomas Jones III

Tumwater, Washington
Surface Warfare

The Great Green Gas Guzzler, Gizmo, Gober, and Gomer. Oh my! That's the Patickety. Thats Pathetic. Can you truly say, can you undoubtedly say, that's a mockery? Can you say it, can you say it? Well...I didn't call him a loser, I just said that's the kind of pathetic excuse this place puts out. We need to go to Denny's for strawberry pancakes. Perfect date? Denny's and a dollar movie. Say no to crack. Lets get a pizza. I wanna be a race car driver when I grow up. Maybe the Lt. will approve my chit... doubtful. Can anyone get me a Slurpee? What maxed again? MVR (most valuable restrictee). This all counts for study time. Everybody still owes me a dollar. Stop pickin' your nose. See ya later bums-CS, AC

Michael E. K.

S[illegible]en K.

[illegible] J. K.

[illegible] M.

Michael Eugene Karczewski
Chicago, Illinois
Navy Pilot

Lou, louzer, smetch, pizza man. You throw up the dough, spread the cheese, spread the sauce, and you cut yourself a slice of that thing. Chit king, better watch out for those I.V.s. Never ever leave your wingman and always use the leftman rule. Lou spent most of his time at the library in Arnold. Thank you for using AT&T. Too bad about baseball, Navy could have used him this year. throw strikes! I win, again. Lou beat the system more often than not. He could scale tall walls in a single bound. Humility was not in Lou's vocabulary. He never had a confidence problem and was quick to see the truth about this place. Navy, If you only knew what we know. McGarvey's was his home away from home as his Visa bill will attest. Lou leaves USNA and is ready to settle down. God help us! Good luck in P-cola Lou, even if you don't think you're going to need it. A.C., S.J.

Michael Joseph Kircher
Henrietta, New York
Surface Warfare

Mike (Kirch, Kirchdog, Creature) came to Navy (via NAPS) from the impending clutches of Parris Island. He calls Henrietta, New York his home. NAAA recruited him for his lax prowess and he promptly turned his athletic attention to FOOTBALL. At NAPS, Kirch worked hard as MAA to keep the Quarterdeck squared away even though he fell short of motivating SKM to help out. Dartmouth was great for cocktails and White River Junction, VT was a wonderful local dinner spot. Seriously, he worked hard at everything - sports, classes, and most of all the rack. Kirch has a special gift in his use of the language (Unnngggghhhh translates to Kirch want woman / food / beer or thank you / OK / not OK). His Naval Academy career peaked on December 9, 1989 at the Meadowlands when Navy Football emerged victorious on the battlefield. After graduation and before SWOS, Mike will go to NAPS to impart everything he knows to the future of Navy Football. Good luck Kirch. BEAT ARMY. PAL.

Stephen William Kline
Williamsport, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Fenster, a.k.a. Barney, stumbled into the Naval Academy from the vast expanse of Williamsport, where he learned to study for only three nights a semester. At the Academy, the one lesson Steve took from Plebe Leadership was integrity - if ever a dirtbag had it, he did. Youngster year, Steve swapped Einstein for Pericles and took up Greco-Roman wrestling. His one complaint about the accomodations in Hotel Bancroft was that the rooms never had enough mirrors. Halsey became his second home (when he could get in); the only thing that could bring him back was a paper due the next day (for which he never spent more than one night). Fenster could always be found by the dark cloud that followed him. If ever there was a problem to be found, it found him. He spent his spare time in a dungeon, in ancient Rome, or studying at the Stevie Wonder School of Driving. He was a hit with the ladies and always impressed them with his tact. He was always willing to give his opinion on anything, to the dismay of many. We'll all miss his cheerful outlook, military bearing and huge pecs. RCB/SEM

Stephen Erwin Majewski
Seattle, Washington
Navy Pilot

Steve impressed us all right away with his military bearing, but we soon found where his heart really lay. We started getting suspicious when he came back from every weekend with grease under his fingernails and saying mysterious things like "I took out my engine this weekend..." He spent most of his weekends doing Dr. Porsche's work, but he always found time to party hard, come back in, and decorate his roommate's rack. We always appreciated the fact that he could make us look cool by association. Steve was dedicated to the idea that where there is a reg, there is a way around it and comrats to be had for it. Whether it was fast cars, boats, women or Spring Break vacations to Oklahoma, Steve could always be counted on to slide in under the wire with a grin on his face and a beer in his hand. For someone who never studied, he easily proved the inverse relationship between effort and academic performance, unfortunately this didn't hold true for military performance. May you always fly high, Steve, and remember, P-3s are land based. RCB/SWK

Wesley Ray McCall
Tahlequah, Oklahoma
Navy Pilot

Wes was upset on I-day when he found out that the modern Navy no longer uses bows and arrows. Fresh in from Indian Country, he made lots of friends with his friendly personality, his charm and his ears. Never one to study in earnest when gouge could be had, he spent many hours with that kind professor. Life was uneventful for Wally, until first class year, when he interviewed the Commandant across a long table (without an ashtray). The next few months gave him an outstanding opportunity to develop his leadership ability (especially since he ran the Brigade during Christmas and Spring Break). Even though the weather turned cold in March, Wally's black-N sweater kept him warm. He spent the last half of second semester at USNA making up for lost time and trying to find a way to take his rack with him to Pensacola. A die-hard country music fan, Wally spent many hours with (someone else's) guitar in hand, sounding absolutely nothing like the stars he loved to listen to. Good luck, roommate... See you in Florida!

Douglas Allen Mcgoff
Troy, New York
Surface Warfare

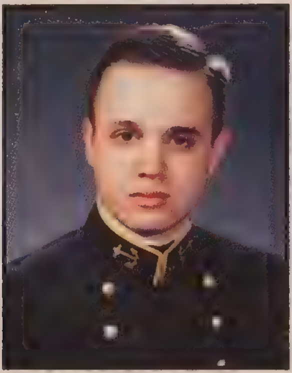
Doug will be the first person to come to mind whenever I think back to my four years by the bay. A great roommate and a terrific friend, Doug was always quick with a favor or a kind word. Always a bright, skinny man, he chose to major in math rather than engineering early on, and he never regreted the decision. Early in his youngster year Doug discovered Hood College and there was no stopping him after that. He will always be remembered for his easy nature, good humor, and his fondness for beef vegtable soup. A honest friend and a faithful confidant, you shall be missed. Good luck in California, and may you always have fair seas. WLW.

Karin Ann Mullane
Bridgeport, Connecticut
General Unrestricted Line

GOODY-Entered the Naval Academy from NAPS. After a year as enlisted, she promptly made her mark at NAVY. As a recruited volleyball player she had a bright future, but her career came to an abrupt end with knee reconstructive surgery. Karin had a great time plebe year laughing the nights away with Catheryne and Jen in 31. She majored in economics while specializing in MRS and enjoyed the summer cruises, sailing around the Carribbean on the AP, meeting her hubby 907674, and seeing San Diego. Karin excelled professionally, she did NAPS detail as a 2/C and got big stripes as STBD Battalion Commander during Plebe Detail. Karin spent her weekends waterskiing, snowskiing, camping, riding ATC's, R21, and road-tripping with Mike to LG, CT and NJ. After graduation she'll go to Newport and start the married life. She will always be grateful to her family, friends, Ryans and Gilroys. Karin's fondest memories of the academy will be the times she spent with MJV. Thanks for keeping me in shape, helping me out, caring, and being the bestest friend anyone could ask for! I LOVE YOU MICHAEL!

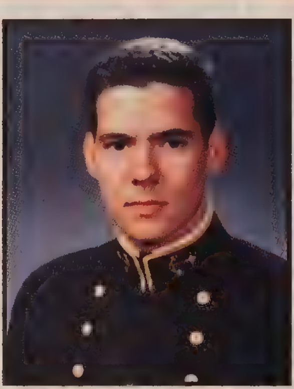
Christi Lynne Salazar
Littleton, Colorado
General Unrestricted Line

From Pintobean: Plebe year in 10 is where Julie the Cruise Director learned the basics in life: no weak links, never leave your wingman, marching into trees, how to fold pizza, and to marry your 2/c. Gumby and Pokey were rarely apart, spending their time crying to John Denver, sharing a walkman, going to sailing parties, a pint of icecream, visiting Paul and George after lunch, but mostly Shopping(the Midstore, Limited, Laura Ashley). Track earned her a letter sweater and many a study hour was spent racking behind her desk. Bambi survived Thanksgiving in Brooklyn and gained her 2nd family, which saved her during 1/c cruise in New Jersey. Youngster year found Salad Bar in T-court formations but we still remained best friends: summer schools, Group 4, super bowl parties- will the Broncos ever win? Champagne brunch, road trips to NY, Ring dance cruise, Mother Cabrini, PCR, When Harry Met Sally(Christi), hair cuts, mini skirts, Taco Bell, Dollar Movies, Madonna, EE622. I'll miss you!-DMP



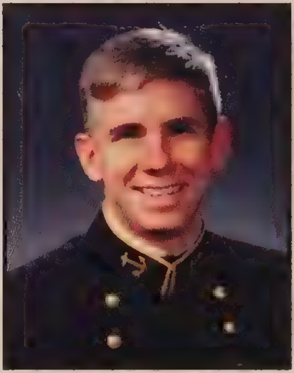
Kurt Karl Schoen
East Troy, Wisconsin
Surface Warfare

East Troy, Wisconsin's gift to USNA, Kurt will long be remembered as Wisconsin's chief spokesman. Kurt spent most of his third and second class years underwater with the scuba club, so it was only natural that he would choose a ship out of Pearl Harbor for his first duty station. When he wasn't at the bottom of some quarry with the scuba club, you could find him shaking the floors with his stereo or out in town trying to enjoy those last few precious minutes of liberty on Saturday night. The SWOs are lucky to get a guy as enthusiastic as you. Good luck and enjoy the sun, sand, and surf out in Hawaii. BLW.



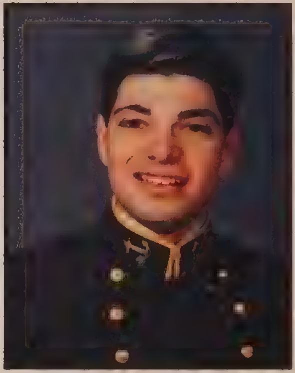
Kellog Cole Sharp
Ewing, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Kellog entered the Naval Academy from the backwards metropolis of Ewing, Va. Thus he came to USNA unschooled in the ways of wine, women, and song (he has since demonstrated his uncanny ability to attract women whether he wants to or not). Kelly's first year was a series or trials that left our hero a hard and bitter man. Younster Year saw the pursuit of academic excellence and the celebrated nightly runs in jungle boots. Second Class Summer was a blast and culminated with Kelly's musical deflowering at the Guns N'Roses/Aerosmith concert in Philly. The Ac Year brought out his true form; Mech E set in full force and plebes came to call him something that's not very nice. First Class Year saw no slack from the Mech E Department but we still had fun. I have been fortunate to room with this man. His easy smile, extreme patience, and willingness to help have left me eternally in his debt. Thanks KC for everything. I wish you the best of luck with your career and wife. God bless! DEE



James Gordon Stoneman
Rockville, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

Stoney,STONE-MAN,or just plain Calvin,hails from Quantico,Va. Stoney came to 20 with his lust for engineering,his ability to work long hours, and his portfolio of various girls.After rooming with him for the past three years,it is good to see he only kept the latter.First semester saw Stoney become company commander.He was also 20's resident intramural stud. Whether floating in a sweet jumper,or playing tenacious D on the fieldball team, he was definitely a force to be reckoned with.Although he was in the dark with most of his engineering classes-it never prevented him from keeping the lights on!Stone thanks for all the memories over the past three years:Room rumbles,going out with blind dates (who have boyfriends),Underwear club,wrecking the T-bird (Whew Doggie!), Ocean City- Speed Bump,Daytona (2X), "I dare them to care", Ft. Walton,Stoney finally getting the Attitude, the drive from HELL in the snow, putting up with my cheerful attitude this fall. You've been a great roommate- but more than that- a great best friend. Good luck with 'FO and may you never have to punch. TAD

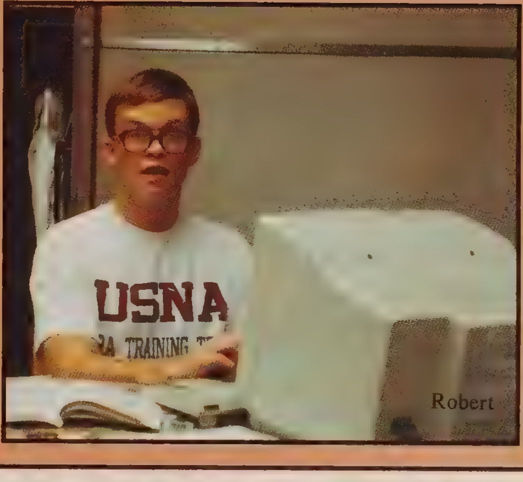


William Lee Watson
Phoenix, Arizona
Surface Warfare

Bill came to us from way out west, with a desire to see the world. So far, he's done most of that through a periscope, using his first and third class cruises to see how the other half lives before going into the real Navy as a surface warrior. Bill's more notable accomplishments have been a swim in the Inner Harbor of Baltimore and joining in 20th Co's mass exodus Youngster year to Hood. While most of us outgrew our child-Hood, Bill has managed to stay young by sticking with his little lady, and a June wedding is planned. Throughout his four years, he's also picked up quite a few nicknames, including Woody (not from his love of Cheers), Momba (whose origin remains a mystery to most), and Mr. Wizard (from his love of engineering and the ocult). Bill's late hours and heavy academic load were paralleled only by his love of prime-time television, leading to the advent of Bill and Doug's Wardroom Adventure, and the frequency of unsattedness and admin difficulties added to the percentage of time spent in the wardroom instead of with his lovely. FW/FS.

Michael

Jason



Robert

21st COMPANY

Jason Gray Adkinson
Woodbridge, Virginia
Marine Corps Pilot

Jason "Ernie" Adkinson kicked off his four years at Navy by wildmanning his squad leader plebe summer, two drinking offenses plebe year, and an overall bad attitude about squids. 3/c year he found himself in Playboy 21. Lacrossse, weekend parties, brawls and women occupied his liberty. Daytona beach, the hunts, wet t-shirts, lost wallets, made for a great spring break. 2/c summer - first taste of aviation. He racked and his teflon coating helped him slip out of 20 grand and sect. ldr. reports, while academics stayed low on his list of priorities. He showed true class by snaking his best friends girl for the Ring Dance. 1/c summer his professionalism emerged for the first time at Bulldog (somebody wake up Adkinson) and plebe summer. Academic year Jason regressed back to his true form; rack, Pete's, basketball, and woke up to find he had a 3.8. A pilgrimage to Graceland highlighted Christmas. "The King Lives", Bocefus, dip, "sunshine", UVA, moose brothers, Budfest, Cancun, bedwetting, and four years by the bay. Marine aviation will be blessed with his presence. ABG,KCE,BL

Michael Burns
Bellevue, Nebraska
Surface Warfare

Burnsy spent three years in the fleet as an ET, then he BOOSTed himself here to the "Real Navy." After a year in 4th he found Paradise, a slack company, and a room with Otis and Slug. Playboy 21's Casanova, a girl in every port and on every deck. Due to his outstanding study efforts and procrastinating ability, Mike found himself an unprotected free agent for the Mech E's and was drafted by the Generals after arbitration with the Maj and Sup. Senior year came and Mike used his charm and friend making skills to earn himself top seed in the HOOKEM EE invitational, two times running. Mike's pride in professionalism demanded that he box rather than drill, and in the end he almost won Brigades (we think you did) Oh yeah, Football. Youngster year came and Mike found himself on special teams. 2nd class year, ditto. Who will forget the '88 Army game and Mike's weak attempt to get TV air time by shattering his ankle on the opening kickoff(good one) Then the '89 Army game, could we have won without you that day? 8 carries, 57 yards and the key first downs(YOU SHOWED 'EM)! MAM and DML

Robert Allen Cameron
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Rob started life with us with certain priorities; crew, computers and Alice. Only a creaking back, a new car, and an engagement ring have been able to shift them. Although Alice is now his number one, we are still subjected to the eternal hum of Rob's first love. Rob's being from the City of Brotherly Love has presented us with a few challenges. Chief among them was understanding his Philly accent. But after two years of living with him, we take great pride in dislodging "youz" from his vocabulary. Despite Rob's incredible tendency to sunburn, doze at the wheel, and overstudy, we in the room bestow upon him honorary membership in the "Ini Brotherhood." Rob's new name is Camerini. Rob has always been a very hard worker and his grades bear this out. Despite the demands on his schedule, Rob has never been too busy to help a friend. His willingness to listen and lend a helping hand have endeared him to all of us. Rob's diligence, dedication, and concern will undoubtedly bring him success in the fleet and in life. THE CHARTER INI BROTHERS

Anne Lynne Chapman
Vienna, Virginia
Navy Pilot

A survivor of 25, Chappy arrived at Maj. Moore's Playboy 21 and quickly discovered unlimited WE's. With help from Leo, Rich, and Squirrel, there were always lots of "fun days" at Sandy Point. Selecting an English major, Chaps expanded her cultural horizons with trips to NYC, Les Mis tix, Aerobics classes, Sat nights at Tracks, and a permanent spot on the Tom & Bill Show. Her quest for adventure took her MAC-ing, and she spent X-mas in Hawaii, Springs in Fla., summers in Cali, and WEs in New Orleans. With Tay-o in hand, 2/C year raced madly by. 1/C summer found Chaps raging through detail and then sleeping through cruise. Her talents were tested by last-minute Yu's Brew Crew Bashes and the International Ball. Becoming 4th Batt Sub-Cdr finally legalized Chappy's personal liberty policy. Chaps will be remembered for her quick laugh and her spontaneity. Good Luck in attaining those Golden Wings. May Aviation be all that you ever dreamed of. Thanks EB, Bork! Bork! ILU MST. Thanks Mom and Dad, Claire and the Graw's.

Edward William Devinney II
Warrington, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Edward W. Devinney II, our spirit-filled 1st sem Co Cmdr often split time b/w Annap and Bethesda with his ailments. Youngster year he abandoned a promising crew career and Mech E to pursue Oceanography. EZ was always a pack-rat, decorating his room with flags, shrines to his girlfriends, and semi-legal appliances. Ed was always close to his family, and we have all come to know and love his sister and parents. The Dvny tailgaters were always a highlight during FB season. EZ escaped branding despite well deserved threats from the 4/C. His dedication to his Supra amazed us all. He was able to fit in with any crowd, and his contagious spirit was often a catalyst to illegal misadventures. Through many late-nite counseling sessions, we came to know you as a caring friend. As a future Nuke SWO, we wish you well. Please keep in touch. LUCKY, FRANKIE, JEFFREY, YU-BEAR

Keith Campbell Erdman
Newark, Delaware
Submarines

Keith "Grubby" Erdman came to us from the small wonder. He spent 4/c year in Sweet 16 and then got promoted to 21 for the remainder of his four years by the bay. After incurring a speech impediment and a 4 grand he started the long road to recovery from the run in with the Louisville Slugger. His many excursions to G-town and his effort being an overweight windsurfer occupied most of his free time. As 2/c year approached his true grubbiness started to appear. His clean shave and personal hygiene habits were admired by all. 2/c summer progressed without him folding a single article of clothing. 2/c year included a surprise over Xmas and a losing battle with EE. Keith and the spirits always proved an interesting combination, often ending in a shot at the title. 1/c year began with the big question, which was answered Thanksgiving: a lucky girl. Highlights include: his inability to talk; Hood; $1.5 million; brown sheets; knee surgury; and road trips to see his one and only. With his unique qualities the Grubmeister will be a fine addition to the submarine force. ABG JGA

John Brian Frankhouser
Santa Ynez, California
Navy Pilot

Frankie surfed out to Annapolis from the sunny shores of Southern California. His Plebe year, immortalized in a well known Plebe reveille photo, was filled with many encounters with the ultra-professional second classmen of 14. Youngster year he moved up to the serenity of Playboy and found himself rooming with Lucky, EZ, and Yu-bear. One semester of the Wack Shack, clashing musical tastes, wrestling matches, and cart surfing was too much for any room to bear, and we split apart, but not for long. John's love life has been dramatic. After two remarkably successful blind dates (with the same stunning beauty), Frankie decided to try a little commitment. The equestrian and the Phillipino wouldn't suffice, so he really got serious in the roller coaster relationship from Bard. Though most of his free time here was devoted to studies and horseplay, he found time to apply his athleticism and leadership in coaching the Batt FB team to the championship. Good luck at P-cola and beyond. Hang loose, dude! LUCKY EZ YU-BEAR & JEFFREY

Andrew Brendon Gentry
Wyomissing, Pennsylvania
Submarines

Andy began his naval career by spending much of his plebe summer at Bethesda after a run-in with one of the killer spiders which inhabits Farragut Field. He was welcomed into 21 by his unusual roomates. He realized he was in for a treat. Andy soon became famous for his hoops and his wealth of completely useless facts. (Did you know you can die of Vitamin A poisoning if you eat a polar bear's liver?) As for his social life, he was adept at meeting young women but where did it lead? To letter writing! Andy further demonstrated his taste with the opposite sex with his charming Ring Dance date. Not being one to overindulge in the spirits, he nevertheless succumbed to peer pressure on numerous road trips, exemplified by his technicolor sweatshirt at N.D. Seriously, Andy is one of the smartest men alive and often spent more time tutoring the less intelligent. Other things: DaLawn, Cancun, pen-pal, "What?", ballroom dancing, Big Mo, "Jason, do you have class?", morbid trivia, sugar, and great grades. Nuke school will be a joke. JGA, KCE, FWK

William Joseph Guarini Jr
Clifton, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

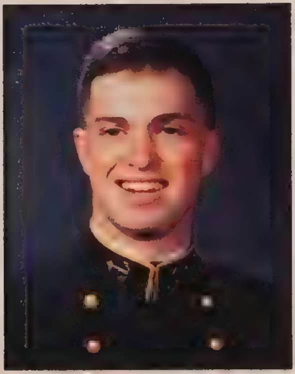
Bill Guarini came to USNA via NAPS and the coattails of his publicly elected uncle. He soon proved that his admission was no fluke, however. His professionalism was only surpassed by his subtle way with the ladies as one Hood girl at Pete's found out; "Coming right to the source,huh?" Bill did not like to show up the troops however so as midshipman training officer he consistantly ensured himself a "C" in the PCR. He outdid himself this last PCR though by doing so well that USNA asked him to take it one more time, almost losing Spring Break at Cancun in the process. The Italian Stallion also helped many of us with female problems by taking us to the local GO-GO RAMA. Bill still insists that any respectible business man from Jersey City would be proud to dine with a client there. Bill's generosity went beyond women; he was always happy to share his pepperoni rolls, cannolis, and meatball subs. In fact, Bill was always generous-- with his parents' money. Bill's high standards and pride in the Navy will take him far, perhaps even a career? PNini RCini.

Richard Stuart Hager
Atlanta, Georgia
Surface Warfare

It took a few tries at VMI, Alabama, and as an enlisted AO before Slacks finally found his home at Canoe U. As a plebe in 27, D&B managed to keep him out of sight and trouble. Moving on to bigger and better things, Slacks became the old man of Playboy. To balance out his old age and worldly knowledge, Slacks fell in love with Heather, and in the process, won the award for the youngest girlfriend in the company; plebes included! Despite the fun we all had in teasing him, Rich will always be remembered for his discipline, attention to detail, reliance as a source of Brigade rumour, and thinning hair. Yet, the lighter side came through on various road trips, especially the one to D.C. Fair winds and following seas as you strive for your high and far reaching goals. Pep

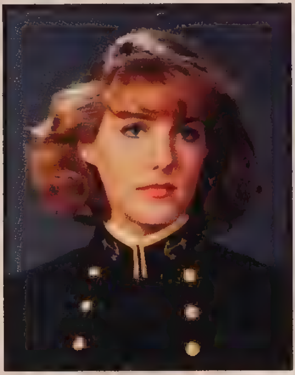
William Christopher Haggerty
Wilmington, Delaware
Special Warfare

Coming at you from Delaware,
super-athlete and can outrun a hare.
One of the nicest slims you'll ever meet,
in any sport you'll probably get beat.
Rugby star since his days of a 4th class,
took calc. and EE twice but did pass.
A quiet type of guy but quite clever,
in any dispute you'll win never.
Some say it's arrogance or maybe he's a stud,
gets high as Jordan on one can of Bud.
Never got fried but he's still a crook,
that boy Hags just has the look.
SEAL TEAM 6 has got another hero,
to the dread of pain he just says no.
Strolled into the Academy and went real,
as a friend and roommate he was quite ideal.
Good luck in the future and all your pursuits. PEACE



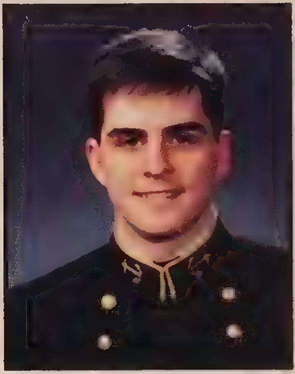
Joseph Gerard Herlihy
Sanford, Maine
Surface Warfare

Joke came to Canoe U. from Maine, following in his father's footsteps. He survived his Plebe year roommates while getting in at least one announcement at every Plebe quarters. Did anyone ever find that black sock? This moraled young man then came to Playboy 21. Despite the efforts of those around him, Joke never latched on to more than one girl at a time. He never ceased to amuse us. The classics ranged from direct intimate questions to the fairer sex at a dining in, to the lonesome birthday night forever captured on video. Remember, 'Tac Air' is not always the right answer. Squirlihy will forever be remembered by those around him for giving his best in all endeavors as well as his outgoing personality. He enlightened many late night "discussions" and road trips. Good luck and best wishes. Go SWO! Pep



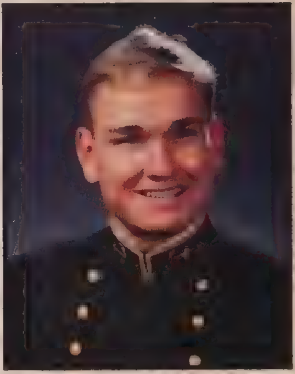
Lael Lenore House
Bainbridge Island,
Washington
General Unrestricted Line

Laeler, a true beauty inside and out, came to us from Washington or Cali? or Florida? Were you Miss Florida Citrus? After finding a second home in Bowie (where she often spent a not so quiet weekend) she rarely returned to her beloved West Coast. Instead she cooked, attacked, babysat, and loved-forget Valentines Days. The road was not so easy- ie. the one to the Key Bridge. The Ax board wants a return visit. A dedicated hooper but a true lover of football she was never far from NAAA or #16. Remember the famous tailgater, who won anyway, a nite at Champions, looking at the stars from the street up, where'd Pat go, -no, I didn't think you'd remember! Puerto Rico, sure we're German, screaming from the bathroom, running to the plane -away from THEM, finally renting a car, the native way, no more taxi rides Booketa Girl. Pee-Wee we wouldn't touch your boys. A weekend on L.I., rising suns and hottubs, Embassy Suites, black eyes, A/N games, Celestial -we going? Laeotis thanks for adding happiness to life and for being there. The good times have yet begun. LBW



Frederick William Kacher III
Oakton, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Freddy came from his world renowned Oakton high school paper hoping to repeat such glories. He soon learned to his dismay no paper existed and adjusted his finely honed writing skills to those of the oratory nature and debate. After toiling long and hard Plebe year becoming one of the few survivors of eleven, Fred approached Playboy 21 with a single goal, to get stripes. When it became apparent that this required work, like cleaning the room and being around the academy, he adjusted again. He was elected big honor stripes. Since day one first class year, Fred has not been seen within the confines of the yard except at occasional class, in his treasured rack, and, on odd days, in Halsey improving his nom de guerre as "the Bull." His idea of fun is inversely proportional to the distance home or to his beloved one and only. Fred has worked hard to reach his goals. He will be always known by those close as the kindhearted man who would do anything for a friend. His chow from home was always exceptional. Fred, you've been a great friend and roomie. Good luck and God Bless. DBM



Joseph Walter Kirby
Severna Park, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Kirbo came to us from western Maryland in fulfillment of a lifelong dream. In spite of his growing up in the dire straits of country clubs, boarding school, and old boy networks, Joe has grown into the image of the strong, silent type of Naval Officer. Kirbs could often be seen helping others out, whether the problem was an English paper, Diff. Eq.'s, "which tie matches?", or crises relating to "those nubile nymphs." In fact, his utter selflessness in teaching one young lady the art of ballroom dancing on Farragut field at 2a.m. once landed him (hard) a private audience with Captain Smiley! Joe's diverse interests, from Lacrosse, Sailing, and Crew to his "uniquely" varied taste in music (from Bach to Peter Tosh to the New Potato Caboose) to his apparent attempt at QPR suicide in mastering the Chinese language, have made him the Renaissance man of the Playboy Company. Late night stupidness from London to Manhattan to Taipei has us ALL wondering how the Teflon King has managed to stay out of jail! Good Luck, Joe..have a Grateful day..and keep smilin'..Domine, dirige nos.

David Maurice Laudadio
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Cryptology

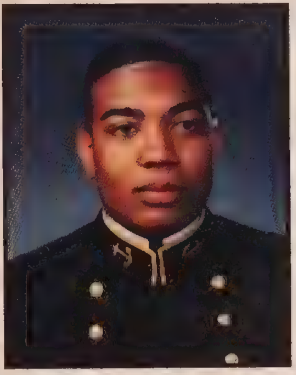
DADIO-Master photographer, tireless deviant, perhaps the most fascinating man under 5'9". Dave's reputation for compassion is widespread, & will surely win him many humanitarian awards for years to come. For Dave, like a fine wine, is mellowing w/age, & his eye for beauty which he generously shared with us all is something we'll never forget! One of his most admirable traits is his resourcefulness. From Dave's deli, to Candid camera, to tac-air adventures in the head & midnight kettle drum watch, Dave could always be counted on to uphold Playboy Co's late night fun & games. His talent for nocturnal stealth operations should serve him well as he enters cryptology. His well orchestrated pranks and unique sense of humor often left us amazed! Yes, we'll never forget our Italian antagonist who never let us put our guard down. His wit served us all in trying times; for when one was down, Dave was there to point out the humor in life's little ironies. He survived a bout with the Ac Boards & went on to succeed wildly. Good luck, Dave, & remember, you're the vulgarian, you *!& # !!!

Joseph Patrick Luchtenberg
Bexley, Ohio
Submarines

Wrestling his way into our hearts from the great state of Ohio, Uncle Joe never could overcome the awesome might of John and/or Ed. Despite his superior intellect as an honors math major, he nonetheless managed to astound the North Carolina State Police with his inability to read their traffic signs. Since he never cracked a book, and he consistently fell asleep in class, we never understood why his QPR was twice ours. His singing career culminated in his becoming Glee Club president, though he never got a phone, and in leading the Skivs with his natural falsetto. Always a sound sleeper, he was known to sleep through conversations, his alarm, mandatory evolutions, and 1989. Truly a ladies' man, "Lucky" had one in every port, harbor, dock, and neighborhood ("Watch Lady," "X-mas in Washington Lady" ?!). However, Joe finally settled down in the latter part of 1/C year with Kim. Good luck down under, Joey, Learn how to boogie board. We look forward to buying your first album. FRANKIE EZ YU-BEAR & JEFFREY

Michael Anthony Maier
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Mike Otis Maier entered USNA via NAPS. After a brief stay in 1, Mike found his home in 21. Mike fit right in at the Playboy Co., and soon became 21's ideal mid. With football and his late-night drinking excursions in town, many would say he graduated from the University of Navy. Football came first in his life, then the rack, and ah, of course, then there's academics. No one thought Mike would graduate as an aero major, but his hard work ('the gouge') got him through. Football season ended and Mike had a lot of free time and soon found his true calling in life- being a gigilo. Mike always had women, even if they wouldn't have him. He was also known for his uhh..uhh..articulate nature, and his love of fine dining. 1/C year, Mike became the first Navy hog and the chance for stardom which came on 9 Dec. After Xmas break, BIG Mike had to become a regular sized person, which he did with amazing ease. His other highlights include: Mad Mauller, Cancun, 240, 230, 220, friendship with Capt. Smiley, Simba, and #78. With his drive he will make a fine addition to the fleet. AG,DL,&MB



Eugene John Malveaux
Atlanta, Georgia
Navy Pilot

"Cool Gene" arrived in Annapolis from Atlanta via NAPS.Having been with Gene since day one I have seen him grow in many ways. Not only has he put on 40 pounds and 4 inches, he has gone from the man who couldn't speak to a girl to a ladies man extrordinaire (or so he'll tellyou).The addition of a T-Bird, a fresh cut, and the formation of the posse (Cav,Mike,Dre,Will, Duke) all played a large part in his "growth." After a stellar plebe year academically Gene settled down to a three year battle with Mech E, which he will eventually win in O.T. Many unsat times brought Gene to the realization that the wall was an illusion and liberty to be taken when the hawk was right.E.I. for Gene meant Eating In town.For a while it looked as if Gene might go Marines.However, a summer at Bulldog brought on the realization that Navy Air was Gene's calling. Gene's easy going manner, common sense, and good heart will undoubtedly bring him success wherever he goes (as long as he can wake up on time).As roomates we pitched a perfect game, not one fight in four years.PEACE.WCH

David Brent Marquand
El Cajon, California
Naval Flight Officer

Brent came to 21 all the way from CAALIFORNIA!!! We weren't sure what to expect from a second company plebe with a tradition of USNA grads in his family. When Brent arrived he had three passions: the Padres, chocolate, and a certain zoomie. Three years later, they still play a large role in his life. Professionally, Brent has inspired us with his super-reg haircut and military demeanor. Socially, he has logged more miles than most of us combined. Speaking of social skills, Brent was at his finest when he went from being a hair away from losing his honors qualifications to pulling a four credit A. Brent claims the entire state of California as his sports domain and the whole company now roots right along with him. Although he has endeared himself to all our families, does the clan exist? Highlights: Ms. M, Salt, nightly phone vigils, zoomielove, and mooching. Brent's highpoint was overcoming many barriers to get his NFO waiver. His loyalty, kindness, and generosity have helped all of us. He deserves the best. Good luck and God Bless in the Friendly Skies. FWK, JGA, KCE, ABG

Carla Michelle Meyers
Pemberton, New Jersey
Supply Corps

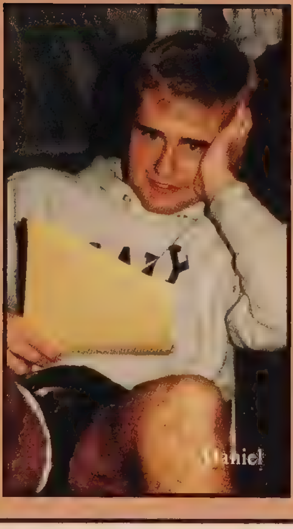
God blessed us with you. Many of '90 remember your plebe parties. Your brother made them possible. However you are notorious for your murderous aerobic workouts. Mom and dad got us through: Yours with visits, mine with the sandwich. John was special, but "Hey little lady," takes the cake for odd matches. Third class year was tough, but we were finally brought together. Can't imagine how I got on without you. Lambada, sacle, Huge, Terry & you out till 5, WSS '90 (Thankyou Lord). Turned your roomie into a dancing studette-hands all up in the air. Late night talks will be missed. Can't forget the trip with T and D to Puerto Rico. No more D, D, and D's. We love you Carlita and the Supply Corps is lucky to get you.

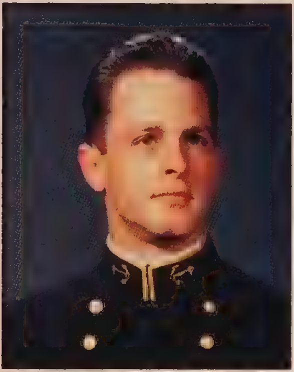
Pete Lee Nannini Jr
Castro Valley, California
Navy Pilot

Pete "Rat" Nannini made his way to the Academy via an unecessary year at NAPS. In the SF Bay area of the glorious state of California, Pete's favorite pastimes were collecting pistols and learning about military aircraft. In Maryland, Pete's two favorite pastimes are the rack and a certain girl at Hood College. His lust for sleep has led him to miss MORE THAN one formation. His eagerness to dash to Hood has him packed on Thursdays and off to Frederick at 1210 on Fridays. Pete's obvious stinginess compelled him to buy a manuel transmission in his rice-burner. And he had no idea how to drive it. Pete's academic achievments better not be measured by his study effort. He gets close to a 3.0 with 3.0 hours of work a week, Pete is a good-natured man who warms to everybody. His professionalism, confidence, and dedication earned him what he has always wanted: Navy Wings of Gold. We are confidant that Pete will attack the Navy aviation pipeline and land in what he wants. Pete, you'll lose the bet. BGini and RCini.

Daniel Lee Pepper
Augusta, Georgia
Marine Corps

Doc came to the Naval Academy ready to take on the world with his worldly knowledge. While initially interested in everything from submarines to SEALs, 2/C year saw a little birdie, wearing Marine greens with gold oak leaves, whisper sweet nothings about the Corps in Doc's ear. Brain washed by visions of jumping out of perfectly good planes, eating mud for dinner, and barking at shadows, Doc leaped into his destiny. I don't know who to congratulate: Doc for being lucky enough to have the Corps actually want him, or the Corps for getting such a highly motivated and dedicated individual! For all those good memories: the stupid brownish cup always left on the wrong desk, the ridiculously big tires for "better stability," grease on the pool sticks, editing the articles, and the occasional lung tests: Good luck in the Corps, Dan! Thanks for being such a good friend. JGH





Herbert Rogers Race
Winter Haven, Florida
Navy Pilot

One fine day in the summer of '86, Petty Officer 3rd Class Race came to the Boat School to show us ALL how it's done. And soon, "Hey, have you ever been to Florida?" could be heard throughout the land. As a sailor, Bert wasted no time in getting close to the sea, nor did he hesitate in getting close to the local girls. Unfortunately, Bert floated adrift in a fashion vacuum until finding his true calling 1st class year-- the patented wife-beater shirt, and hair styled by Boeing. His permanent "flying without a cockpit" look will surely win him many admiring stares in Pensacola. From Diff. Eq's to Refrigerator Repair class, Bert has really enjoyed his career as an engineer-- loved it every inch of the way, in fact! He's a real "Vintage" guy, and we'll all miss him. Good luck, Bert! And may you always have a Good Hair Day!

Heidi Goodhue Savage
Durham, New Hampshire
Naval Flight Officer

Heidi "Action" Savage,
What were we thinking? HE surely works in mysterious ways. Who would ever have thought you would be united with some "Coon" and possibly enjoy doing Lambada, getting Sakle and being too thru? Que Concha, Heidi. Remember the Woops at the Dome? Swivel hips, Chicken Lips, and Double Dips of Chocolate? Remember breaking the school record in the 100m fly? Sleeping and eating milkduds in the ballet? You are the Master of the House. What were we possibly thinking? White Sulphur Springs. Alba Shakes.
H-E brought us together,
E-njoy what life and HE has to offer.
I-learned this from you,
D-o not forget
I-love you.

Oh Great Heidini, I don't know how I could have lasted if it were not for your warm heart, strong shoulder, and keen ear. God bless you dear roomie and thanks. CMM

David Scott Seydlitz
Eugene, Oregon
Navy Pilot

David made the long haul to USNA from Oregon, the home of low taxes and no personal property insurance. This came in handy for a man who enjoyed his liberty, especially cruising around in his 'Beemer'. He always enjoyed just dropping by and "forcing" innocent mids to join him in his various escapades. But he never got too adventurous because his heart and mind were always back in Oregon with a lady named Trish, whom he somehow convinced to marry him! Certainly if he continues to trust God as he did throughout his "sentence" at the Academy, his marriage and career will hold nothing but the promise of happiness and satisfaction! Fly Navy! (And if that doesn't work out you'll make it big as a masseur!)

T.R.W.

Jeffrey Warren Smith
Lander, Wyoming
Surface Warfare

Although he left behind his home in Wyoming and his life in the mystic "Old West" to live in Annapolis and experience the big city life of the east, Jeffrey's love for the outdoors and skiing never diminished. He continually tried to introduce the pioneering spirit of the West. This same steadfast spirit always left him in the right. Schmitty was dead set on subs when he came to the boat school -- but, by youngster year, he had already begun to change some minds...especially those of the EE community and, later, those of the nukes. He finally settled for haze gray and under way (in Hawaii no less). Jeff always rode on the cutting edge of the music culture. During youngster year, his tastes in classic rock and new age earned him the nickname "Beethoven". He still firmly believes that there will be a Led Zeppelin reunion. Jeffrey applied his amazing athletic talent in many sports and became a powerhouse in many championship teams. Above all, we will remember Jeff, the confirmed extrovert, as the sea going Cowboy. EZ YU BEAR LUCKY JOHN MURPH

22nd COMPANY

Deborah Potter Sparkes
Cranston, Rhode Island
General Unrestricted Line

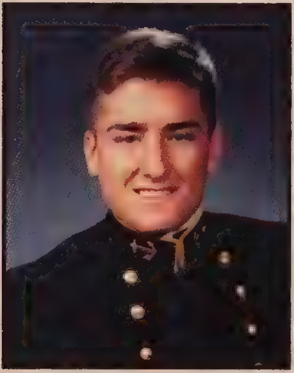
Debbie came from the Ocean State full of energy and chatter. 36 Co was never the same after our rm. How many bags Court? How 'bout all-calls for Kev? Minor technicality. Deb's pro-knowledge amazed most except "non-flight officers." She sweat both in the hall and at the boathouse. The undefeated 2N wouldn't have been the same without her at bow. "Brainball" and "SR" were some pet names, but alas 3/c yr., "SM." Living out of company, Calc 3 - nice white works, Crew party: beer and bruises, Cribbage, the 14hr hell ride from Alexandria, Easter at Col's: Chicago glasses, musical chairs, back flips, Easter egg ***, and Herndon videos. Sneaking back 0700 with pillow and backpack -JUR- ..Debbie acquired a fancy for Men's Gymnastics. She returned as a worldly gal but "Just out of curiosity" where did you spend 2/c yr? Lael and I have finally taught you how to chill. Deb, you're the best friend that anyone could ever wish for - always there to lean on and lend a sympathetic ear w/plenty of advice to give. Thanks for everything. Success will surely follow you in GURL. -Sandra N.

Warren Yu
Poughkeepsie, New York
Surface Warfare

Born on St. Patty's Day, this Sino-Hungarian came to Playboy from Poughkeepsie by way of NAPS. Unstimulated by the academic rigor of the Academy, Warren never understood why he couldn't take weekends. He was known for his contagious laugh which could be heard all the way down the hall. We were worried as Youngsters when Warren's dates always came back with the stomach flu. In fact, it's rumored that on one date they both never made it out of the Memorial Hall Men's room. Yu-Bear's experience with women climaxed at the Ring Dance when he ended up with two dates. His creativity and imagination manifested themselves through photography, and his numerous scrapbooks chronicle the life & times at USNA. Warren, however, does not require a photo to relate his tales. We once had to stuff a sock in his mouth to halt an hour of interesting yet never-ending tangents. Warren's flair for throwing a big bash will serve him well on his command ship in Japan. Out of the bottom of the class comes a top-notch guy, who will always be number one in our hearts. EZ-LUCKY-JOHN-JEFF-ROB

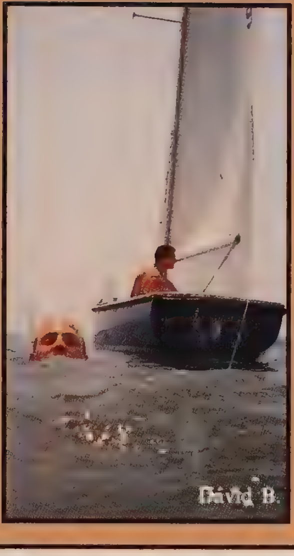
Charles Edward Berger
New York, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Chuck was reared in the shadows of Manhatten skyscrapers. Having subway vigilantes for childhood heroes, Chuck naturally wanted to fight evil in the military. Plebe year was spent in 34 and led to a fulfilling cruise on a Severn greyhound where Chuck was immediately placed in hack. As a youngster, Chuck met Joanie, spent a great deal of time in scuba gear, and discovered the joys of racking. Following an exciting summer on detail, he began the year of living dangerously by carefully balancing double E, plebe training and trips to UVA. First class year saw the arrival of the famed rice-burning Guido chariot to Virginia. Between pilgrimages to his beloved and seemingly endless naps, Chuck found time to become the model midshipman and an F-4 pilot. Upon graduation, Chuck will be going to P-cola. As an airdale, Chuck will enjoy the crew rest.
Chuck - Political Scientist, Metalhead, New Yorker - Don't forget that it's only wrong if you get caught, as far as you know. Semper Rackus. DHF



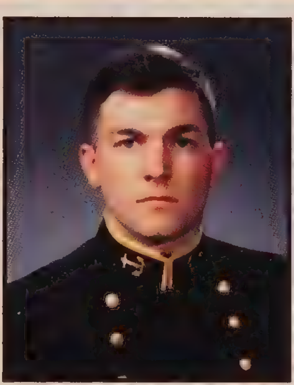
Eric Paul Brumwell
Jupiter, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

Eric arrived in Annapolis from Jupiter, which explains alot. His peculiar personality and suspiciously sleepy eyes earned him the nickname 'Toast' and prompted the other club members to question his weekend activities - 7 times. Then it was off to 22, where he displayed his athletic prowess on the Severn and spent many a night helping Chris with his insomnia. Never one to complain about his classes, Eric easily discarded his book with the phone numbers for ones with formulas. His insatiable appetite for food and the fairer sex have left him scrounging for scraps. Going from a svelte 135 to a bulky 150 had Eric entertaining thoughts of going green, but it wasn't to be. Hoping his hot, new AUTOMATIC sports car would help him with the ladies, Eric set out in search of the perfect girl, for whom he's still looking but is sure to find. With a hairdo as progressive as his music, P'cola is sure to love him - as long as he learns how to drive and doesn't stop at intersections. Eric, you were not only my roommate but my best friend and I wish you the best of luck in everything. PSC



David Conrad Bucher
West Union, Ohio
Special Warfare

I feel like I'm on a rafting trip. I'm headed for the rapids,and I'm gaining momentum. Sure, I'm a little scared but that's half the fun. All I can say is there will always be a hot shower, a spaghetti and meat-ball dinner, and that old song "Grooven" waiting at the end of the line. Screw practicality, right Karl? Just have fun, swim fast and drink beer. Does anything else really matter? I think not. So where do we go from here? What awaits us beyond these walls? Where will we all be in ten years? Will my questions ever be answered? "Shut up, Butcher. You can't fight fate. When you're handed the ball, run with it." Here's to The Point, bonfires and the meeting of the minds. Epictetus wrote, "Anytus and Meletus can kill me, but they cannot hurt me," and a world famous rock climber said,"...you must write yourself off before any big clime. You must say to yourself,'I might die here.'" But Emerson said it all when he said,"I hate quotations. Tell me what you know." With these in mind I'm off and running, going fast with the current. Hoo Yah Academy, Thanks for a good time.



Paul Stephen Cotter
Pittstown, New Jersey
Marine Corps Pilot

The nazi youth of 21 did their part on the treetrunk of a man from Jersey while still allowing him to enjoy life's pleasures in Eastport. It only got more interesting w/the move to 22 although the early callings of Aero caused Steve to say goodbye to J.V. Lax & hello to Battlax (where his talents were put to better use). Speaking of talents, juggling became one of Steve's most noteworthy, only he was constantly dropping the balls & picking up new ones. The time spent in Halsey is by far the most noteworthy-entertaining him for quite some time before he heard bells. The months blurred for Steve w/2-0 Windowshopping sprees, weekend sacrifices to the PP, many late nights w/Chris,EM,EE,&EA, Springbreaks w/AAA, CD fixes, Dual RX7's, weekends on the Nayden's couch, rooftop ralph w/Popeye's, barbieoven brownies, truckbed ringdance, Airdog summer and now Steve's off to wear green in the sky. He will be remembered as a good friend to those who were lucky enough to be close to him. By the way, "What would you do Steve?" Do good Steve and don't worry- I would to, unless of course...

David Henry Foglesong
Williamson, West Virginia
U. S. Air Force

Dave came to Navy from a small backwater town in the mountains of West Virginia. The son of a F-16 jock, he longed to follow in his father's footsteps because, "Women really dig pilots." Big Dave Lemonade's first statement upon reporting aboard, "Hey this isn't Colorado Springs!" Being a future rocket scientist, it didn't take him long to figure out the bald heads around him belonged to plebes, not doolies. Dave decided to stay anyway desiring to be the model midshipman and one day have his name painted on the side of a plane. Plebe (???) year on 1-0 was a real break for Diamond Dave. Youngster year his love life took a 91 degree turn for the worse, but he straightened up and flew right second and first class years. He spent his final year battling the forces of evil. Two summers were spent with Ron working at SDI because he "needed the money" to buy and support the Camaro from hell.

Dave - rocket scientist, sonic warrior, redneck - always be one of "us," never one of "them." Aim High. Carpe Librium, C.E.B.

James Fredric Fox
Jasonville, Indiana
Surface Warfare

Jim spent a couple of years in the "Real Navy" before arriving at the Academy. One wonders if he was very happy at the Academy after he arrived? He decided he needed a little vacation so he took off for a semester in Colorado at the Air Force Academy. After his return, he became a non-entity on the weekends with his weekly commutes to Philly. Jim liked to move around so it was out of company again as Jim assumed the role of Battalion Commander. He was seen less than the company officer. Service selection brought about a change in plans when the Nukes decided that they were not in dire need of his varied talents. So Jim went back to the "Real Navy" again on a frigate out of Philly. Good luck on the seas... But I hear the water is only good for five years.

Daron Duryea Fullwood
Hampton, Virginia
Supply Corps

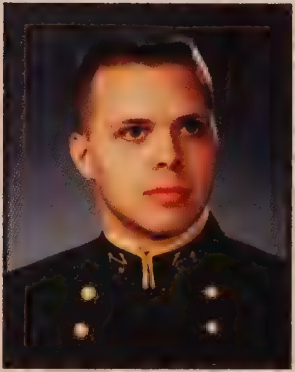
Fleet! Bullwood! Juice! Nicknames stick to this man like the beard on his face. But what's in a name-it's all the same, Daron (DA-RON) Fullwood. Fleet came to Navy after UNC balked on his contract demands. After not going to HIU (Hampton University..The Capital) Juice stayed to suffer the PAIN. A car by 3/C yr, good parking too! Fat and Sat, Uzelac's Boy; No rules in 22, Top Gun, DB; The man!! Ho-Wood, Foolishness..#1 Gamma Slamma. Only mid/w a beard..EVERYDAY! From Larry D to G phi G..The new breed for the new Navy! The Fore-Fathers of buzzardry are smiling on thee. An 'F' in Adv. Calc- 2.0 in a 2.15 World slowed you down, but nothin' can stop the Juice. Your flag flies in every college in the tri-state area. So much on your mind..Refuse to Loose-..Supply's your ticket, Let the drummer get Wicked! Chief Dummy Mover! Kelly's, Baby (Blame it in on ME)..Time sharing..Kue,KUE,KUUE Psi Phi, Funk Dawg..ARF! Arf! Prince wrote 'Scandulous' for YOU. Stand by NORFOLK..The "FLEET IS HOME"! Ho-J,Cav,Byrd,Gene,Rap,Roomies,Chief, and Willy-J..I'll Miss You DDF

Brian Matthew Garrison
Medfield, Massachusetts
Naval Flight Officer

Leaving his beloved Beantown four years ago, Brian came to Canoe U. and started out in 29 with Rob and Lou, enjoying Rob's jam sessions and learning never to sacrifice good times for studying. 3/c summer Bri experienced life in the P.I. and drank many a brew Down Under. BG then devoted his time and talent to Navy 150s, earning 3 letters and a star. 3/c year, Brian, Lou and Fleet brought their act to 22. The NAAA room never stopped enjoying life to the fullest- hitting the Bull in times of need, tailgating with Kola and Tahoe with Harris. 2/c cruise, BG teamed up with Andy, Jack, Bleaks and Smitty for a summer of fun, too bad Bleaks and Smitty moved on to real college life. Hard to believe the best was yet to come: Special 2/c liberties ending in Stribling Sprints- Remember PJ's, Bri? How 'bout Killington? Following the Booze Cruise and Funnelmania at U of Md, BG left for six weeks of Bulldog and still missed his true calling! Firsties at last Bri-Regulars at the Turtle, Watch those S-curves, Where the hell is Juniata? Singing the Blues in Vail. Best of luck-AL,LS,JJ,JK

George Rowland Graves
Angleton, Texas
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

George came to USNA from Mobile, Alabama. After spending plebe year in Sweet 16 he wound up in 22. Quickly becoming popular with the company officer for study hour pizza runs, youngster year introduced him to the wrath of the EE major and the effect of Barbarian on grades. After studying every car magazine published, George went all out and bought a Honda. Second class year brought a Lucky Bag telephone and a close call with a nasty black dog. Back on his feet and on the prowl, George encountered a young lady with a big block and a thirst for vin blanc who quickly ate up his every spare moment. After turning down the glory of Navy Air, he sold his soul to Nuke at service selection. Just don't be the first in the class with a station wagon and a cheesy moustache. May your adventures in the Navy never lead you too far from an expresso machine. And don't worry, it won't all fall out and you'll get the CD player fixed. I have a funny feeling you'll one day find that Octavia rules. Three years was like a day. TJS



Geoffrey Martin Grindeland
Bellevue, Washington
Navy Pilot

My last act as your roommate is to insure that you have only pleasant memories of USNA, so adhere to the following--REMEMBER (FORGET) the following: Jock's 22ND (Hobin's 12TH); Whit & Huge (Zerph & Ted); Army Weekend '87, '88 (The Game); Your Truck (Rides in back of the Samuri); Coors-Light Battle Helmets (Nerf B-Ball); (Hormel Chili); 3Man (Chandeliers); HoJo's Roof (10M Tower); 7Egg Breakfast (Forkprint scars from Thanksgiving); Weekends in NY (Laz & Boug); Brigantine Beachhouse (Fishing on the Jetty); Disc Football (Fieldball); Parties at Sheri's (Morning after search for Advil); Yer Dern Priorities (GYSGT Nelson); Bedtime Stories (Greek's Guitar); Fruit for Fitz (Arbitrary Grading); Important Safety Tip (Greek's Memory); Skipping Class (Come-arounds with Snork); Ring Dance Weekend (Anglin's Car Stereo-/Driving); Sleepin's Fer Wimps (GYSGT Rip's Notes); To take care of Deb (Having 10 Kids); To stay in touch with Little Jer (His Family at Meal Time)

Harris Banks Halverson
St. Petersburg, Florida
Navy Pilot

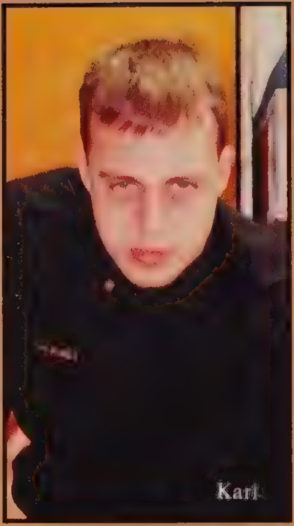
Harris hails from sunny St. Petersburg, Florida. After successfully tackling all obstacles the United States Marine Corps could throw at him, Harris was selected to attend NAPS. Harris excelled at the preparatory school and was soon pounding at the gates of USNA. After breezing through his plebe year, Harris quickly joined the gang in 22nd company. Harris' competitive attitude helped him excel both on the athletic field and in the classroom. Football, baseball, volleyball, and tennis are just a few of Harris' loves. As a second class, Harris acquired another love in the form of his "little woman." The little lady may have curbed his social life but, unfortunately, she has yet to tame his antics on the dance floor. Harris' hard work eventually paid off as he was able to select a pilot billet. The "Stork" will be able to return to his native Florida sun. Here's to heavyweight football, HOJO's, the Beverly Hills Club, Maggies, and bootleg right on two, you run and I'll block.

Trygve Erik Hammer
Velva, North Dakota
Marine Corps Pilot

Not much was known about Trygve for his first two years at the Academy due to his finding out about himself from a certain "young lady." However, in the two years since her downfall Tryg has come on strong. Tryg is the type of person that takes some time in understanding, but once you do it is easy to see why he is so well liked. It was never difficult to locate Tryg -- after school he would be napping, after 1:00 in the morning he would be doing chemistry, and on the weekends he would be at Mum's. With only one or two beers in him, there is nobody more amusing to be around than Tryg. Tryg was called "strange" by one officer, and I'm sure that he never even found out about Tryg's taste for cicadas. Who else knows multiple Playboy models, and has even given one of them the best backrub she has ever had? Although Tryg will undoubtedly have many crazy times in the Corp., he will always wish he was back in Velva, North Dakota. You had better always have a parking place for me.

Gerald James Highberger
Linden, New Jersey
Marine Corps

Little Jer "Huge" Schwarzenberger is a man of contrast and contradiction. He is athlete and geek, graduating with the highest combined maximum benchpress and CQPR in the class. He can hunker down in the two places he takes up at a table in King Hall, announce that he doesn't like a meal and still take seconds or thirds. He is the most honest and upstanding individual ever to be so persistently harrassed by the Keystone Kops. He will carry friends off roofs, catch their puke in his bare hands, and loan them his watch despite great personal risk and sacrifice; yet feels no remorse about sending his bud off to swim class with a suit five sizes too small. He sleeps in a lovely flowered "snug sack" but smells and sweats like a man's man. He chose to keep driving his Suzuki lawnmower so that he could spend his carloan on guns, green uniforms, and diamonds. He showed excellent taste and judgment in picking a wife and lousy judgment in service selection. Don't cross the streams, and remember all those important safety tips. There will always be a cold one in my fridge for you. GMG



Karl Edward Hines

Syracuse, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Before me, was Naps and Plebe year for Karl. At Naps there was Hiller and Bonacci and some lax players that are still here. Bob Fegan helped avoid an arrest that got the rest. Doug Hewitt, we made it! Mike Prickett eh? Later Woody! Sid. HERE! we never did get caught going out to the 7-11 for ice cream at 2:00 am. Good Riddins to 3339-Footside, GOUD Navillus, Cram Fortep. Joe-to the Cult, reading poetry, and a messy room to keep us in trouble. Thanks, Misty, for being there when I needed you. Thanks, Dr. Lloyd, for a new heart. Nothing compares to Jeff's secret girlfriend. John and Jeff stay cool! To good times-skiing Tahoe-visit burk-the beaches of the Med-Brum you're a good Kid-Hi Deni-a crush on K. Enter the Butcher and Johnnie Walker Red. To Fine wine; fine women and song! bounced another check. Overnites during the week and the never ending battle for black socks-(which was lost) The bonfires at Steve's and the canoe that doesn't sink. Thanks, Steve, you're a great friend! To champagne tastes on a beer budget! Lew & J O keep in touch we'll make millions together. Hey J C! Buchs

Hugh Joseph Huck III

Madison, Ohio
Surface Warfare

From I-Day, Skip realized that there was some "deep stuff" going on at USNA. Plebe year found him braving the chilly Severn as a member of the crew team as well as the second class of Serene 18. Youngster year introduced him to the rest of THE MISFITS, and his qualifications were never in doubt. Always the martyr, Skip could frequently be found covering watches for people or giving rides. But he relinquished his presidency of the He-Man Woman Hater's Club and succumbed to a blonde known simply as Kimberly. Yet he didn't let this complication get in the way of THE MISFITS. Never being one to pass up a "quick trip to the O-Club," Skip was able to keep his shaky grip on reality. As he would say, "he'll be happier than a pig in stink" when he takes his General Engineering degree and runs off to sunny California. What will they think of his newly acquired taste for rap music, or the fact that he's the only SWO with his head shaved? There's no doubt in our minds that they'll love him for the same reason we do: 'cuz he's Skip. PJL for THE MISFITS

Adam Locklin Hunt

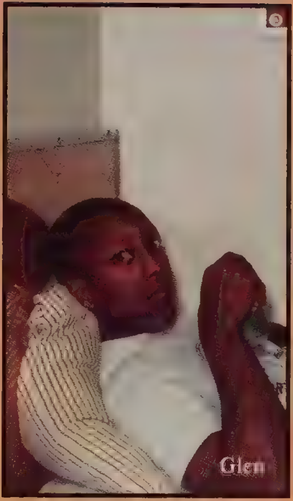
Scituate, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

Adam arrived a seasoned veteran from Bridgeton, ME. After validating Plebe Year, he was scrambled to Double Deuce, where, as a hard-charging youngster, he made a lasting impression. During this time, he chose to share his innate seamanship talent with the Varsity Offshore Team. After surviving "Marine-wanna-be" sickness, he embarked on second class year fully recovered and ready to complete his training as a naval officer. As 2/c training officer, Adam managed to faithfully train the new plebes in spite of hardships from above. That year, the battle-hardened warrior met the one opponent he couldn't beat. At the Battle of the Ring Dance, Adam was ambushed by the Lady Jennifer. He fought bravely but the wounds from flying arrows would prove to be fatal. Adam went on first class cruise not knowing the full extent of his injuries. As a sailor in various ports, he engaged himself in riotous living; yet the wounds still festered. Christmas delivered the fatal blow as he and Jennifer were engaged. They look forward to riding into the sunset in the fabled 'Stang. SURVIVAL! GSL.

Eyo Eyo Ita III

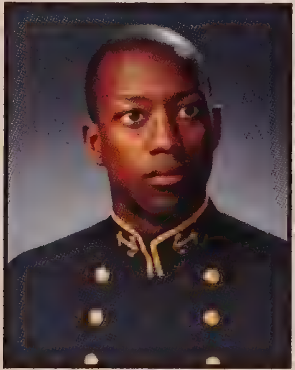
Las Vegas, Nevada
Submarines

"Eets" as he is known by his friends, had a reputation for being the Brigade Genius. I fondly remember firsties coming by our room youngster year for EI on everything from quantum physics to analytical algebra. However, I think that the brigade had the misconception that Eyo was a "geek." Quite the contrary, Eyo was a wildman-Famous for his "romps" to Hood College on the weekends. One of Eyo's favorite pastimes was having people ask him natural logrithms, cube roots, etc., figuring them out in his head, and comparing his answer to the calculator's (which was usually off by a few thousandths). I have to say that he probably helped me graduate (as well as others). Also, Eyo is one of the most humble people you could ever hope to meet-considering his abilities. Eyo's induction into the "Misfit's" came early in his first class year. This was accomplished by completing the requirements for his "Late Night" quals. Hood college will never be the same without him! BCS for the "Misfits"



Anthony Robert Kyvelos
Staten Island, New York
Surface Warfare

Greek is the man "with a rock-and-roll strategy." His plan is to someday play lead guitar for Guns 'n' Roses, become a real estate tycoon, and survive his naval career without misplacing anything too important -- like the Pacific Fleet. His contagious attitude that "it is better to beg forgiveness than to ask permission" has been the downfall of many a roommate. Every one of his roommates has experienced a drop in grades after moving in with him. Tony will be an asset to his ship, but pity the guy who shares his stateroom, "Greek, get up! And clean this mess up!" Tony is the eternal optimist. As the party attended by "lightweights" wound down, he tapped the last keg for himself: "I stand alone!" Tony loves playing devil's advocate, and his tirades, although occasionally difficult to follow, are always powerfully moving. Nobody can write a better paper in one night, and nobody can tell a better bedtime story. "Don't fall out of the rack (the top rack!), and get out of town, Dodge. Ah-Ha!" Keep emancipating raccoons, face the cicadas of life with courage, and stay hard. GMG

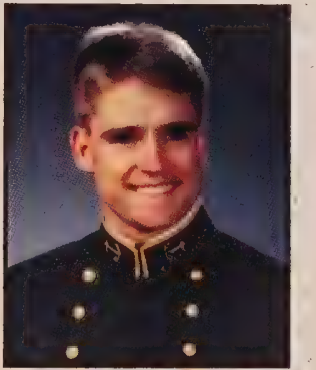


Glen Sebastian Leverette
Jacksonville, Florida
Surface Warfare

Glen arrived at Canoe U. in full effect. A victim of Cloud 9, young Leverette was subject to a rigorous training environment. Youngster cruise found him in his old stomping grounds in Florida, where many a young lass were awaiting the lost warrior's triumphant return. Upon arrival in Double Deuce, Glen almost immediately became invisible. His efforts for Al Cantella, as well as his participation in the Gospel Choir, left little time for company activities. He was quickly heading for a varsity position as a quarter-miler and was the most junior director that the choir ever had. The young squire's traumatic romantic interests that year led him to knighthood (ask him, he'll explain it). Second class year brought an end to that relationship and five stripes to the Black Knight. Glen's ring dance date stunned many, as did his hangover the next morning. After harassing the new plebes over the summer, Glen was the new battalion commander during first class year. After selecting Surface Warfare, Glen began the long awaited downhill slide towards graduation. RRC, WE MADE IT! ALH

Patrick James Liberaski Jr
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Pat "Libby" Liberaski will always be remembered as the misfit of the Misfits. He came to the Naval Academy to study Mechanical Engineering. However, all of his friends know that the only thing he studies are beer and girls! Libby loves to travel--especially to oblivion accompanied by his loyal companion, Mad Dog. These frequent excursions greatly degraded his dart throwing skills as he successfully implanted one in his roomie's head. Somehow, though, he has managed to retain the crucial brain cells, after all, Libby knows finance (i.e.--He's the only guy I know who ever charged two cars on his Mastercard! I mean just try to imagine the dealer's face!). I would like to say that we spent "Four years together by the Bay" but I can't, since Ski slept through two of them! Interesting though, this last feat cemented his place in the Misfit's Hall of Fame. Pat enjoyed the simple things in life-Mickey Mouse and '68 Camaros. His aspiration in life after the Naval Academy is to travel around on tour as a Madonna roadie. Good luck in Mayport! HJH for the MISFITS



Joseph Charles Murphy
Petersburg, Illinois
Submarines

Joe is one of those guys who always has a smile on his face and something good to say. He comes from the heart of America, Illinois, and makes life a little easier for all. Starting from Fourth as a plebe, Murph never changed. He showed his love of $$ toys even then with a portable CD. Joe's toys later included a stereo, TV, and even a fridge - not to mention his first love in life, bicycles. Joe knows cycling. 3/c year found Murph cleaning and truing. 2/c year was full of races and 1/c year found him on a BMW bike. American Flyers was on every night it seemed-Joe lived by it. We never did catch the news did we? Trips to JMU started and put Laura in the picture-who knows? Roza and the Hammer can never be forgotten as roomies, what a pair. Muff dove deep for service selection; he'll be scoping the seas in no time. I wish you luck in the future, Murph, don't change that happy-go-lucky lifestyle and remember to watch out for blind little old lady drivers, ok? Take it easy. Yo, you were the best roomy and friend!

Christopher

Joseph Brendan Nelson

Grand Island, Nebraska
Surface Warfare

One could never have guessed that someone with as much humor and as broad a range of talents could of come from Grand Island, Nebraska. (The island in the middle of Lake Nebraska, Greek) However, that's where Joe calls home. Starting with Lori and ending with history, Joe's priorities have given him the reputation of being someone you could always go to for a few much-needed minutes of lightheartedness. Although not 22nd's loudest, Joe's deeds made most seem as if they were whispering. When thinking back about Joe I will always have the vision of him playing hackey at 1:00 in the morning with the sound of The Cult in the background. Then later, only after watching Bugs Bunny on the cable TV we wired, would he start his 5-page paper due in class the day before. That was just the way he worked. At this point I'm sure that Joe would want me to mention that much of what he did and how he acted could be attributed in part to Burk Lindsey, whom we still miss very much. Stay "tidy," and don't ever let Lori order you to give up your pipe. I'll always love you -- Muff Boy.

James Scott Pfautz

Alexandria, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Jim Pfautz hails from Alexandria, VA. He came to USNA by way of the scenic and profitable route of Newport, R.I. and NAPS. After a year's stay in the 10th Company, Jim ended up in his home away from home, the 22nd Company. He came to USNA seeking a degree in Political Science, which he did eventually achieve with flying colors. His loves are racquetball, football, food, and especially women. Whether these mysterious creatures of the opposite sex reside within our beloved halls or within the general area does not seem to bother big Jim. He has been on a quest for the past ten years to discover all he possibly can about the differences within the female gender, a quest that has been quite successful I must admit. As he heads for San Diego and his first tour of duty onboard the USS Oldendorf, commanded by CDR Cyrus H. Butt IV, the prospects seem limitless. One thing is definite though, while in sunny California, Jim will have the opportunity to put his Yamaha to the test as they have demonstrated in his favorite magazine - 'Motorcyclist' - and maybe it too will beat a ZR1.

Christopher London Pierce

Commack, New York
Naval Flight Officer

The first thing I noticed about Chris is that he is the only native of Long Island who did not bring his accent with him to the Academy-maybe he left it during his real college days at Lafayette College. During youngster year, he was the high priest to the deity of "the Party Penguin" with prayers for a "succesful" outing on the weekend. Second class year took Chris to Coast Guard for a semester off in Connecticut. (Why were most of your Coastie friends females?) To top off second class year, he became the only member of the company to make the financial plunge for the 944 "stud mobile". (Did it work?) Chris' ability to lead, (from behind, you always were a sandblower) came first class year as the company commander. You finally got to see what a P-rade looked like from the front. Chris will receive another chance to lead from behind as an NFO. All in all, Chris you will be missed and if I can give any advice to your future aquaintances, ALWAYS turn off the lights in the room by midnight or stand by to see a new side of Chris.

Arthur John Reiss

Norton, Ohio
Surface Warfare

It took all of our four years together at Canoe U. for me to understand A.J. "the Stealth Mid" Reiss (A.K.A. B-2). The rest of the company wasn't as lucky. B-2 was infamous for absolutely nothing except the Annapolis-Boston land Speed record in a 4-cylinder. Having not yet fully developed his unique attitude, he excelled during his plebe year, but soon tired of the glamourous life and became the anti-mid. He later founded the elite "22nd Co. Misfits" - earning such privileges as: Chair of the Late Night Crew and Academic "Hook" Officer. After the tragic "Liberaski Dart in the Head" incident, his life was plagued by decadent behavior, building a U2 shrine in his room, and being expelled from Johns Hopkins for lack of interest. Stealth was deeply disappointed by the introduction of Cinderella libs as it took the challenge out of being a civilian. His loves were Rock-n'-Roll, U2, and Amnesty International, but his true passion was a Boston beauty named Dana Lynn. BCS for the MISFITS

Benjamin

Theodore

Scott

Scott Allen Roza
Crystal Lake, Illinois
Submarines

Stroke of the Foul Four and the cornshucker of the Shack. Grab that Snickers behind you. Hi-Liter, Ruler, Stapler, Laundry marker, text book-4.0 and go (to Maryland). 7 semesters at the boat house, one at Tammy's. Sticky at the Ring Dance-Lis in Ohio-trashed room at Eastern Sprints. What is that thing on your foot? Rotten fish or worms-stick to bagels and Juice de anana from Graul's. At Avalon, it's sunny on the roof but raining on the party in the backyard. Pulled on the stick from stroke seat Plebe, Youngster, Second class, and half First class year. "You guys are weak (except for Service Selection Night)." Little Thumbs in San Diego, you and your Sweetheart on a bicycle built for two. Park the Corvette, go crazy in the beater. 89's worst nightmare-the curve breaking plebe. International Rate Line, platebreaking, plebe-smacking, lemon sucking, stadium steps at 0530, Oh what a summer. Good thing we found cardboard boxes on the beach at NAPS. WE FEW, WE HAPPY FEW, WE BAND OF BROTHERS.

Benjamin Christopher Salazar
Kingston, New York
Navy Pilot

Big Ben (a.k.a. Tubes) Saladbar Salazar redefined the meaning of "good things come in small packages." I was shocked to learn "Tubes" was the prime suspect in the infamous hunt for the Toe Tickler, but he escaped prosecution because of his "impeccable moral character." Tubes wore drag every Halloween. He wore drag so often that we think he borrowed Adam's lingerie for his own pleasure! Ben patented a fool-proof "Quit Smoking" plan--it worked twenty straight times for him! With Espresso sludge in his veins, Ben achieved Late Night Crew status early in his youngster year and it was all uphill and night from there. He is also the 22nd Co.'s resident opera singer whose specialty is Rudolpho from La Boheme. Despite his habits, Ben was extremely athletic and healthy--he caught fewer viruses than his computer! Ah yes--that beloved computer of his. I don't think it was ever turned off during these four years. Firstie year he was officially crowned a "Misfit" and we could call him a lot of things, but first and foremost we call him our friend. AJR for the MISFITS.

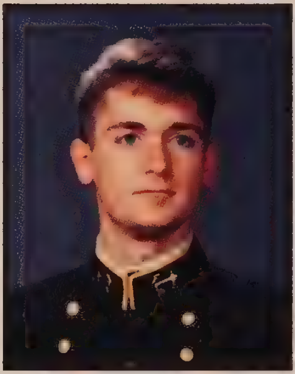
Louis Joseph Schager Jr
Palatine, Illinois
Navy Pilot

A midwesterner by heart, "shrubs" left the clan of 13 brothers and sisters in Palatine to sample the life on the East coast. Frosh year in 29 meant listening to "Bruce" Wcislo jam, Friday Night Clubs, and hangin' with Garo, Fleet-,Jack,Vbunt,and Rob. This first year also meant beating Army with the help of Cheese, Keef Jaucher,and Scott. 29th also brought together the 22nd's NAAA room-Lou, Bri, and Fleet, hitting the Bull in times of need. For Lou, summer training meant feasts in Somoa with Bleaks, and lassies in Australia with Brad. A 2-time MVP, Lou's soccer career hit its high when he scored the goal in a 1-0 win over GMU, placing Navy atop the CAA for the first time and into the 1988 NCAA Tourney. 1/c year brought Fells Point nights with the gang, bending bar music, crackery, 'Lothar', Garo beer muscles, Andy's 'Volcanoes,' Sports Machine, classic Lou P.O'd Wakeups, Fleet's Shoutsnoring, Shootouts with Jack, and Delerious Preakness partying. In the end, Lou earned his pilot billet, and will undoubtedly make his mark in P-Cola as well. Good Luck, Bud. BG BB JK AL JP JJ

Theodore John Scypinski
Savana, Georgia
Navy Pilot

He was always "Bear" to his homeboys and T.J. or Teddy to his Family. But to us he was just plain ol' Ted...except for Lt. Forbes who affectionately referred to him as Teddy, also. Ted came to us from a small island off the coast of the great land of musical talent, Georgia. And although he had good musical taste, he couldn't carry a tune in the shower. At times during youngster year, he couldn't carry himself in the shower--like when he returned from liberty one night only to wake up in the shower in full uniform with part of Piezanno's railing in hand. However, Ted was a self-proclaimed ladies' man. He narrowly escaped being made a part of the infamous Halsey family 2/C year. As a Firstie once again visions of grandure filled his head as he was made company subcommander. But he really shined as a party animal when he met the 3rd love of his life at Spa Cove Apts. (the 1st being himself, the 2nd his car). Here he met "Dribbles" and rode an elephant around the room. But where did the pink flamingo come from or the argyles? GRG

23rd COMPANY



Jeffrey Taylor Barnaby
Portsmouth, New Hampshire
Navy Pilot

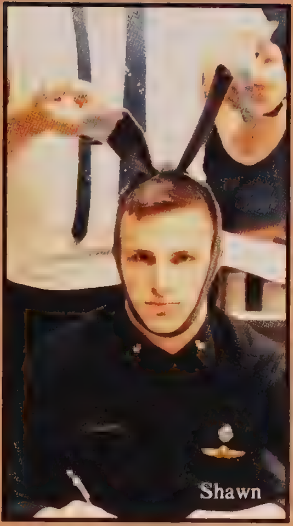
Well, "The Experience" began youngster year. We were introduced to BoBo, a.k.a. the Steerage Master. Oh, what good times they were, the Phhhhht, gulp, gulp, gulp, and crunch, crunch, crunch at three in the morning, the banana peel, etc. But remember, we all had one thing in common, "We are all engineers"(BoBo quote). Second class year was the year from hell. E.E., Thermo, and crew practice at 4:45 every morning. We lived for the weekends. Surfin' at Vinnie's, Irish Times, and Lenny with National Bohemia("I had 12!", right Lenny). Well, we survived and became first class Ocean Engineers, the creme of the crop. Jeff's brain finally became operable and found that working out all year for three races was not the smart thing to do. All of the sudden, wow, a social life : golf, Boston College, a little gush! gush!, and even higher grades(almost a whole point higher!). We survived the Pinella's, and all the hidden horrors of USNA. Pensacola here we come!! Good luck buddy. SEB

Stephen Emanuel Boals
Millbrae, California
Naval Flight Officer

Steve "Bushido" Boals came to USNA from the earthshaken state of California as a recruited triple jumper, but plagued by injuries, soon turned to the javelin. But it soon became apparent to Steve that throwing metal spears wasn't violent enough and he turned to yet another sport, Karate. Finding this sport more his style and with extra practice on company-mates, Steve soon became the Karate Club President. Although I'm sure everyone in the club loved having a president who missed just about every tournament with a broken toe. But if there was one thing Steve could always do, it was get hurt, especially when wrestling with Springdog and Lenny. Despite all his injuries, Steve did have some good times, like the Ring Dance Fiasco (some day you'll look back and laugh about this, right?). But we did share some great times like surfing at VA Beach, Irish times, and watching vinnie beautify Gtown. Hopefully we can have many more in Pensacola. Best of luck to you and Mary in everything you do, your frindship will surely be missed by all those who know you. JTB

Robert Michael Bohanek
Jackson, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Bob came to USNA straight from Admiral Farragut Academy and was looking to skate through his first year here. Unfortunately his upperclass had other things in mind. As a result, Bob became quite an expert on the Admin Conduct system. Being a member of the Drum and Bugle Corps helped Bob get away from the hectic life here at USNA, and it even got him out of company for a semester. Bob's last year here at USNA was dominated by quick advancement from Open Water Diver to Divemaster, and he hopes to be an instructor soon after graduation. Probably to help him meet women in Hawaii, his final destination after a round of schools in San Diego. Have fun in Pearl and don't work too hard, I know you won't. THE END.



Louis Edward Brown
Glen Head, New York
Supply Corps

Despite the expectations of others we made it. No regrets, no malice and laughing all the way. You'll be cool now!

Shawn Christopher Cash
Nelson, Illinois
Navy Pilot

The Soldier of Misfortune decided that the fun and frolicking of being a DU at Bradley U. was not for him. After laughing his way through Boot Camp, the Marines, in their infinite wisdom sent Cash to USNA. Shawn fit in well with Four's Finest; Smetch, Burnsie, & Sully. After a motivated summer of jungle warfare, airborne, and a sub cruise; high speed, low drag Cash's ranger- type lifestyle was brought to a halt by 23rd's CO, Lumpy. 2/C year brought a new car, a new major, but continued beatings and Cash noises by his "buddies," especially Boalsy and Lenny. 1/C year saw Shawn majoring in auto shop with Oscar, and despite his qualifications, Shawn opted for Navy Air to fulfill his quest for Wings of Gold. Shawn will be remembered for his ability to leap over tall "objects" in a single bound, his incredible disappearing acts, and his tremendous luck at finding trouble. Remember Old Man, those T-34's aren't Porsches, enjoy the ultimate ride and Good Luck in P-cola! Len & Fitz

Doranea Latice Clark
Ontario, California
Supply Corps

What I've Learned in 4 Years:
More expectant that blessings
Each new day will bring,
More inclined to be cheery,
More ready to sing,
More grateful to people
Who serve and obey,
More unselfish in making
Plans for the day,
More thoughtful of the home folks
Than ever before,
More deferential to those
I'm apt to ignore;
More contented with little,
More ready to give,
More desirous to please God
By the way that I live.
-Sister Mary Gemma Brunke

Thomas William Dent Jr
Columbus, Ohio
Navy Pilot

The Evolution of the ATTITUDE: How did an innocent Midwesterner evolve into the leather-clad walking attitude we know and love? It must have started with the corruptive influence of Burt and Kurt (6 stripes?) Plebe year. JT, an attitude herself. Youngster year and TOP-40 and the Thief. Party at the Harrington. All night bull sessions. It's not midnight, too early to do homework. One week of flaming 2/c year. Trips to Ohio (the ADM still distrusts you) Jutta and the Prelude. The Party Bag. Mind-link. Breaking in the backseat of my new Z. Lumpy and Junior (definitely 3-D) Working Blues in public (sure it wasn't reg) Poseur's and Mustard's. You still smell like cloves. The summer from Hell. I heard it wasn't chicken pox. Lynne and the BOJ. More than just a coach. WRNV, NY, the girls, learning how to drill 1/c year. Co CDR (Lumpy really knew you) Feast or Famine. Bettina the East Berliner. Fly or Die. Surfing the credit limit. Blow it off. Cuffs and chains on the biker jacket. 'Tude board. The alcove effect, acronyms. We kept the Co. sane. Get jets, you wannabe. THE NOMAD

Matthew Hoyt Ellis

Virginia Beach, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

When Matt saw how much fun his brother was having in NROTC at UVA, he decided to do one better... how many times have we wondered what life would have been like if we'd taken those scholarships? After a top-rank plebe year, he truly came alive when he arrived in 23, becoming known as a person with a constant smile and dry wit. Matt's the type who accumulates closets full of dirty clothes, then does 5 loads of laundry. Halloween parties were a blast! Talking in your sleep - "Buzz, shut up and tell me how to get out of here!" After brief stints with Glee Club and Chapel Choir, Hoyt dedicated to fencing, just missing All-American as a junior. Matt's a true Renaissance Man - did Bulldog, had a nuke interview, and ended up Navy NFO. All of Matt's wild dating ways came to a screeching halt thanks to a blonde he found in Surf Side Sally's named Rhonda. Things quickly progressed and before we knew it Matt was reserving the Chapel. Matt, let's get together and play guitar and some golf. Good luck getting P-3's and never let down!!! GRW

Robert Anthony Ferrante Jr

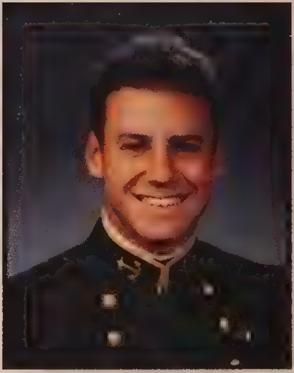
Stone Mountain, Georgia
Navy Pilot

Bobby came to us via the deep south (sure he's a southerner, Pittsburgh?) Living in Pinson, with its stoplight, does not qualify one as a true southerner. His addiction to Top-40 and the worst of country music drove those of us who let him hang around up a tree. Bobby's unending quest for love was humorous, and sort of pitiful, but we know that Miss Right, or at least Miss Right Now, will come along. There are many memories we will carry with us from Bob: His ability to live with Scratch and his "music." The T-Bird (VERY red). All night talks about nothing in particular. Plebe Detail (Dr. Ferrante and Mr. Flamer). Dinner at Uncle Manny's. Waiting in the car for Tom. Being an Engineer (generally speaking). But applied thermo is Hard! WAHH! Bob's 5 o'clock shadow at 0700. Bobby's good boy syndrome. Purple Jump-suits. Dressing like a Mid. The quasi-accent. 150 lb FB. But overall, he kept us sane and laughing, even though it was usually at him. Fly or Die, SCRATCH AND THE NOMAD

John Stephen Fitzpatrick

Chicago, Illinois
Marine Corps Pilot

Fitz, not John, just Fitz-the man, the myth, the legend. His attitude is best summed up as "you don't know who I think I am." A little rough around the edges, sarcastic, and tough as hell, his soft spots are secretaries, Poopy's bedtime stories, and Slater. Fitz came to USNA from the Windy City, Chicago, hoping to capture the lead in "Raging Bull" or "The Great Santini." He honed his boxing skills at Smokey Joe's at 'Nova and finally took a Brigade title 1/C year. Next, this South side, Irish, catholic set his sights on Duval when he got his dream: Marine Air. All of 23 wishes our fearless leader the best in the "WING" and we sincerely hope that Australian senior citizens will be warned before your next visit. The "this is your life category:" PD and Gawd Bo", Youngster wrestling, O'Nee's Oreo parties, the barn, Blue's LP's, Johnny B, GQ field jacket & sneakers, the Stupids in Philly, Army, Irish Times, quest for the darkest tanned girl & bull sessions: sounds like a prize package worth well over 5 million dollars! You're first class, John; Good Luck roommate. LEN



Vincent Eugene Fragomene

Virginia Beach, Virginia
Special Operations

Vindog, Frags, Fragomayonaise, Vinnie, Bundi, Shao Master, Mighty Mouse; has anyone ever had so many nicknames? Vindog came to 23rd by way of Thirsty Third. Youngster year saw Vince running for chairman of the D.C. beautification committee. The Shao Master knew a lot of things; Vince knows weights, Vince knows academics, Vince knows surfing, Vince knows swimming; but Vince don't know tequila! Second class year was spent in the loft of 23 on 4-1. More lifting, more partying, more wrestling, and more jokes about Mike. First class year saw Vince at home in Virginia Beach and with Maribel at Delaware, but did anyone see Vince around here? Of course that was first semester, he was always here second semester, but he was always on the phone. How much did you say that phone bill was? Well roommate, take care of yourself and that precious wife of yours. Have a great career. We wish you the best always. RAF and DMS

Michael William Gochis
Overland Park, Kansas
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

-GOOCH, CHESTY, GOAT-CHEEZ I don't think we're in Kansas anymore, Toto.. Those were probably the first words spoken by this Kansas City native upon arrival at Canoe U. Mike can be summed up in a series of initials that have attached themselves to him over his stay at USNA. FCA and OCF were where he grew in the Lord; WRNV just about says everything...except A.B.Y... Mike was usually a man of few words except when it came to radio. He could talk up a storm as was the case on the weekly talk shows with the 'BIG MEN'. As he worked with the radio station, he got a few bennies; Miss Annapolis for the Ring Dance, the Gochis Curve, Roxie, his beloved phone, two free trips to NY (love that night life!!!), and free food. All this for rebuilding and reorganizing the station. He did a great job! Mike was a very determined worker in academics as well as ECAs. He came here with Aero in mind and strove for a 3.0 CQPR. He leaves Navy a certified, card carrying GEEK. He's been a good friend; Be cool, DUDE!! God Bless and GO NUKE SWO!!! TES

Vincent Gutosky
Audubon, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

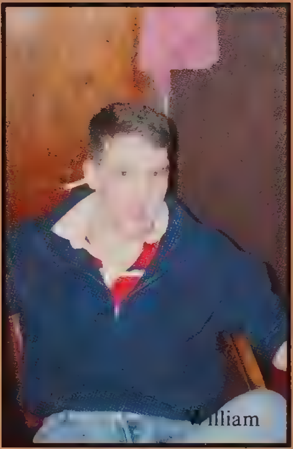
Vince followed in his brother's footsteps, heading here from tranquil PA for a life at sea. The little tyrant - just 130 lbs, Vince would wrestle guys twice his size to the ground until they saw his way. Vinny's a man with strange quirks, keeping things like a huge inflatable dinasaur named "Krista," a giant Uncle Sam panda, and innumerable wooden ducks and plastic dinosaurs in the room (until Lumpy threatened his liberty), Ski's weird sense of humor saw fit to name our shower mold "Roger Rhizopus." All that silliness, and Vince's ban on "the M word" (marriage), came to an end when a Frostburg art student named Tina entered the scene. Within months Vince became 23rd co.'s first official victim, and most frequent wall-hopper. "Guts" admitted his preference for SWO early on, although his first question concerning cruises was never "what port?" or "what platform?" but "how many days in port?" Vinny may not be a lover of the sea, but his tough spirit will surely see him through five years with great success. GRW & DRT

Eileen Lily Haskins
Atsugi, Japan
General Unrestricted Line

Eileen started her 4 years by the Bay pulling hard for Navy--Haskins and Oliver in the 4! Talking to her plebe summer tug-o-war muscles brought dirty looks. Wasted jealousy, the muscles were doomed but not the friendship. Tired of Hubbard, Eileen traded her oar for a soccer ball. Road trips with the girls, bruises, and parties. Let's get Buzz'd and play soccer! The 2nd tug-o-war & a promised 6-pack led to a missed flight: it's been John ever since. "Isn't he cute?" Yes, Eileen, he's cute. He's educated her in the art of martinis (vodka, straight up, 3 olives), Foxfields, Old Town, Georgetowm & D.C. Plus road trips to Boston, NY, Michigan, the Carolinas, Delaware, SoCal, Florida, & of course UVa, cultivating a taste for Moosehead, oysters, & beer ducks along the way. As for us, creditors love us, malls welcome us, & we buy everything on sale (Look how much we saved!) Eileen always tries to understand, is always ready to listen. Now she's off to Bermuda after a potentially awesome summer in VA. "Cool beans, dude!" Good luck, dear friend. God bless you & go get 'em! AJO

Shawn Patrick Malone
Chikopee, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

Lenny, Large Human, Brickface, Sammy, or roommate, no matter who you are, Shawn Malone can be referred to as friend. Shawn came to us as a young, motivated Kilbassa lover from Chikopee, and he was immediately thrown into the warrior company where he spent a long year with Mark and was a mall rat on the weekends. Youngster cruise gave him lasting memories of Puerto Rico with Tim. Shawn then entered the mighty 23 and, unknowingly, the darkest year of his stay at USNA. Football and grades didn't mix and Shawn quickly realized how much he liked history. Gawd BO! Paul left and we thought we were ready to work, wrong! Dave and Cash decided to help us waste time. Summer school made Shawn miss home even more drip,drip,drip, and hate an American Marine. Second class year saw Shawn's grades actually skyrocket thanks to Scooter and Capt. Martinson, and despite Friday night fights. A few quick items that should be added; Lashers, Irish Times, Eddie Money, Nic's dance in Chicago, St. Pat's sing-a-long at home, Lumpy, Pitt game. Best of luck and thank you for everything.



William Clayton McKinney
Black Mountain, North Carolina
Submarines

The Alcove Nomad (Billus Loserus): Usually green in color, due to radioactivity. Smells of tequila, and suffers from a severe case of geographical disorientation. If you're lucky enough to catch him napping (strong possibility), you can probably strike up a conversation with him; if he's awake, you'll probably just get a couple of grunts. Best places to find him: Engine Math 933, on the Oiler, the Cat Club (talking to the bouncer), or kayaking the whitewaters of America. Makes frequent trips to Copenhagen and tends to listen to tapes over and over again. If you can't find his car, don't worry -- he can't either! Favorite TV shows: Bundy's and Simpson's. The Nomad call is very easy to perform. Ensure that the CO is nearby, roll any piece of paper into a tube, and place securely around the lips. When you're positive he can't see the CO, say "LOOOOZER". He'll come a-runnin'. His mating habits are normal, but secondary at best. NO BOOMERS! Love ya bunches, SCRATCH.

Melissa Kay Metz
Santa Barbara, California
General Unrestricted Line

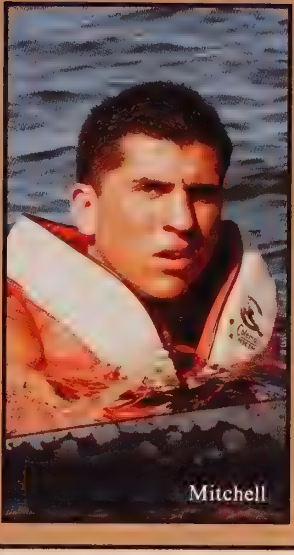
Mel came to Canoe U from sunny So-Cal to straighten the place out. Plebe Year in Stalag 17 held many experiences for Grandma: "Mickey says it's time," fractured tailbone, daily pro-reports, "The window stays closed!" D&B MO's (Pina Coladas w/ vermouth), foot massages, "I'm SERIOUS you guys!" picnics, "Mith Meth, your thoes look like thit," Xmas engagement..."Don't tell!" and enough Diet Pepsi to fill Lejeune twice! After strenuous summer training in the Bahamas, Mel started out youngster year as a 2/C-in-training in the Rock Hard Co. Then came the major change, "Engineering/English, what's the diff?" And who but our Melissa knows ALL the workers, janitors, professors, secretaries... 2/C year brought flaming for real and even more popcorn. Don't forget to park your car on a hill! Melly-Mel swore off of NAFAC after 89 and then became a NAFAC hotshot in 90... what a glutton for punishment! As a firstie ("How does that sword work?) it all came together: O'Club, new roomies, & GURL! Missy, take a chill pill, watch out for those dealies, and go easy on the fleet! Good luck! RLR

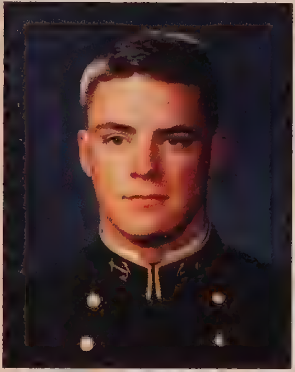
Sinthi Hau Nguyen
Modesto, California
General Unrestricted Line

Sinthi came to us by way of Modesto, which explains the funny last name. After a joyful plebe year in 12, she joined the "Big Dogs" of 23 for 3 years of fun, friendship & ice cream from WUB-age. From the fencing team she jumped into aerobics where she's been happily bouncing ever since. The girl who was "Never going to get married. Seriously, Eileen!" met Gregory. He coerced her to start dating, and May 31st it'll be Ens & Ens Allen. You'd think distance made 1/C year tough, but it really just added to her frequent flier miles. Thank God for Norfolk & the trusty Toyota-- great highway mileage! Impeccably neat, living with slightly-more-relaxed me & Krista P made youngster year a bit of a trial for Sinthi, but she met her match in Melissa! Not really into loud music (Do you mind if I turn it down a bit?) or bright lights (Could you use the study lamp?), with earplugs and a blindfold we made it through 3 years of hell, uh, I mean the oh-so-beautiful Academy. Although we never did figure out what to do about her nose (I smell something, you guys, honest!). Be good Mrs. A! ELH

David Michael O'Neill
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Lancaster, no Lancaster, well, wherever Dave is from, he learned to be sarcastic. Dave took the Newport detour to USNA. Dave initially dazzled all of the plebes in Twenty One with his knowledge of how to blend in and thereby successfully avoid the wrath of Slater. Joe was Dave's full time companion plebe year, and proved to be one of the few acquaintences of Dave that made it to graduation. Chris, Mike, and Andre are only a few examples. Youngster year moved Dave and I to Twenty Three and we finally managed to room together for a semester but Dave took the stereo and shacked up with Bobsky. Dave's chow packages have been the only Monday highlight since we've been in Twenty Three. Dave had enough mathematical sense to deduce that he should become a scientist, so he did before he had another meeting with the Sup. Dave managed to pick up the grades and cruise into a sweet SWOS billet in California where he can show off his awesome tan, have the ladies admire his hairline, and have Mrs. Marinello set him up every weekend. Fair winds and following seas to you in your career.





Brian Kellington Park
Wickenburg, Arizona
Navy Pilot

Buzz, aka "the man with the plastic face" came to this fine institution from a small "hick" town in Arizona. Fresh off the "farm," Buzz had a "real plebe year" and has always been very professional, if not academic. He came to rock hard 23 with many non-mid-related talents: song writing, guitar playing, holding a tune, etc. Always the entertainer, it was inevitable he would be the leader of the band. Throughout his USNA career he has encountered many young groupies - Debbie (gig-g'em Aggies), Mary (!), Kelly (want your stuff back, Buzz), Dianne (oops, that one's a secret), and of course Bob-bon (unfortunately there is "leisure suit"). Buzz has a love for the thrill of traveling 100 mph and showing the world he is free on his Nighthawk. Naval Aviation should fall right into place. Good luck in the future, and wear the stars and stripes in good health. MDR JMN

Mitchell Dean Rios
San Diego, California
Marine Corps Pilot

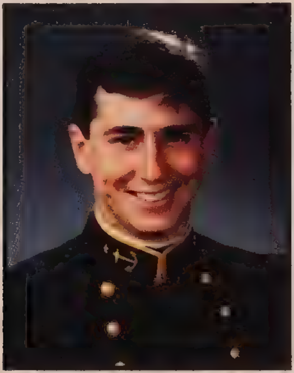
Mitchell Dean Rios came to us from beautiful San Diego. I guess he fits the Cali style; Lady's man, GQ, Surfer, pig skin player and rugby, and of course he has his convertible GT Mustang (Sunny). Aside from all this the beak has his military side. Coming from that hell hole 20, Mitch got his fair share of so called training. He's had some rough times but these four years by the bay have been pretty good to him: Rickover Sub-broke that one-XMAS Ball, Goucher, XMAS party(DEL), M.C. Ball, Spring Break (SD), E.O.S.(P-Cola), Ring Dance, Bulldog, Service Selection-Broke that one too-Spring Break (Can?Cun), Daddy O's, Ruth, Marral, Novi, Kelli, Wendy, Melissa, and the list goes on. After graduation from the Rock Hard Co. this wanna-be astronaut will end up down south, first in Qtico, Va. Then on to fulfill his life long dream as a Marine Aviator in P-Cola. Mitch has been near and dear and I'm sure he'll stay that way. They broke the mold when he was hatched, but the dawning of MUGS spawned his twin SPIKE. See ya in the bush and of course Semper Fi Wilbur. --CFD and MUGS

Thomas Eugene Sanchez
Whittier, California
Navy Pilot

TOMAZ, SANCH, TIO. Coming from Southern California gave Tom a special outlook on life, especially the weather. (It's cold out at 65 degrees ?) After high school Tom decided to join the real Navy and enlisted. Spotted as Officer Material(?) Tom was sent to BOOST where be recieved his appointment. After arriving at USNA and surviving the last real plebe summer Tom began a relaxed course of study in mathematics. His California heritage served him well as his racktime was maximized. Even scares of unsatness didn't phase this great man of recreation. As Tom progressed at USNA his faith in the Lord increased. A Godly man, Officers Christian Fellowship, and Contemporary Christian Music be came his loves. He rose to president of OCF by his first class year. In his youngster year a lovely blonde crossed his path and changed his life. DEE DEE would become Tom's love and fiancee. Though the nuke program evaded him, he was called to the "higher" profession of Naval Aviator. Tom-Best of luck in the air and in marriage. You are truly one of a kind. God Bless you and Dee Always. -- MWG

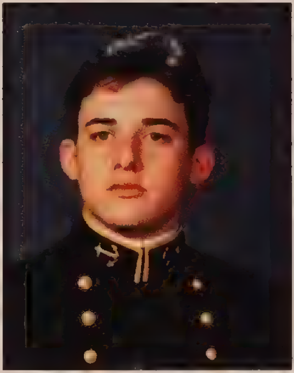
Scott Bryden Schleicher
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

Despite the expectations of others we made it. No regrets, no malice and laughing all the way. You'll be cool now!



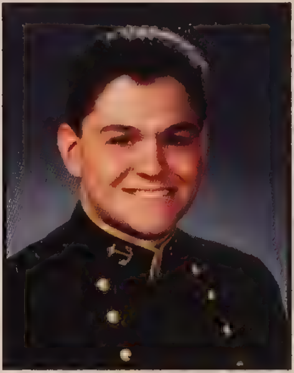
David Matthew Springer
Kingwood, Texas
Submarines

Dave, "let's blow this off." Spring-Dog came to the Rock Company from the mighty 7th company and went from the hardcore, lifting experience of plebe year to the hardcore, weekend drinking excursions of youngster year. One remembers all too well Tom's basement, the Gettysburg drinking expedition that ended messily all over my uncle's Ford escort, and one particular fun-filled weekend we shared at Hood college. The theory was to work out and perfect our bodies during the week, and then do our best to ruin them on the weekend. To this end we were successful. With Roza and Bendik, Dave's lesser known flaming alter-ego surfaced second class summer, scorching many a plebe during his three week tyranny. What with Barnski and O'neill as fellow companions, scuba school became the party place known as "Club MDSU." Hey! "Why's my lip all busted up?!" As a three-striper, Dave did a lot of racking and got a phone to boot! And we said this place was hard! Nah, the only problems Dave had were girls!! Good luck with nuclear power and navy life, buddy. Shao! Raur! VEF



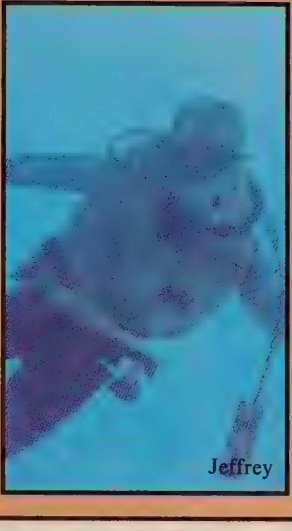
Daniel Ray Tejada
Jackson, Michigan
Submarines

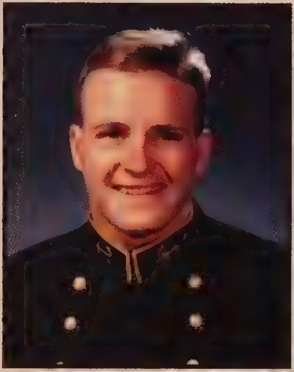
Doctor T weaseled his way into Dirty Thirty from the hick confines of Alton, Illinois. Somewhere along the line he became unraveled and encountered a miserable plebe year. But Dan was rejuvenated as he left 30 to join the studs of 23. It was here he started on his way to being a successful student as a EE major and eventually becoming a glowing bubblehead. Dan was, however, an extremely disorganized person. It was amazing how he could keep track of the countless napkins with phone numbers or jumble his five dates in one weekend. He also owned the fourth wing theater until a "squirrel" terminated his lease. Dan's best stunt while at USNA was probably his generous contribution to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for doubling the speed limit and then some. It must have really shook him up because that night after a few drinks he was interrogating everyone as to why they stole his transistor. Dan will be remembered as a very hyper and comical individual, and by all simply as Doc T! VG & GRW



Glenn Ryan Weinstein
Stony Brook, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Glenn came here as another uptight individual from New York. His luck started early as he spent plebe year in "Sweet 16" and then proceeded to rack up on hook prof after another as the computer geek breezed through his academy life only to become an NFO. Glenn complained about everything, even complaining. "Slackstein" was not always as perfect as he thought. Down at P-cola 2/c summer he quickly earned his swim quals as he fell from a stationary canoe. In his best bout with the bottle during NAFAC, Glenn decided the hockey net in our room was much better than the head. During his rematch at Drexel, he again proved his brilliance by choosing a sneaker over a pillow and then by sitting on and exploding a case of light bulbs while attempting to change his wet pants, which he ended up driving back in the next day. Despite these mishaps Glenn achieved great strides in the areas of golf and guitar. He will most be remembered for the countless messages every day from the one and only Mary, girlfriend since youngster year. VG & DRT



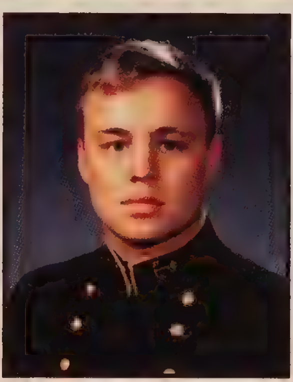


Frank Regis Bendik
Uniontown, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Alias "Mr. Motivation" and "The Polish Tsunami," this flameball came to us from Uniontown, PA. From his humble beginnings at NAPS, Frankie quickly distinguished himself from his other classmates (i.e. "wrestlemaniac" & "hotel nite chairman"). Plebe year allowed him to become a POW of "Elevenworth" with "quick-draw Dutch" as his second class. He was quick to make a name for himself in Hard Core 24. Many threats were made by 89'ers that he would be turned loose on the plebes when he was a youngster. Frank joined with his hellacious friend Roza and shook Bancroft Hall (and a few bowels loose) over the summer of '88. This aerobics demon's name will live in Bancroft Hall and in the minds of all 92'ers forever. First class year put Frank up against the "Yea=10 pushup" man when he was Hotel Co Commander until graduation. So what memories does this hero take with him? 4 yrs-4 CO's, Girls, Girls (some with alphas too!), Bill the Goat. To the lifeguard and chairman of Red Beach, I wish this Sun God the best of luck. -KAC

John Howard Blalock
Hernando, Florida
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Screaming Jack came to USNA from sunny Florida. Something that remains a mystery to us sun gods. Youngster year saw the beginning of many heated debates on athiesm. Morality was definitely Jack's strong point. Of course, he owns the rack and we can't think of any time when he wasn't there accept when he was glued to the terminal defeating the Russians. Amazing how homework was never an option until the world was safe again, much to the Dog's chagrin. Did we mention the amount of time he spent in the rack? "I can't believe how much money you guys spent on alcohol, I could have bought two computer games for that price." "No Matt you can't drive." 3.6, 3.7, did we mention how much time he spent in the rack? As Jack becomes a nuke the games become reality to the navtag king of Twenty-four. Did we mention how much time he spent in the rack? JLH, MPK, KRF



Jefferey Edcher Blankenship
Eugene, Oregon
Submarines

Superslug slipped through the cracks of Cottage Grove into Sixth company. He survived pistol team tables without much trouble and joined us in 24. We braved his record of 4 of 4 roomates separating from the academy and lived with him, Jeff's habits were unique. Blow off 6 days of work, then pull an all-nighter. Good thing he got a laptop he could take to the wardroom. He said some interesting things while he slept. It was a fight to get his wetsuit out of the shower. There was always VA beach- want some Tequila? Can't forget the baggit stripes! What's drill, dude? Formation? The only mid with a RACK 90 plate on his Saab. Who's that kid in the picture on your desk? I know I asked you to take her to the parade while I drilled, but not while I was talking to her! "I want to marry an Admiral." Good luck as a Bubblehead! CTD & ROG

Thomas Patrick Bogan
Kinnelon, New Jersey
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Brad's twin hails from Kinnelon, NJ. (What exit is that?) After a plebe year with LOTS of sweat, Tom relaxed with a trip to the darkside while sailing to Bermuda. 3/C year saw a new way of life in Hard Core, lots of drink, few women, no money. Rooming with Arnold and AC/DC were highlights, 2/C year Bogus got his first C in a class, nothing from the unwilling wildcat (except a plane ticket), and more financial woes. Daytona '89: Viper-Slash-George Dickel, Beachcomber. 1/C year saw Tom in Thailand (Whitewater rafting and stupid pet tricks) and then in a new car (Sure I can afford it, I'll pay for it later) after 3 hour ride home from a Caps game realigned the old set of wheels. Tom's stripes gave him the "honor" of dealing with HOOYAH and the 0530 inspections after a most grievous Army prank. On the plus side, Bogus couldn't have stuck his chest out any farther during the JCS ceremony. Daytona '90: red eye, sun poison, patch: otherwise, a great time. 4 years later Tom has some women, lots of drink (Thanks, tequilla Bill) and no money. JAY&PMSF

John Joseph Brady
Furlong, Pennsylvania
Special Warfare

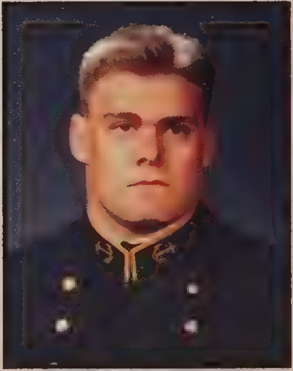
Two man and Grandpa of the Foul Four-a strong lefty in the Shack. Six years of high school, Mary Jane and Denny's exclusive chef helped John jump from E-3 to Supt's List. Hoo-Yah, Chopped Liver - drop Baldy! I'll never stretch again, my groin, no my hamstring, wait is it my.... Sears has never been prouder. Was RC your cox for that afterhours erg test? Thees ees Yuri, I have your drums, and by the way afternoon classes are cancelled. Who put that metal pipe in the water? Princeton and Harvard would have to wait another year. Good practice - I'll row for sure; bad practice - I quit this stupid sport. Army-Navy Meadowlands striptease. Which lifeguard tower? It doesn't matter, they're all following us anyways. Birthday suit for personnel inspection gives you the Brady award hands-down. Who said you could take Rosy and his Sweetheart's bicycle built for two? "John, we changed all the shirts except yours." I'll do pull-ups everyday from now on, it works for Rock. WE FEW, WE HAPPY FEW, WE BAND OF BROTHERS.

Kenneth Avery Clark
Greensboro, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

Ken Clark (Superman, Reckless) He came to us from NAPS in order to prove he could hack it at USNA. He was just goofing off in prep school. Plebe year went well for Ken: beating up upperclass, WrestleMania IV, the Army Week from Hell, and Ken's magic act (he disappeared for a night)- he just wanted to see if his roomies missed him. As a Youngster, Ken geeked hard but called once or twice to let us know he was still alive. Second Class Year, Ken made a discovery right up there with electricity: alcohol. Ken decided that USMC wasn't for him, though his brother still wonders. As a firstie, Ken's claim to fame was Navy Gymnastics- um, do you think you should be trying that skill so soon? Along with the other color company rejects, Ken has had 4 C.O.'s in 4 years- good work guys! Ken is a born fighter pilot, mainly because he won't trust his life to anyone else. By the way Ken, wear your sweats tonight, I hear it's gonna be 90 degrees tonight. Good Luck, Ken. You're a true friend. ESW & FRB.

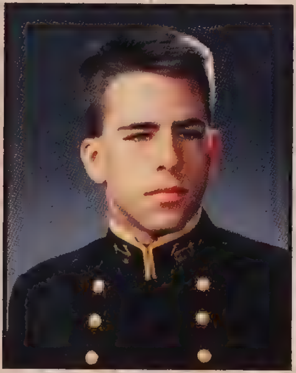
Craig Theron Davidson
Wallkill, New York
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Living with Craig off and on for two years was quite an experience, but we lived through it and managed not to kill him or ourselves. The ordeal started Second Class year. Craig got up everyday at reveille to get dressed and go to breakfast, but eventually learned not to wake us up. We heard T'Pau about 900 times during study hour, with frequent breaks when a wandering systems major would come by. We quickly learned of the systems gouge cyclone that ran through Mother B. Since Craig's home is near West Point, we figured he was a spy and spreading disinformation. Apparently it worked, and he was selected for plebe summer stripes and Batt staff, giving us a semester with nobody to tell us when to do the mirrors. With first class year came Craig's laser project. Craig spent so many nights in the systems labs that they gave him his own desk and put a "warning-Laser in operation" sign on the door. We are going to miss all of the girls that seem to come and go every three weeks. Good luck, Craig, beware of the Neutrons. Jeff and Raul



Kevin Robert Flynn
Medford, New Jersey
Marine Corps

Kev, throwback from that giant parking lot up North, via the Alamo, was nurtured in the blackball room of Paco, Cav, and T.A. An aspiring Ocean Engineer and footbal player, Kevy was sidelined by a serious injury.... to his feelings. The world needs political scientists, too. Little known in Twenty-four until summer '88, when linked to the bucket, the Bumpy road began for this experienced moped rider. "Girls don't dig me, I'll bet you a case." Bacardi and BMW's anyone? Are you taking the Dog on a pizza hunt tonight? Darts anyone? Best of "The Grease" in the morning. How did John ever get him out on ski's with the whaler? "Would have been nice if someone told me I was #1." The only guy who can spend $110 eating at the YMCA just to visit with Rosie. Always a babysitter for the Dog and Goldcard, until he lost 50 lbs and became a lightweight. Everybody remembers Army-Navy '89, except for Hot Rod...How's Mom? Enjoy your new subscriptions, and midstore toy, OOO-rah, or is that Hoo-yah? JLH,GFF,MPK

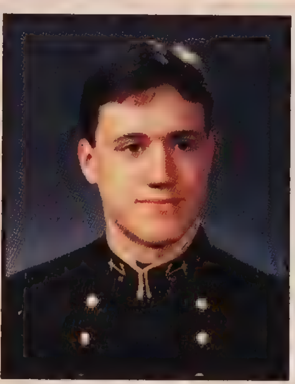


George Frederick Franz
Springfield, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

George came upon 24 after a stealth year in the Blackball. Nobody still knows how many trips to the Brickskeller he made plebe year. How fast were you going after exploring the nicer parts of D.C. that night? Late night aero labs almost ended his relationship with Dirk, but they spurred an increase in sunflower seed stocks. Do you remember Pizzano's? We never knew you smoked; Oh that's right, it was the Takillya. The bathroom's not in the closet, Shark. A Sunrise every ten minutes almost killed you and Cabs. Beer bongs and shot guns in an hour, how were those Cheerios? Now begins the love relationship of his career. Carol and the Green Monster signaled the end of George's bachelor days. The Colonel gained a son and we lost a buddy, but she didn't stop him from going to the O-club. Don't ever forget late night scam stories and Sam breaks. If only we were as devoted as you....Good luck in A-6's, Jorge. KRF,JLH,MPK

Raul Octavio Gandara
Charlotte Hall, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Raul came to us from not so distant Southern Maryland. He had not been able to find happiness in the land of drag racing, Joan Jett concerts, and medieval sword fights. He soon found happiness at the Naval Academy, but mostly he found happiness in his rack. He survived a tenth company plebe year, and then came to us in hardcore. Squeezing by the Ax board and barely avoiding the square root club youngster year gave Raul the chance to try his hand at flaming. After various attempts he finally succeeded late second semester. Study habits? "I'll just finish reading this book tonight and skip lunch tomorow to get ready for the afternoon exam. Does osmosis work, dude?" After his four year quest to find some cool frames he finally succeeded, and with the new specs he also found a steady girl. His car was another story. Stories of Saabs and Jaguars were always in good supply, and we were all relieved when he took the Saab, "at least until the jag's ready."

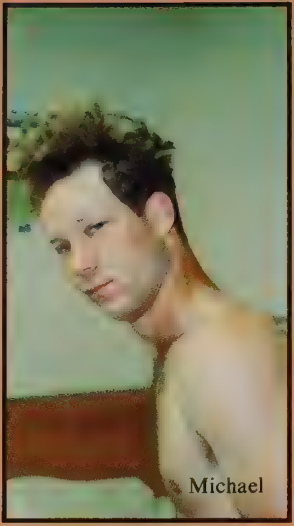


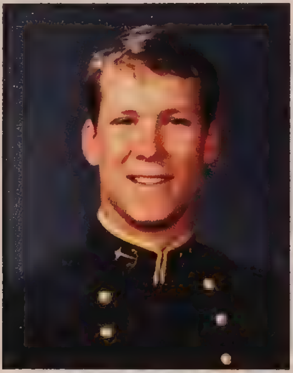
John Alden Haga
Cheverly, Maryland
Navy Pilot

John came to the Academy via NAPS. It seems the admissions board found him to be academically unfit for the Annapolis environment. They were right. John managed to barely make it with a 3.7 QPR and ranked in the top 50 of the class. John dealt well with the separation from his family. He consistenly made the arduous 25 mile journey to his home in Cheverly where he enjoyed home cooking and his mother's laundry service. He was all set as soon as he trained his mom to fold his laundry according to Midregs. John was never one to rise early in the morning, at least not at revielle, and almost made it to graduation without having his extra racktime interrupted. He still felt that one lost weekend was well worth all the extra time he logged piloting his rack. Second class year John got bit by the golfing bug. He spent many a weekend on the course. First class year he thought it couldn't get any better playing every spare afternoon during fair weather. He was wrong as he has bagged a sweet TAD billet at Andrews golf course, I mean AFB.

James Lee Hancock
Illiopolis, Illinois
Medical Corps

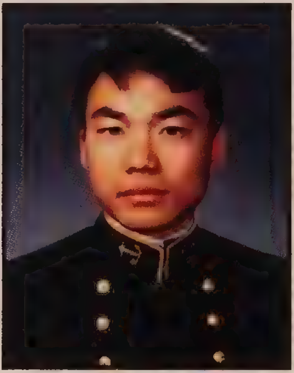
Spanker, a prior Nuke still holds the record for plebe year late-night wall hops. The old man in 24, but Klem didn't say that. "What, you want to be a doctor?" "OK, Marine, Ranger school candidate." If only you were as devoted as George. Cari, sorry, the Navy is my life. Besides I hear the bucket calling, or was that Chris, or Jauna, or Alicia, or Julie singing the Fems? Sheela, always quick with a smoker...GET OUT! Summer biology meeting Kev, Mal, and the Wolfman--sorry, didn't mean to get you engaged. "She's got this set of abs, dude, and they're cut." Stoly and red canoes, did we even catch any fish? Mellon balls and Tim saw Kev walking the narrow line. Abandoning Klem and Hot Rod for Sup's Lib's saw many trips to PA. This, coupled with ren's inborn need to dominate/possess signalled the end of the partying days and gave the female population a much deserved rest. USUHS won't know what hit it, can you write prescriptions yet? -- KRF,MPK,GFF





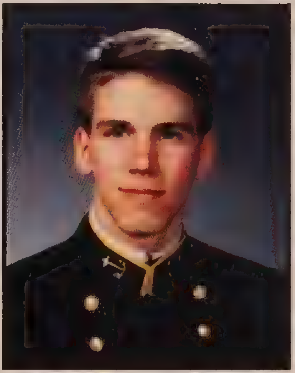
Michael John Herger
Yorktown Heights, N.Y,
Supply Corps

After a year at Naps, Motivated Mike landed in 22nd Co where he skated through plebe year like so many of us. His lacrosse talents were realized early with a game winner in OT against Army and All-American status for 4 years. 3/C year was filled with lax, parties, weekend road trips and girlfriends while the books went to the back burner. Gouge hunts were his trademark. Another OT game winnner at Maryland; remember Syracuse and Rutgers. 2/C summer was much of the same: phone at Sammy's in P-Cola and nightly leaps over the wall. A resurgence of professionalism emerged AC year, but he mellowed with the arrival of the ball and chain. Hergz responsible? 1/C year Mike finally realized his academic talents and leadership potential (PE Officer). Four N-stars, 3rd all time leading scorer at Navy, tailgaters, 4 Wheelin' Homerun, Big fish, The Lodge, and Budweiser. "YO!" You made it. Hit Athens running, Hardcharger. JGA & BTL



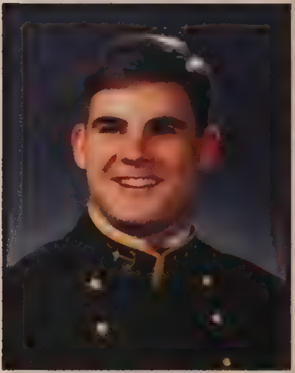
Byung Tech Kim
Susung Gu, Taegu Korea
Foreign National

BT was a very quiet guy until he slipped behind the wheel of an auto. Learning to drive a stick during his driving test was a only a small set back for this owner of numerous cars. It seemend that someone else was always driving and wrecking them though. A great roommate who would tolerate anything, Boiler Tech was the only guy I ever knew who never wore Ensign shoulder boards. He strapped on the Korean JG boards upon his graduation. Byung Tech is going to Indiana?? to learn Chinese before making his climb to Korean CNO. Good Luck, BT. JAY



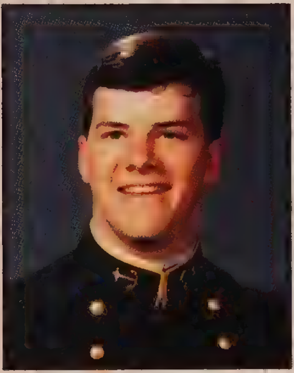
Matthew Paul Klemish
Sgt. Bluff, Iowa
Naval Flight Officer

Hey Klem, where's THE DOG? Did it follow you from Iowa or was it a river rat? Inconceivable! I think it needs to be Knumbed. Klem, always one to purchase a birthday drink, even if they're both on restriction. What did happen after the lax gater? Goucher? A collector of classy-female T-shirts and posters and founder of National Taco Day (Feb 18). Klem almost joined the restriction squad for his brother's motorcycle that he was riding prior to I-day...in uniform. #13 Bodeans. He almost went permanent AWOL after a semester of zooming at the Rocky mountain country club. However, after eyebrow surgery he decided John's was his home. After all he owns the bucket now. Who could forget the late night pizza hunts with Hot Rod, keepin' the Grew / Hobbes faith. First class year saw the recommissioning of the Iowa, good thing it knew the way home. How was that parking lot turned motel in Virginia? Do some of that pilot stuff. Dog, look out Naval Aviation! JLH,KRF,GFF



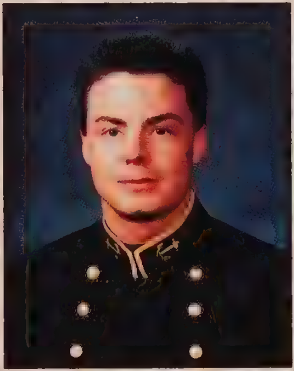
Adam Christopher Lochmann
Brentwood, Tennessee
Navy Pilot

A man with a truly dizzying intellect - you should see him when he really gets going!! - Adam L. (Math Man, Lucky, Lochnod) proved himself during a recruiting trip bar brawl. Missed mom plebe year, but found others happy to dress him. Played football too, but why is his sweater yellow? 3/C year brought many road trips, with one outing to Lehigh to determine the conciousness threshhold of man as a function of beer, babes and wet shoes. After finding a new pen pal during second class summer, he returned intent on upholding his reputation as a sober and responsible gentleman? "Will the friend of Adam please report to the front of the bar." The Land Yacht ruled the roads...and sometimes the parking spaces. Firstie year was more of the same..."Adam, you had a great time last night, you should have been there!" His legend status was ensured after TWO successful escapes from the drunk bus at Army. After a brief career as a pro hockey player in Daytona, Adam posed the $64000 question, "Hey Mike, where's my car?" The last thing this guy needed was another hole in his head.MMM & JDR



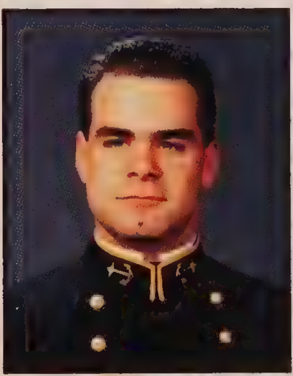
Bradford Thompson Luke
North Conway, New Hampshire
Surface Warfare

Brad began his career with two guidelines: Never borrow money from your friends and always root for your team. 4 years later he's in heavy debt and slept through the Army/Navy game. His prized possession is his Black N(w/star) sweater with MPSS embroidered on it. Despite his conduct problems, his academic prowess and professionalism prevailed. 3/C year: B-day at Petes(Peanut Butter couldn't save him). Spring Break: Wet T-shirts and SEAL crawls on the beach. Also, 5 firsts with a teacher. 2/C year: trip to Rutgers(spaghetti),rumble at McGarveys-delayed 1/C year until February. Summer cruise finally gave SWO-boy second thoughts, but his class rank precluded any other selection. 1/C year: Cool Dude in a Loose Mood highlights his 4 years with a pilgrimage to Graceland. Memphis added tandem hacks and Elvis moves to his bag of party tricks. Despite his 115 days of hard time in Smoke Hall, Brad "earned?" his only "A" in performance. He concluded with numerous tailgaters, keg parties, Moose Lodge, Myrtle, 4 wheel homerun, and RedDog. The Leahy is blessed with USNA's finest. MJH&JGA



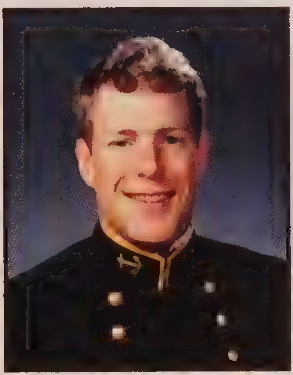
Michael Matthew Malloy
Pennsburg, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Mike Malloy, the full package, always went off like a bad a--. Never one to admit defeat to members of the opposite sex, not that he ever experienced it...(except 905166),..but he's got great biceps and calves for days. From a 30 yr old youngster summer to an 18 yr old as a firstie and snatching up everything in between...his thighs are huge. Speaking of tasty tris, nice BUFFED job on that car's hood in the Vous parking lot. Full moon in Daytona still didn't beat the naked tag in Los' shower...take a look at those abs!! OH YEAH!! Your hair's perfect! How much for the books and T-shirts? From LAX player in STALAG 17 to 1st LT in HardCore, Mr. Murroy (with 2 L's) knew how to grab his men by the stacking swivels. Hey Mario, a Mustang is not an off-road vehicle. By the way, the Wendy's woman told the Dant that you still have two cars in the yard. Bill the Goat says you're first in every contest. Ons't and Away to P-Cola. GET SOME!! Thanks Mike, you made this place almost fun. LPB, JJB, ACL, TPB, FRB, MPK.



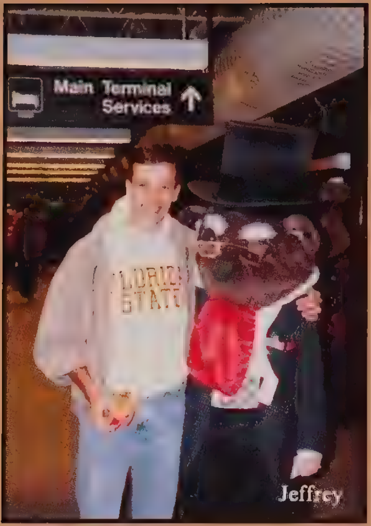
Brendan Reid McLane
Palastine, Texas
Submarines

Brent "Lone Wolf" McLane, the man who would never fall in love, ... or at least never admit to it. Born in the US, he was raised in the BRD where he learned style and how to dress, always emulating the Hugo Boss man. Early on, he distinguished himself as Mr. Cocktoasten. Do you have a Camel? Demonstrated his generosity by loaning the VW. Nurtured our cultural development: DC Museums; the Zoo, ok, so it was a turtle; the Symphony, "Hey wake up!"; and twice visited Lawrence in the Sahara. After a night of keeping up Swedish foreign relations, he displayed his reverence for his founding fathers, the Lincoln Mem. Driven by a passion for history, he studied at GW with many undergrads of the female persuasion. Where's the Bathroom? What's that sound? At the Ring fling, he demonstrated his sense of decorum by taking a ride... on the elevator. Hey Brent, where's Eleanor? He had a love for driving, although not everyone loved his driving as much as he did. And finally did the BRD and the DDR on the 'Die Maur is muss weg' Spring Break 90 Tour. Rathman, I'll miss you. CS



Ernest Robert Musseman Jr
Danville, California
Naval Flight Officer

Hailing from Danville, California, Rob never ceased to inspire us. His plebe year mustard stains and wandering eyes ("Stop lookin' around Musseman; I'm everywhere." -A.D. Thomas '88) gave way to Coca-Cola delivery services, the National Enquirer classified ad scheme, the proposed European exotic car export-import business, and a short lived career at the local Bingo Paaahlah. All these efforts resulted in his acquisition of a phenomenal set of wheels from his magnanimous father, "Trust me son, you won't regret this." Rob also had great luck with the ladies. These included his ring dance date, "Guys help, she's an albatrose with green teeth", another one who, "has to be from Soddom or Gomorroh", the VERY WHOLEsome girl from the Bahamas, and who could forget his special "Little Girl" who turned into a sorority girl and dropped him like a bad habit. Rob's MANY roomates were always so "squared away". We wish all of them Good Luck in their new civilian jobs. Rob's character and sense of humor will serve him well in the fleet, and we will always remember him fondly.



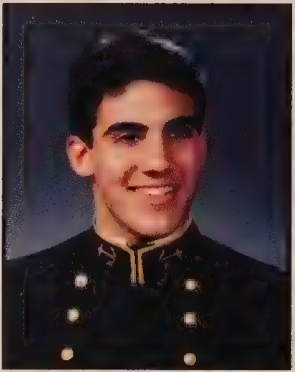
Jeffrey

Marc

Carlos

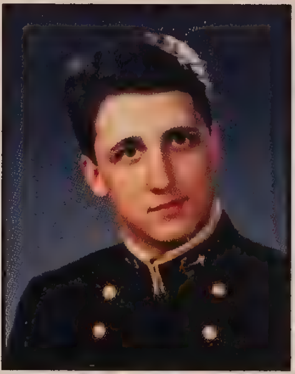
Jeffrey Donn Renwick
Southlake, Texas
Navy Pilot

Riddle: What has two arms, two legs, and took only 12 weekends during his entire career as a midshipman while graduating with a 2.6? Solution: A Duckie. FLASH..D&B World Tour-..Navy/Pitt Football..Renwick's glorious debut called for an encore performance which ended in a climatic duet with a Roach on a ping-pong table. Scholastically gifted..even to the point of gaining recognition by the Supt-..luckily he was retained. 2/C summer found our hero soaking up suds and sea stories at Trader John's to the point of exhaustion.- How 'bout sending us a postcard of those 'flush' accomodations at Motel Stall? Either that, or have your Ring Dance date send us a promo. Jeff spread himself thin firstie year; but how can one guy be expected to star on the LAX team, coach Gretzky, fill-in for Eddie Van Halen, AND go to class? (maybe that's why he didn't!) When he's not dressing up as a woman, he can be found at Sally's-...sharing the fine cuisine of peanut shells with the ladies. With all we've been through, you've shown us that you have been, and always will be "The Duckman." ACL & MMM



Carlos Abel Sardiello
Fremont, California
Naval Flight Officer

Carlos "El Guapo" Sardiello, known as Matt Millen in the weight room; the man with the luck of a cat, who lands on his feet in every situation; aloof, sharp dresser and a world traveler was beyond doubt God's gift to women. Alas, he threw it all away for a girl in San Antonio. He must have forgotten: the company party "I'll call the shore patrol", Swedish women, the Lincoln Mem. and the Kennedy Center. After meeting the girl of his dreams, he flew to San Antonio on at least 50% of his weekends. When he did hang out, it was wild. Climbing lamp posts, humiliating crew girls from PA, rolling on RT 50's median, aiding criminals to get to the Vue and then making fun of Michelle at McD's, taking an RV to Berlin, picking up German customs "noch ein Bier" and sometimes even their women, meeting Elvis at Rose's place but refusing the locals drinks, finally buffing the hood of the GT. Yet, through all this excitement he maintained his James Bond-like cool, relying on his luck, which pulled him out of many a jam-"Could you leave a blank check, just in case?". Thanks for the memories.

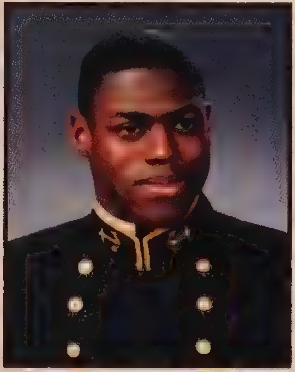


Philip Marc Scheipe
Benicia, California
Navy Pilot

Even though USNA is on the East Coast, Marc decided to grace us with his presence 4 yrs ago. Scheipster's commanding presence was apparent from the start; even his plebe roommate saluted him. Xmas leave: "I thought they gave you a warning first" After a year of fruit salad in 19, he moved down a deck to Hard Core. F=ma only on larger desks. Almost comatose with AP. Tragedy struck during 2/C year as rugburns and rubber band ligations (Wanna see my fissures?) almost took his life. Daytona '89: "Kinda private, but real close to the action". Disco Marc gets ruined-(Straight Up). Illinois, reliving 12th grade on New Year's eve, large women, UVA, one big lop of ----, $20 says the A's take it. Bob, two near misses in fastpitch. Two new titles in Columbus: Buster becomes Champ, Marc becomes SLASH. Daytona veteran, 1/C year: from the prestigious eagles and Color Guard to the lowly Company Commander: Splash another bogie, then again maybe not. HOOYAH. Almost a bubblehead, but now a brown shoe. Only nine more years, hard-charger. Good luck in P-Cola, Devil-Dog -TPB & JAY

Richard Benjamin Steele
Garden Grove, California
Surface Warfare

"Let's have a five-man barn. Yeah!" That's how Rick joined our little trio. Rick can be most remembered as "the little fireman" who put out the fire in 4342. What a heroic act! The turning point in our relationship with Rick was a certain So and So who lived across goat court. Many nights we embarassed Steeler by shouting her name across the square. Although we tried to convert him, young Skywalker refused to join forces with his roommate. He proved himself to be a true Knight despite his professionalism with the fourth class indoctrination system. During second class year, he unknowingly displayed himself to our sister room and marched in army gray. Let's not mention the lotion War with the short Woop! Music was always a fine topic to discuss with the Rickster. Here's a quote we remember so well: "Rob, what did you do with my Kenny G tape?" If it wasn't for Rick's music, we would never have met: Kate Bush, Morrissey, Enya, Echo & the Bunnymen, etc. Always remember Rick, when you are dealing with girlies, "You always have to be able to talk..." DRT and RLW



William Chapman Suggs
Roanoke, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Will (alias Suggy-Buggy, Capt Muzzle-Flash, and Matt) had an easy start at the Academy, his rifle shooting skill earned him a vacation at the Olympic Festival during Plebe Summer. Will won that match and set the tone for his remaining four years with frequent vacations and frequent victories. Shooting in L.A., Mexico City, and even Budapest, Will rewrote the Navy record books and became its first four time All-American. Will captained the rifle team his senior year and got more mail from The Supt that year than all other mail combined; he also won the SECNAV competition. But enough of the autobio, now for the bio: Midn Will was more mortal, as a systems major, Will got lost in a steam cloud and emerged with a Russian major. Unphased Will found more time to devote to his new hobbies of fast rental cars and faster women (time for an A&W). Will's social success seemed to oppose the success of Navy Football; last year Navy lost but Will won, this year Navy kicked the big FG but Will fumbled. The future is looking up as Will heads to the land of flightjackets and brown shoes.

Dennis Rueben Thomas
Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

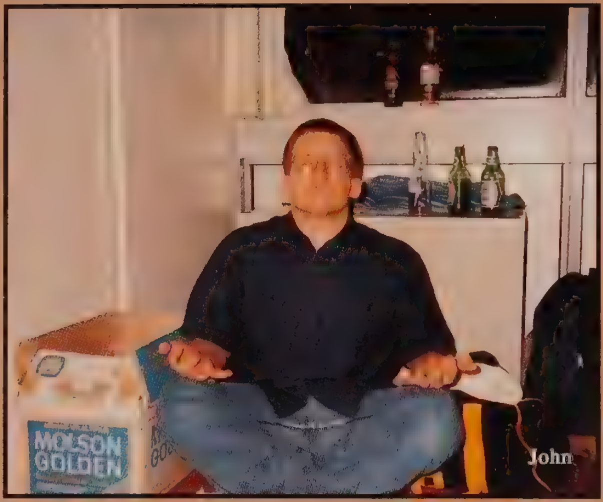
"What do we ALWAYS have on Tuesdays for breakfast?" With these immortal words, our friendship with Dennis began. D.T. was the seldom seen, never heard track star who was best known in our circle as the roommate with the awesome quotations and the room formal dances. Who could forget such classics as "My only friends are on the track team" and "Can you be quiet, Varsity atheletes need their sleep"?!! Second class year saw us inheriting a Woop for a roommate, who tended to lighten things up in the room (and probably had a QPR higher than the 3 of us combined). Dee, you managed to escape every drill or football marchover with your inconveniently scheduled track practices, but you were never one to show your great disappointment. You tried your hand at bulldog first class summer, but like the rest of us, you were destined for long bridge watches and the "call" of the sea. First class year gave us our first taste of the "real" life and a new "roommate," along with an exciting (and reckless) trip to Army. High Priest and Dark Lord- we will always be best friends. RBS and RLW

Robert Leonard Wedow
Littleton, Colorado
Surface Warfare

Coming from Colorado (is it a state?), Weeds brought his own style of humor, which never ceased to amaze and astonish us. We believed that hidden inside this simple man was a true comedian, and Weeds demonstrated his talents with mastery of acoustics with a trash can. We hoped that these antics would continue, but much to our disappointment, we found that Rob was unable to satisfy our "thirst." Rob has always been considered a great manager of finances, which was reflected by his Midstore account. We were proud to be able to broaden his musical horizons, and we'll never forget the endless times that we played his "favorite" songs even though he didn't request them. We hope that Weeds is able to overcome his allergies to dust rags (hint: use Pledge). True to form, firstie year saw Rob purchase a combination between a 18-wheeler and a small ship, a.k.a. the Behemoth, which he used to plow the seas between retreats. Rob, we hope your shipmates will benefit from your unconscious nighttime chats as much as we did- you'll never know how much you told us. DRT and RBS

James Agnew Young
Lewiston, Idaho
Submarines

1700: What? We have a test tomorrow? Angus was the first person anyone ever met from Idaho. What a representative. 1900: Guys, I've been looking it over and it's not that hard. Rooming with Hergz and Brad was very relaxing except for an occasional flying lamp. 2100: What? That's on it, too? NAFAC '88: "Mr. Herger, Mr. Young crawled in my rack with me, what do I do? I think he's drunk." 2200: Let's start studying, just let me get a Snickers first. The May disaster, the Green Lasanga (a perfect car), finally the MG. 2210: Study break. 2400: I'm ----, I know nothing. Thailand, where men are women and full body massages cost $5. He met the girl of his dream but ran out of Baat. 0045: Got any PB&J, I'm starved. Laser Listener by Popular Mechanics + two weeks work = "A". 0200: I don't think it will be that tough, I'm going to bed. If you learn anything, tell me in the morning, I'll be up early studying (laughter). "This hair grow stuff doesn't work either, Brady, what's the number for Upjohn?" "Where's my drill exemption?" 1030 30MAY90: James still knows nothing.



25th COMPANY

Fred Julius Alexander III
Lincolnton, North Carolina
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

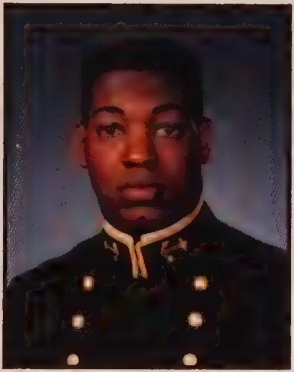
Cicero has lived the life of Les Miserables since arriving in 25th Company. It started with the roommate from Hell, C.T. He survived this professional onslaught but then again he was a pro himself: "Oh Jockboy, Jockboy." The four year varsity broompusher for the Hoops team proved a loyal manager. After the misadventures of C.T., Cicero's morals (ha!) were to be tested again when K.M. moved in. This was the same time he met Jan and escorted her to a shower- whether it was a bridal shower or baby shower or just a plain shower (maybe not so plain), we'll never know. Trey says he likes to dance but that wasn't any good when his heel broke at the Ring Dance. The inbred child has made up for lost dancing with his new hobby, drinking. Thanks for the tips on Bailey's Irish Cream in England, Trey. A Hard core English major visiting museums during your free-time! On hobbies, what did you learn in Spain? Or did you teach Hannah some things? Professional? Were you really a squad leader? Nukes are in for it now. Fair winds behind, blue horizons ahead and Pretty Women. RMT, KCM, EGG

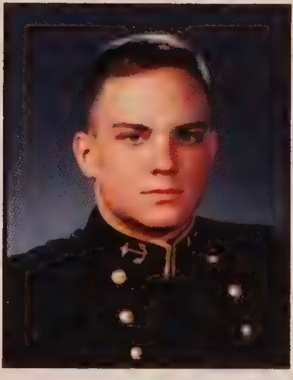
Valerie Banks
Lexington, Kentucky
Supply Corps

"Big things come in small packages," describes Val. She has always been an inspiration when all else seems to be going bad. You have grown spiritually and professionally. Supply Corps is not the Corps I expected you to go.-AM She doesn't walk into a room, she glides in. Yes it's the RIGHT Reverend, Mother Sister Evangelist, ready to help you gain insight into your life. What she lacks in height, she makes up for in MOUTH. A grunt at heart, even when she's wrong, she's right, snapkick.-VA I don't know how Kentucky ever produced such a dynamic and friendly person. After 3 years of loafing behind a desk in the Corps, "Lady Do" exploded her way into these halls via NAPS. When "The Boss Lady" isn't resting her old bones, whipping up last second papers, or drooling over steamy soaps at the Carter's, she is leaving pieces of Ebony all over town while hopelessly lost on one of her business meetings.-VP

John Albert Barnocky Jr
Winter Springs, Florida
Surface Warfare

Johnny B. Goode. Or close enough for government work. Johnny came to the Boat School from New Hampshire, but that soon became Florida. . .some people get all the luck. An Air Force brat, he managed to cast off that burden. . .by coming here? Nuke or NFO, he said, but fortune smiled on him again and made him a SWO. The Nav-Tag Admiral could always be counted on to have the ultimate in computer games. . .and to be an expert. In his spare time John did intramurals. . .or did they do him? But John's most fondly remembered escapades would happen far from the "dorm room". Remember. . .the attack of the killer woodburning stove. . .assaulting the O-course wall, again and again. . .self-locking doors that finished the nightmares from hell. . . the Towson State Southern Comfort Guru. . .Uno Mas. . .the groin-seeking softball. . .Halloween as an Oompah Loompah. . .Pyromania and the cling-on flaming deodorant. . .weekends at Mrs. V's. . . monster speeding tickets. Off to bigger and better things. . .killin' subs. . .best wishes for sea state 1 and unlimited visability! WLG





Christine Noelle Bath
Grand Junction, Colorado
General Unrestricted Line

She came to us from Colorado, where they have real mountains. Plebe year she was a sweat, always sleeping in the volleyball lockerroom. She will always be loyal to 33rd company. Chris had the best and worst experience of her life on youngster cruise. While some of us were on grey hauls, she sailed to the Bahamas and fell in love with a man who wears a leopard thong. No one would have guessed that she was engaged second class year by her intense "professionalism" with the plebes. First class year her continuous hard work paid off. Her presence was missed as she changed her residency from 25th company to 504 MacMillan. Good luck in San Diego, and most important, as Mrs. Bath-Zachery.

Rodney Tyron Brown
Columbia, South Carolina
Surface Warfare

The Fresh Rapper, Rappin: Carolina's finest? There was a time when all he said was, "Pass the #%$@! vittles, I'm hungry!" Now we can't unplug his microphone. Rappin came on the scene 2nd Class summer in Hampton. When the first one did not come correct, she was shipped away and at the same time her car pulled away, the correct car pulled up! Then there's Hood College...numerous trips as a matter of fact in the Big Buick, the only car on the yard with an 8 Track Player! Then came 1/c year and audiences from W. Maryland to Baltimore knew Rappin. The best is yet to come, America, 'cause now the Buick's dead and He's sportin a Fresh BMW! Here comes Rappin!

Daniel Wayne Bryan II
Cocoa Beach, Florida
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Dan and I were destined to be best friends at USNA from the time he explained the art of staying afloat to a drowning classmate during plebe summer. I made it out alive and we decided to room together. We seemed to be bad luck to our roommates plebe year, but survived. One cannot help admiring Dan's accomplishments at Navy: 3 N's, 2 stars, a striper board, a Nuke billet, Plebe Summer Plt Cdr, and an expensive night in a San Diego "hotel", Dan and I received two issues of identical luggage thanks to Navy, but we've lost or gotten rid of it all along the way. What a waste. Returning from Swimming 1/c year made Dan-O a scourge at Goucher but a hit at American. I'm sure he missed Lou and the hate/respect-filled relationship with all its predawn abuse - Navy Swimming style. Now Dan will try his Oceanographer's mastery (ie: gouge hunting) at NPS; then he too will be part of the elite force: SWO! He will do well there, I'm sure. Good luck, Dan-O. -KCM
Thanks to Mom, Dad, Brando, and to Mr. & Mrs. M. "Some folks see a bird's-eye view..." J.B.

Mark Christopher Carroll
Butte Des Mortes, Wisconsin
Submarines

The Big Man came to us from America's Dairyland. It was hard to break through the quiet exterior but once we did, we found the Dancin' Bear and fun soon followed. Mark walked on to the football team but found out track was his true calling. 1MC truly came here to become an engineer. Remember: Wheoooooo!, Blatz Light (Hundreds of 'em), Las Vegas, the horse races, Absolut service selection, your dirty - smelly room, the Fridge, Atlantic City, you're quite a barber, George Strait, the Pack is Back, powerlifting, Lumberjacks, your boots, pass blocking, another Corvette owner, tiddliwinks at Lew's cabin, retrieving the beer can in the woods, poundin w/ Mr. Shrecker (we can do it!), watch out for busses!, Tall in the Saddle, the microwave gourmet, Dirt Bike, the best EE project that never worked, roomin w/ the gopher, pumpin Berger's stomach, the Moose Lodge, juked by Rob on youngster cruise and doing no Engine Math with Cheese. When Mark was on a roll, you wouldn't stop laughing until tears came to your eyes. Thanks for all the laughs, Good Luck in the Silent Service. 6-1.

Jose

Frederick

Janet

Frederick Griffith Crabtree
Palestine, Texas
Surface Warfare

Rick came to us from the dogwood capital of the world. If there was ever a hick it was Rick. Trap any raccoons lately? It was nice to meet you halfway through youngster year after your best buddy Craig T. left you. Remember: Plebe detail and Bowker diving lessons, the racing Commanche, gig'em Ags, the greatest EE project that never worked, Rangers, Cowboys, Mavs, Snakin on Troy, Rob, etc, skiing in Utah, sunnin in Cancun, "Always," jammin with George Strait, the Voice, the T-cap: never leave home without it, which came first the car or the radar detector? BUY A WATCH! learn to use that fly-rod someday, Halo effect, luck; almost a perfect 6-1 life until you were LTM's boy, OOH-RAH Marine Corp marathon, strange path to forest ranger school following SWOS, friends don't let friends get worked up and drive. Tree was never one to let academics get in the way of his education. You could always count on Rick in a jam. Thanks for always being there for us & dispelling the striper stigma. "Tonite is your nite Bro." 6-1.

Jose Rodolfo Garcia Flores
Sanger, California
Marine Corps

Rudy came to USNA to escape the barriers of Sanger, CA. Throughout NAPS and Plebe Year, we thought he left his tongue south of the border. He didn't take many weekends during the four years here due to his academic prowess which was rivaled only by his PCR proficiency. He truly was 25's own intramural stud. Rude Dog kept us all guessing until service selection when he decided to follow his bros into the Corp. Ooh Rah! Remember the seeing eye wart, dictator of the cholos, go Oakland Raiders, Fresno State, "Howsitgoinguys?," running laps, rolling in the mud and walking into the door at Schreck's, chimichanga and pinto beans, spray paint, he could even drink with Schreck, UCLA, nice Halloween costume - dress up next time, running the Marine Corps Marathon, follow the arrows on the endurance course next time. If anyone worked harder to graduate than Rudy, we have yet to meet him. Rudy was the brunt of more undeserving jokes than any of us and always took it with a smile. Thanks for being such a great friend and all of the good laughs. The Corps is lucky to get you. 6-1.

Craig Michael Foster
Lake Havasu City, Arizona
Surface Warfare

Old Man Foster came to us from the beautiful, cactus-filled desert of Lake Havasu. After working his way up through the Navy's enlisted Nuc Power school, Naps, and 30th company (plebe yr), Grandpa finally made it to 6-1. Craig never knew what it was like to take a weekend; roomed with a whopper and cheese, and studied more after midnight than before it. He made quite an impact on our little family and now he is thinking about starting his own, with the little woman from Phoenix. Remember: train shows in Baltimore, train magazines, big trains and model trains, Saturday nights at Harry Brown's with who? the Maryland Inn waitress who didn't love us, staying up late, Ray's escapades with Tina, Sue, Brandy, etc. HeeHaw its the Rob Hunt goat roper show, CSTS, Ross Perot, Bermuda, the Nelson's, Roger, VW bug; best thing on wheels, pull ups, my alarm clock, 25-leadership award. Craig is the most reliable person I know. If you needed help or advice he was always there for you. Persistance, determination and hard work are your virtues. You'll make a great officer. KAN

Janet Sue Fuller
Willows, California
General Unrestricted Line

Energetic, gung-ho Janet arrived at USNA from sunny CA and NW Prep. Motivated OORAH's throughout plebe summer with "1-2-3" countdowns inspiring oh-so many classmates. This athletically inclined "studette" found joy in cox-ing women's crew, track, and cond. squad. Hitman and Hawkins conditioned Janet well, 0530 runs, climbing over Mitscher and "Airborne!" The hit sober drunk at JW's parties contrary to Gordo's bet-fetish for chocolate bananas? Wild Bill convinced her to "Go General" sooner than later. "Tiny tanks" from 2/c cruise, a plebe detail that saw more parties than plebes. Who can forget Janet's romantic interests - oh, that's right, they were all secret. Second-class year's "momentary" lapse of reason found Janet with a familiar Ring Dance date, but it is a woman's prerogative to change her mind (again and again). Black leather and chrome, heavy metal, the other half of "Youth Gone Wild". Hardly frail and effete, she has a personality with a tungsten core. There are worse places to hunt subs from than sun-drenched Hawaii. Kick some! SLN, CMD, and the guys

Edward Gerard Gernat
Stratford, Connecticut
Surface Warfare

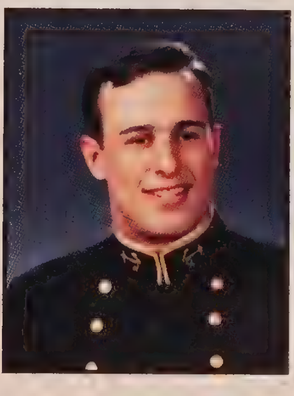
"Special" Ed began his collegiate career as an ambitious scholar, choosing to excell in EE. Practicality followed behind ambition, triggering a switch to Comp Sci. Easygoingness overtook practicality, and by his fourth semester he was deeply immersed in the English major (and deeply immersed in his rack) "10-pager due tomorrow, no sweat." He endured 4/c year with the V-shaped bodies and sharp minds of 28 and luckily was part of the upper 50% that ended up graduating out of room 6426. Some good stories sure did come out of that foursome, but at least Ed learned how NOT to be a plebe. He decended the two flights of stairs to 25, and along with Mac and Hop laughed his way through 3/c year doing his own dance "All Night Long." "Wild Eyes" spent his weekends working on his skills with the Corps until 1/c year found him with a girl friend and four stripes.(We are so proud of you) I guess the Batmobile knows the way to Pittsburgh by itself, now. You're a great companion for long rides to Army games, Good Luck, Ed, and stay away from those gates! Hop

Walter Lewis Glenn III
San Diego, California
Surface Warfare

Lew came to our own piece of heaven on the Severn from San Diego after travelling the world with his ADM dad. Youngster year Lew showed that he would be a great Political Scientist by sleeping all the time. Rod's ranking forced him to abandon all hope and skate on through USNA. Did anyone miss more classes than Lew and still graduate? We'll never forget the trips to the mountains and the good times in Lew's Luv Shack. Since he was a bicoastal stud, the solution to the female dilemma was a gal on each coast. We'll never know how he figured out who to bring to the Dance. He discovered firewater while sailing firstie summer. Will anyone ever forget the sight of Lew's fleet parked in sixth wing all week long? Without the cruiser, there would have been no Stones. Lew's trip to the darkside was scary to us all. The things we'll always remember about Lew: the black Chuck's, D & D with the Dorks, surprise visits from the Supe (It's a double barreled slingshot, sir), heavy metal, bizarre creative writing and Stephen King. Lew was a great friend and always will be. TBS

Glenn Michael Hopson
Rock Island, Illinois
Surface Warfare

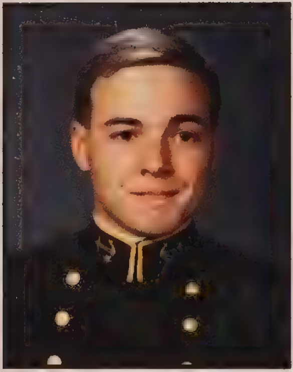
Glenn came to USNA from the Farm Implement Capital of the World. Made the swim team plebe year, earning a Varsity letter as a youngster despite Lou, before dropping the early nights and earlier mornings as a 2/c. Still, "Backstroke is beautiful!" A published crusading editorialist, Glenn never hesitated to speak his mind - remember, "I'm drunk, so I'm gonna say what I feel!" The mesh t-shirts and Social Security scandals were focuses for his economic tirades. As eloquent as Glenn was on paper, his slumbering orations were the stuff of philosophical treatises. A die-hard SWO from the beginning, Glenn's intestinal problems stuck with him, and us, as well. The eternal optimist, he could be cheerful in the worst of situations, to the annoyance of those around him ("Shut up, Glenn!"). A member of the Two Percent Club - welcome to the Nav, "Awesome" Kelly Dawson! Throughout our four years together, Glenn has proven himself to be a great roommate, a lively late night debate opponent, and most of all, the best and truest friend that a person could ask for. EGG, WLG, TA



Robert Jackson Hunt
Hot Springs, Arkansas
Navy Flight Officer

Jack got lost in the Ozarks and ended up at the NAV. The goat ropin' hillbillie was always ready to tip a few back, especially when someone else was buying. Rob was never one to be kept down by injuries thanks to a combination of motrin, therapy, training rooms, a chit and a couple of days off. It's easy to Remember: snoring, sleep talk, "got any food?", Hymie Huntstein, Emory U, T-cap II, Hogs, the bug, deer hunting in the 240, Philmont, beer, 40,000 peso taxi ride, 10 beers for 30,000-what a deal, Mail chip, rocketman, intramural no-show, the injuries - hamstring, shoulder, NOSE, jaw - a Rugby letter, it's a widow's peak, right Rob? Troy's waterbed, Nicki & Kelly, the invisible glasses, the Hunt march/salute, "Rick, you caught me at a bad time," facelicking at Towson, "That nose still needs a little work," "I know how to get there," honey drippin' from the pot, gravy, cuttin' the rug without moving your feet, Landon and G & R. Rob always knew what he had to do and got it done. If you needed help, Rob would lend a hand. Thanks for the good times. 6-1.

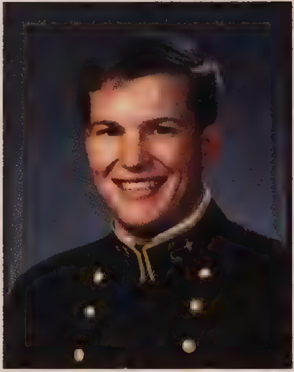
L.C. MONAGHAN
Kevin



Eric Martin Lewis

Rogers, Arkansas
Navy Pilot

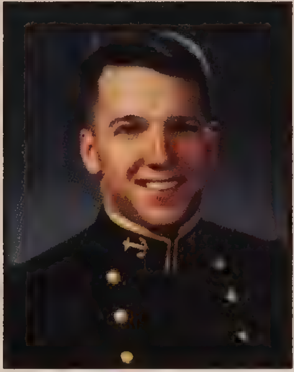
Myron came here as a result of flipping a coin. He began in 10th company with the WUB"A" Gang, partying it up with the Firsties at Mum's (What scandal?) This all-American boy then managed to finagle a starring role in the 90 Herndon Discrimination video. Eric was always one to leave a good impression- as his first class will mever forget Emmit's wedgie. Lora adored Eric, but then again, so did 1D checkers, Maryland crabs, and our former class treasurer. Who can forget his literally correct Spring tree Break skiing, TELs, 21st rebirthdays, keep away from sled-dog Sue, Lora-in-the-showers, vette does 120, bludgeoning each other to death in class, "LEWIS!!!"-Prof Reed, here's to my sweet Sullivan, cross-country golf, "Leave ends when?", "So YOU'RE Lewis, eh?" -Navy Laundry, tie spots, eating cockaroaches, Lester irons his...RACK?!, and wishing you never reflipped that coin. Good luck at pilot training! Ons't and away... JO RT BF



Troy Michael McClelland

Yakima, Washington
Navy Pilot

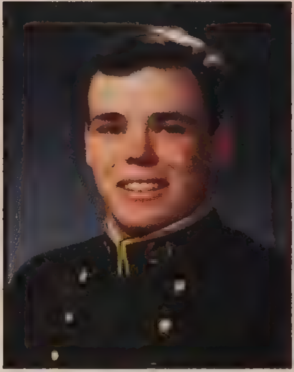
Flaky, El Toro, Chili Mac, they all fit. Troy left the desert of Washington state for LIFE at sea. His plebe year centered around the training of his hair and the precipice was born. Famous quotes, "I failed that test." (No you didn't, you never did). Remember: scooter, primping always, Moo Ellen, go ugly early, "8 Beers, Troy?", scammin' on working winter blues, "I want to be a complete midshipman," Spring Break Youngster year - abs, abs, abs, and P for nuthin', "She's diggin' me," the BMW in the shop, snakebit in New York, Squash team captain, how do you work the other toilet in Cancun? "Always," the late-nighters that didn't work second-class year, the ball & chain, beatin' up a trained killer, the boxer-short show, Go Sprout, overpacking, nice wardrobe, socks that always match the shirt - no wonder you got the chicks and Tom Jones. Big Mac was never down and was always up for a good time. You always worked hard & we know it will pay off for you. 6-1.



Kevin Charles Monaghan

Baltimore, Maryland
Surface Warfare

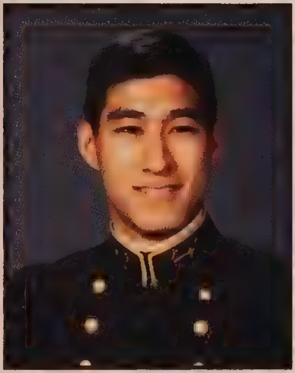
After stomping around at 29 Stumps for a year, LCpl Monaghan returned to the Free State ready to take names. Living off GoldFish, Little Debbies, and thoughts of joining the combat pistol team, Kev had the strength to be CC and make it thru 1st sem. 2nd sem he went horiz. 1 too many times and found himself at the wrong end of the table for ac excellence. Determined to graduate, Kev began reading, not really, but did choose English, thus ending most of his grade troubles (ie: homework). Spending 2/3 of his summer in school made Kev determined to succeed 3/c yr; but we don't remember what he did. He spent 2nd sem on the road to see Glenn Close. 2/c yr Kev went from A to C then F to C in EE while enjoying most of his time in the Hall (enough said) and had a SQPR higher than the sum of his plebes'. After a 7 day vacation in Q-town and more leave than most get in 3 yrs, he lost 110 lbs of excess baggage and saw the light. Now Kev is a member of the elite: SWO! Good luck. -DWB Thanks Mom & Dad, & family, and pre-thanks to Mr. & Mrs. B. "...Others haven't got a clue." -J.B.



Kenneth Andrew Niederberger

Farmingdale, New York
Special Warfare

Berger joined the NAVY after leaving what he considers the hub of the universe, Long Island, coming to USNA with John, Joe, Pete and Mike and visions of a Lacrosse national championship. He came to 25 youngster year and immediately became Toes', Tucc's and Jakes's protege. A life of crime soon followed. Lots to remember, Cheese, here we go, in your sleep saying, "Dance for me...", bringing the big catch back to the hall after Schreck's party, head restrictee of Two-Five, little RED Corvette, holding hands with Kaynee, stealth seal and those pretty pink nails, how'd the mattress get wet? master of all drinking games, you and JD at the youngster hotel party, the grass grows greener at Goucher, playing man down and long stick D, all-American?, Monty and Python, the Giants and Mets, hoo yah! trained killer, early morning workouts, the pillagers, the hole in the wall at Rob's party, big chow packages from Mom = Big Furberger, and the W squad. Kenny was one of the most jovial men we knew. We hope that he can keep a smile on throughout BUDS. Good Luck and Bust A Move. 6-1.



James Seijiro Ogawa
Tacoma, Washington
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

"Where am I going" Ogawa came to us a clueless, confused, wide-eyed lad-A natural born plebe. Coming to USNA was like pitching a frenzy of sharks a side of beef, and 'no one can hear you scream' 33 ate him alive. Thorwood nightmares., and always in the wrong place at the right time (uh.MR. Mazio...Janet...uh). Saved by his feet-Soccer pulled him out of the fire. The Iguana lives on. Systems Eng. kept him on the path of cluelessness, but there's a light (and a Phalanx) at the end of the tunnel. ECA's abounded: Army week terrorism expert, Bonzai spring break skier, honesty like a sledgehammer, Bowker who?, stubborn as Hell, pro lightweight "I think I'm drunk," the vampire bat. And the quest to deflate Michelle? The Lester Semester, a kick ass time (the 5 sec. rule) had by all. Great, two of 'em? Les left running w/ the "Navy procom finger" (thermo) to USAFA. Jim eats anything, ma saw to it (Hmm, TUNA!) Destiny called him to be Co. Adjutator. Jim will own nuke school after this 4 yr. party. Anyone who can live through soccer J.I., my peds and RTB's backside can do anything! EL

Steven Christopher Ohmstede
Houston, Texas
Marine Corps, NFO

Steve decided to come to a real party school, so he left U of T and joined us here at the Boat School. Upon his arrival in 25, he quickly acquired the title, "Mr. One-Way". Please, the next time you're at the Cellar, get a room or sell tickets. Did you ever get that hole stitched up? Remember, Kim, four wheelin' at Schreck's house, "I know I can make it!", "yeah sure you can.", Thursday mornings at Bob's Big Boy, gettin' that BIG blonde bombshell off your back by actin' less than manly, Kim, rich boy, you live on a golf course? write or call Kim lately? cheesing George, Bill, etc., wood ducks and mosquitoes, Kim, powerlifting, Kickoff classic, the Outlaw Josey Wales, we'll miss rubbing your head for luck, Clint, "I saw that movie", Papillion, sleeping in at Bulldog, Big Red, nice brochure photo with your partner, the last USMC NFO billet, Mr. decisive, learning to run, and finally...Kim. Steve was always faithful, even to us. If you needed to talk to someone, Steve was always there. It looks like the Navy lost and the Corps got a good man. Thanks and good luck. 6-1.

Antonio Padilla San Jose
Fort Washington, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Barkada, most active member of the Filipino club. San came to USNA via Maryland via NAPS. San said more with one word than anyone could. He made it through Airborne without utilities, one-way was the only way. You always got the best haircuts from Dad, didn't you? Bumpin' Go Go Fresh, the only pistol captain to shoot straight when he couldn't see straight. Remember, YP commodore, Madani - your buddy, your favorite singers - Lionel and Barely Manenough, Flip, sole victor of the W Wars, tapeball maniac, you are the cool, steely-eyed, professional, no cap, no mug, but a real nice license plate, no Vice without your youngster wardroom, the Redskins, Becky, never take Army week phone calls, real nice red truck, Trig, late night studying award winner, and getting kicked off the bridge during the comearound cruise, "Oh Baby You." San got here the hard way and overcame all the obstacles thrown in his path. We always knew you'd make it through. Hope your career is everything your first-class cruise wasn't. We like red, too. 6-1.

Kent Raymond Schrader
York, Nebraska
Navy Pilot

Kent came to USNA from the proud state of Nebraska. A true Cornhusker fan, his lack of enthusiasm (and ability) for learning Plebe rates can be easily understood. By first semester plebe year Kent had already built a name for himself. He set a new 14th CO. record by spending nearly 2 weeks on a single newspaper article with his favorite 2/C. Youngster year saw the tremendous luck of the 'Schrade', as he juggled six girlfriends at one time. After debating whether or not to bring out his 'vette, (he didn't want to put any miles on it), Kent brought out the infamous '76 Ford Landyacht equipped w/ 7-foot hood and AM radio. 2/C year saw Kent settle down for a little more commitment, and hit the books. Though he studied hard, Kent was always one to give a much needed word of advice. Kent's dry sense of humor and easy-going style served to lighten those dark ages, (though he was once known to put John F's head through his rack springs). Lastly, Kent's knack for setting up blind dates was incredible, 'stunning', yeah right! Good luck at P-Cola, hope you get that jet. -JBF

Mark Gregory Schrecker
Chester, Maryland
Marine Corps Pilot

Schreck fulfilled a lifelong dream of crossing the Bay Bridge to attend the Naval Academy. 2/C year he joined the elite ranks of Vette owners, unfortunately it only worked on Sundays. "I think I'm going to sell it." He had his hands full in Franny O's on his 21st birthday. Alway's accepting a challenge and his restriction record shows it, but you're still 2nd. Remember?... probably not but here goes, napkin lists, "MC, I'm one beer ahead of you," climbing the tower in Autec, beer muscles, beer goggles, fat parties at your house thanks to Ray, rail dancing in Cancun, Beaker banging heads against the wall or were you just in there by yourself?, "Hey, that beer will kill the grass," nice doo rags, the stylin' haircut by MC, the Stones and the Dead, intramural stats, airborne & bulldog motivated, Marine Corps Marathon, will you ever get a 30 hour wardroom week? Schreck, we owe you and your family for a lot of good times. Thanks for being 25th's home away from home. The Marine Corps is lucky to get such a great person as a pilot. For all you do, this Bud's for you . 6-1.

Lynne Marie Smith
Tulsa, Oklahoma
Surface Warfare

Lynne majored in political science and hurdling at USNA. Despite the blocks, she proved a positive, generous roommate with whom I've had the good fortune to live with. She has developed efficient methods of communicating at the academy, and I'm sure she would agree that "no one can possibly achieve any real and lasting success...by being a conformist." Lynne was a varsity swimmer and a damn fine aerobics instructor while she was here. A disciplined academian and athlete, she got me up on many a dark morning to earn my breakfast. Also an avid cleaner when she gets bored, I never minded a freshly-waxed floor at odd hours. Lynne is off to San Diego surface-line--Right Full Rudder!--by her motivated choice. I conclude with my deepest gratitude for such a fine education in friendship and a quote from Eleanor Roosevelt: "You gain strength, courage, and confidence by every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face...You must do the thing which you think you cannot do." Lynne always does..CNB

Timothy Blair Smith
Salt Lake City, Utah
Navy Pilot

Smitty gave up "the greatest snow on earth" for the good life in the NAV. Want a party, he's the man. No one's cookie care package was safe around Tim. Sugar affected him more than firewater influenced any man. He never seemed to have any money, except when the whip was cracked and it was time to go home to Mindy. Remember, Dondi, "When I say blue", Lumberjacks, "redrum", WWF, hairpiece - maybe? fireballs, the running man, partying in bars, midnight curfew, Tim Morrison and the Stones, collages, NL stud, BSK w/ T, brigade squash champion or not?, cheap WEs at Troy's uncles, the wallet and the crowbar, get a real major and afternoon classes, blood rep, the best Mr. Pep 25 ever had, How many wives can you really have? "Goldfinger", save the whales, Fletch, Raising Arizona, patience? "Time to go to bed guys!", Mr. Vice, Rotc Rod's rankings, 4-yr diet: running & cookies. You're the man who made the dining-in work. Tim could always bring life into everything, even Navy Football. Smitty, 25's best supporter, always kept our spirits up. See ya in San Diego, Rick, maybe not. 6-1.

Douglas Patrick Sullivan
Baltimore, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Doug made the long treck down highway 695 to attain his lifelong dream of becoming a midshipman. One must wonder if he had any prior experience in acrobatics, as his four years at the boat school were a highwire act that made the Flying Wallendas look like a cheap sideshow. He always managed to stay one step ahead of the wolves, however. Even those who never met him had heard of the infamous "Sully". We will always remember the rapper turned country, Hacky Sack, Ice-T, The Racing Form, late-night cards (Pete Rose has nothing on you, buddy!), the all-nighters, nightly visits to the Library(?), Joy and Pain, the chronic crutches, personalized parking, tape ball, getting "pillaged" ("They were like a pack of dogs!"); Sully's Fish Market, the O's, and the lightning paper production. Even though people always acted surprised to see you at the start of each new semester, your sense of humor and infectious laugh kept everybody going. You are a true Bigman. May all your up cards be aces, your dice come up 7's, and your horses break hard from the gate and pull away to victory. 6-1.

26th COMPANY

Raymond Mario Tortorelli
Mt. Ephraim, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

The Italian Stallion - our Little Mobster. After 22 years as a gigolo, Rayorelli has finally found his better half - the only half worth keeping! Good Luck, Dawn! Anything proposed on stage has to last forever; it's so perfect it's disgusting. (Shut up, roomie!) But we remember his glory days (sell your little black book - don't let it go to waste!): A roll in the hay on Tina . . . Ok, you like Maryland crabs, but what about the ones from Jersey?!? Delaware Girls - behind them all the way . . . "Hey, Craig, is this green thing bad?" "I don't remember blacking out." (Which time?) How many dances, and girls? 18+, count the pictures! 100-watt walkman, private practice room, Stevie Ray Tortorelli - plays it behind the back for 'Vintage'. From being the madhouse psychologist for every plebe in Good Times 10 (Thanks, Ray), thru 2 sailing cruises, and a quiet? firstie year with the Ball-and-Chain, what a long strange trip it's been! We're all happy he got Aviation - he's too dangerous on the road! And, please, no more Phi Moos! Crazy Train!! TA, EL, KN, CF

Laurie Susan Wood
Philipsburg, Pennsylvania
Civil Engineer Corps

On her second try, Laurie finally found a leg to stand on and hit Annapolis limping. She took plebe year in Slack 6 well with the 1/c rants and sour milk that went along with it. Behind the scenes was Catholic Choir-the best way to raise hell-with trips to NY and New Orleans most memorable. Youngster year was rough with EE, but Lud and Aimee's trip to France broke up the year with good wine and charming Frenchmen. Two Five brought some familiar faces and a lot of rude dogs to keep things interesting. Vacations home always helped Lud over the years; a little beer, cheese, music, and conversation around the kitchen table always put things back in perspective. Kate and Tom were there for support as well. A little back-cracking always helped too, huh? Lud was rapelled by the marines during 2/c summer, and 1/c year brought CCship and CEC. Lud was the only CC of her kind first semester, and she showed'em all again. (what a stud!) Frequent trips to the O-club kept her ever near a beer (o'course). So, cheers, Lud, from me and the whole Wood gang. You're one in a million. ILY-Joe

Frank Eric Johnston
Omaha, Nebraska
Marine Corps

Robert Edward Beauchamp

Douglassville, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

How do I describe Rob? Completely unpredictable, an instigator of so many adventures. I met Rob youngster year and asked him if he wanted to room together-if I only knew what that meant. The DJ, the mixmaster, any and all music."You like this, Mike?"-No. Don't ever argue with Rob. He's right only because I can never figure out where he's wrong. What great trouble we've gotten ourselves into. Has your mom forgiven me yet? Ocean City-watch out for big women under trailers. THE ZUK! Paddleball in the halls-did we ever study? You, John and I made movies worthwhile. Hey, that's tobasco! Was our room ever clean? Did you ever get along with a roommate? Biker Week-was that fun? Senior year, yeah, you can finally park on the yard, or can you? As far as you know! What was it, six? Frisbee in our backyard. A great thing about Rob, he was always there for you, whether you wanted him or not. Deep down, a true friend. Good luck, never look at the camera, and always keep a disc ready. You'll do well, believe it. MDM

Michael Kenneth Bice

Appleton, Wisconsin
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Mike 'Biceman' Bice left America's Dairyland to come to USNA. He joined Track in trade for team tables lettering youngster year. Big Al, stress fractures, and a Ford pick-up flat-foot slowed his running. His 2/c summer fun started as supp(o) on the YP's concerned with 'hot butter', pudding, and (kul)bits of chocolate. Spring break 2/c year took place on the cold, windy shores of Clearwater, Florida with Brian and Lono and playing volleyball and burrowing into the sand to avoid seagulls and the cold. The MOON shined brightly amidst the golden showers. His 1/c spring break moment (MTV) was highlighted by Lisa, Varsity; Karla, JV; Grandpa Munster at the Coliseum; pen hangups, sand castles, ultimate warriors, man-eating trash cans, and Bart (don't have a cow, man). "I look good in anything." Unsat 1/c yr 2nd sem. for first time = EE major. Lobster boy = drinking; the Smiths--progressive, alternative, what's it called? Good luck in Nuke School, haze gray and STILL underway. Enjoy the women, and remember the code of the ultimate warrior. -- MKH

Paul Andrew Cannon

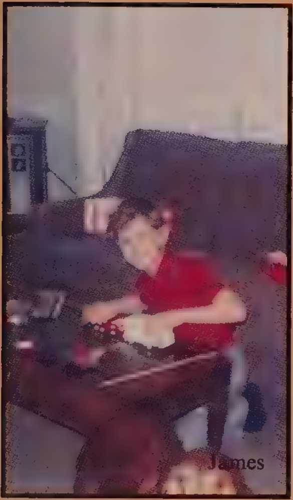
Merion, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

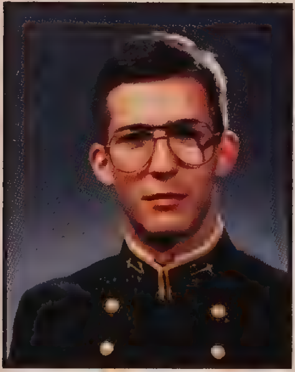
Canyon came from Merion PA,second in size only to Berwick, leaving behind ming and wheepee.A lax player by trade,he left the team after travelling the wrong way on the ladder of success,no thanks coach! Peanut,The Major,and Canyon learned T-Court formations the hard way--w/walkmans on in the rack!26 was a serious change from 22 thanks to a man named Wheels who always tried but never caught Paul,not even for reveille!3/C year taught him the Vous and how to sleep on steam grates & in women's restrooms.Trinity & Liberty!that's what he's fighting for.2/C year Paul ran into the law(or was it away from it?).Regs kept the fairer sex out of the Hall,not Paul--2 months in Smoke he got for them.1st day off,yup more girls in the Hall. DOD stickers on his car behind Halsey--busted--back to Smoke Hall.1/C year Paul moved down the shaft w/the little man.Natural Light,retinas,Daytona,fat girls and hanging w/Shlong and Pipes.Paul came to USNA to fly,yes poly-sci do or die.To P-cola he'll go definitely one of the most stable memebers of the crew.Well Mrs. C,he made it!?JD+RB

James Alexander Carroll

Springfield, Virginia
Navy Pilot

James, Jim, Gilligan. Jimbo, fortunate to be a Virginia boy, but soon to pledge allegiance to the Florida state flag, certainly came to the Academy with a most open mind. At one time or another, he convinced himself (and his roommates) why he was perfectly cut out for service in nuke subs, SWO, SEALS, Marine Recon, Marine Air, and finally, Navy Air. With a penchant for bad movies and berry coolers, Jim (call me James) is the only member of the class to stand in a female pop star's Apt and not think impure thoughts. But that's ELECTRIC JAMES for you. Now he's off as a flyboy to P-cola - I know I don't have to wish him luck(cause he'll be the best) and I won't tell him not to party too hard(cause he doesn't know how to) Seriously, the same drive and determination which carried him through Systems E, Rocket's Thermo (What does this all mean?), Dynamics, EcoGeo, etc, will lead you far down your road to success in life. Because you tried so hard in everything, we both succeeded-thanks for teaching me a thing or two about life. JBM





Peter Andrew Charles
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Pete, the P---- Machinist, made his way to NAPS from Philadelphia Naval Hospital in a Saab named Frieda. He soon acquired the name "Old Man" not just for his age. At USNA he found plenty to occupy his time. Being Dr. Electrode for the fencing team won him a varsity letter. Now he spends most of his time at WRNV. Anything electronic turns him on; how could anyone get an "A" in EE and fail a majors course? But the major was chemistry. If you do find him in the room, he will be in front of a computer game. One of only two left from the Bruce club, he knows well the phrase "Drop 10 and punt." Youngster year brought him some new friends. By the way, Pete, doesn't your favorite former roommate still owe you money? Later he spent some time having fun in the sun with Major G. Since sailing means about as much to him as breathing, he can't leave CSTS even after graduation. If he can't find a way to put a sail on that Spruance, he'll probably rewire CIC. Good luck! HAM

Joseph William Daugherty
Orinda, California
Navy Pilot

Joe Cool came to USNA from "beautiful" Orinda, Ca. after serving a year in the Army Reserve(although we are still not sure we believe that).During plebe yr in Skate8 Joe earned the respect of his 2/c for his amazing"sea lawyer" abilities & requesting a/c in his room plebe summer.Cookie&Jax were there for moral support. In BSTS Dogger's run-ins w/conduct became legendary.The Little Man earned his Black"N" in the meatwagons of Fairfax Co. & at Gate 3 having trouble w/the Marine OOW Being "the man to find out" helped Joe w/volleyball players in the cemetary.1/c yr found Joe w/the top down in his "mighty red machine". The Dogger est. himself as the man w/the pipes, for which he was constantly piped.He was also known for his Daughertyisms("Holy Cow-","Can ya believe it","Outstanding","My Littles itch") & his bar pick-up line,"Did you know I fly F-14s?" Daytona topped off the year for Snake (beer bongs,bottle rockets & balcony banishment).Now Pipes Alishia is headed for P-Cola to really become a pilot. Be Cool & don't fly like you drive! PC

James Henry Delaney Jr
Williamstown, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Jimbo! Jimmi D. James H. Delaney, Jr. 901776. An American hero. One of the few left on this beautiful earth. The man, the myth, the legend. No.1 in his high school class, gotta love Jersey. Unique in every way. A ladies man, or at least that's what the women in uniform will tell you. Many a time did he turn down a civilian to spend a few moments with a Bancroft mate. Honor? What has the world come to? Four stripes and life in the fast lane. Friends? Sully, Kermit, Matt C., George D., Tony M. and good 'ol mom. Roommates? How many different ones did you have? Everybody loves him, well, at least the female mids. Knows 'em all by their first name. Tact? Certainly questionable when he speaks his mind-probably one of his best qualities. He'd give you the shirt off his back - no kidding. Man of many talents, especially in athletics. There's no one like him in the world, well, maybe his brother (Class of 95?). Be careful where you drop those bombs. Might be a snake in the grass. Thanks for being my best man. His biggest contribution: "Carpe Diem and '93" --Rudd--

Mark Joseph Fiori
Santa Rosa, California
Surface Warfare

Fiorious came, He saw, He struggled the whole way. PeeWee and Academics never got along well at all. With all the time he devoted to being the best Italian gymnast alive and blow drying his hair, school didn't have a chance. He was our favorite pyromaniac (sorry about that 3000 series) and SEAL-...what,he went SWO? Naval Reserve? An impressive body, ask him, he'll tell you. Lightfingers Fiori, known for collecting articles from around the room, was obviously linked to his infamous NorCal relatives in thought and act. Driving like Mario Andretti, Marcus found a little extra time to really knuckle down with Mass Media, Eco Sleepo, and Prof Writing, and crank out a respectable QPR during his last semester here. Quite an impressive load for Midn Fiorez. All in all, we wouldn't trade our 3 years with him for the world. He is our friend for life. JBM-JAC

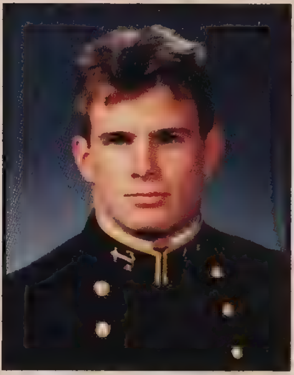
Norman John Freebeck
Alexandria, Louisiana
Submarines

Normbo (Norbo?) and I became roommates because we were 2 of 3 unclaimed 3/c after the move. MA opted for the USNAJC route and bailed out, but old NJ and I decided to play Navy for a few more years. He schooled me on the Saints, Old Charter, country music, the Pepsi hangover cure, Don & Mike and Cajun cooking while always sporting a potent methane cloud. I kept him from breaches of overhead cabinet etiquette, blatent sock abuse, used all his change and kept him entertained with my musical teeth. Remember Catholic meal, fruit salad showers, Mountain Dew Christmas trees, orange toss, super blankets, your one and only crew party, chicken-ala-king and our unified struggle against baggit majors. I reckon we might could've had more fun, but I surely doubt it, y'all. "Nice joog!" "Charge phone?" "Is this seat taken?" "Flyyyyyyyyyyyy baby!" "Chiiiiiiiiiiicks!" Can you believe we'll never get to do another "Dogger?" Thanks for being my best friend. Save me a place in the back row of life's march-on. And, by the way, you were wrong!! CAH (aka Sporto)

Walter Glover Garner
Newport News, Virginia
Medical Corps

Walt came to the academy a man of high ideals and morals. He left the academy with a few scruples. Glover, as we are wont to address him, has proven himself to have a true interest in the human body - thus his desire to become a doctor. Congratulations on your appointment to med school! Always a step ahead of his competition, Glover studied anatomy at Fran O'Briens and became a true champion of "hogging." Your "Freddy Kruger" fingers will make you a favorite of all your patients - hope I'm never given a physical by you. In addition, Walt has a way with water - I've never had a cleaner desk, thanks!

Walt has always proven himself to be amiable and likeable, and thus Walt became the natural arbiter of arguments; "not unless you're a f*&%$#@ f@$#&%!" Buster Douglas couldn't have done better. Walt's biggest problems at the Academy centered on remembering where he left his friends (remember the 7-11). You've been a great friend and true gentleman. The best for you -NJF,CAH SCS,SSW,DAM,GRO,DSG,DPS LDFH.



Jeffrey Martin Grimes
Fern Creek, Kentucky
Submarines

The year was placed into his hands with the assumption that everything would be fine. Hmm, let's see. (NAPS, Round 1) What is he saying? Is that a word? In an attempt to extend his stay, a devious accident made him MC 2 (NAPS, Round 2 of course) No sense rushing around when your chit is signed. 3/c year began with a yawn, no need for the Stone rack either. 6 hours to go. "Oh,hello sir." Back to NAPS for a keg party or two. Marines all the way, well maybe nuke. Dancing til 3 after the ring dance. The boys went their separate ways. The academic guru; don't worry about it. The return to an upside down doorplate.

Darrin Shaun Guillory
Jacksonville, Florida
Navy Pilot

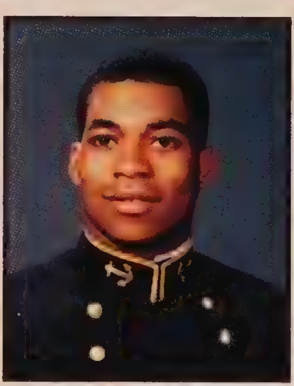
Darpupdogwolfanimal Yup that's my buddy, that's my roommate. Gillpup came to the Boat School with Navy in his blood and Air in the back of his mind. Our hatred is longstanding:Plebs S. camping out4my mistake 8thCo-:Cleary&Chow "No sir I can't do any better!" Kuzi/The Dogs showed us the lighter side of being here(staying) SumSchol&Monchichi, Youngster year,Big Stix, Dogger,Gil&me The Shaft A/N and a hell of a way to start drinking:151 and Bob w/his mop. New maj The small irate man. Our roommate's in Jail!? 2/C yr-roomies, little warrior, + leadership. Get closer to the window, Cindy-Arrrggghhh Last&2ndto 1/C yr surprises: Did you see who lives next door? and Guess who's in my squad? A/N waterfall (thanks Doc) NYC speed tour. Its closed? We can't...LET'S GO! This is the year of.: Shot4shot w/Spartacus-bad thing. 2yrs betw drinks. Good luck (even though it sounds homo) with all that wings of gold stuff. IOU for not kicking me out. Dar, you worried about me more than I worried about myself. Thanks: "After living together all this time, I like rap and you are slime"GRO

Craig Alan Holtslander
Sidney, Ohio
Navy Pilot

Al (aka Sporto, Chowderhead, Do-do-eye) first came to 26 half bald, widget in hand, SSN on towels, receiving alpha-coded mail and singing YODA. Known by many as the Sandman and by himself as Huge. He was always busy: rowing, maintaining Sup's list (or was it Patuik's) in a Real major, reminding us of all those jokes we've tried so hard to forget and working the self-serve didn't leave much time for teeth chatter. In his spare time, he taught me proper sock etiquette, how a clock works, the law of diminishing methane, the purpose of a vacuum cleaner, how to decorate a trash can on his B-day and how to best invest my change. Things he never managed to accomplish include: getting Gesell off Ed, being sent back from Army for a simple "Daah" from the famous back row, getting GDF from the neighbors (Do-nuts?) or joining the Dark Side. But that's OK Sporto, you're Darth Vader to me and Vinman. We had our times of BAM, occasional slam, and a whole lot of fun. I guess 2 out of 3 ain't bad (19 in 7 either). Good luck, Bud. NJF

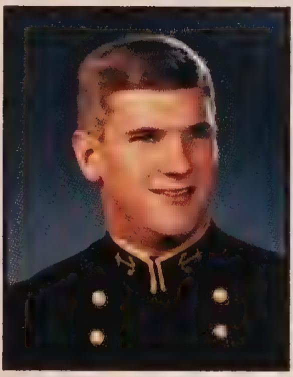
James Willard Hudson
Milltown, Indiana
Surface Warfare

Jim, aka Slim/Hud, traveled the long road through the Naval Academy. After a stint at NAPS, he breezed through plebe year were he studied SKATE 101 and managed to excel to the point of winning a free all expense paid trip around the Mediteranean in dungarees aboard the "Sleek and Deadly Duck." His pursuit of perfection allowed him to join the Class of 90' and Big Stix youngster year, where he felt very much at home for the remaining years together by the bay. His mild mannered appearance led few people to think that Slim had asperations of being the fastest man on three wheels. Yes, the "Three Wheel Bandit" who would prove to all mids that being late for taps because of car trouble was never an excuse. Slim was a dedicated roommate that never left you hanging or without a word of advice. I'd serve, even drive with him anywhere. RSM



Aaron Tyrell Johnson
Troy, Ohio
Supply Corps

Ho-Ho-Ho- Merry X-mas, Ho-J, Ho-A, Ho-AJ, Ho-Johnson, Ho-Cakes-anyway you put it- Ho's gotta eat too! The Boy-Troy-Ohio that is. For a thousand bucks, AJ (or is it Rodney?) would. JD bongs, cops, and bottle rockets don't mix. Big belt buckles, JERRY CURLS(I'm sorry Sta Soft Fro) Wanna Go? THE CREW(-1):(IN MEMORY LARRY-D) Fleet, Rap- Howard, Hood if you Wood; Goucher the Voucher/ I wanna Sing: I FEEL GOOD... ooowooh ABOUT CANDY... Will? Chill? ILLA? COOLEY HIGH? the ROCK? PRUDENTIAL?, above and beyond. York: inverse Oreo's? Napoleon? Nice shot! I introduced the "BULL", you met Molly Ringwald(THE GAS FACE), Yea...h BOY. Nice shoes.
BN the Carpet...Fight the Power, Table 53, 12 strong, G PHI G!! You will meet the JET BEAUTY and you will be a CUE... For Now WE LOVE YOU. GAMMA!!! LD RB DF



Robert Michael Liebe
Mendham, New Jersey
Marine Corps

Liebster, Scholar-rock, Liebs, BOBBIE. The Bea-keeper's smarts and charm allowed him to breeze through plebe year in Sweet 16, trouble free. But as a youngster in 26, all that would change. Rap music became his new hobby, as well as throwing parties, getting 4000's and 4.0s. Things looked good going into 2/c year as he was reelected to the Honor Committee for the third year in a row. After that, all went sour when he came upon Gretchen, got B's once in a while, and filled a trashcan with a 1/2 case of beer. Rugby became his new game but it wasn't half as dangerous as his deadly game with Nicole. Kodak captured him in a prom dress in the summer and the "pack of idiots" in the fall. 1/c year brought 5 stripes as Honor Chairman, not enough to prevent him from winning the pounds per stripe contest. RHIP: The stripes allowed him to spend time at the Sup's. RHIR: he watered the lawn. A bitchin' Camaro, road trips to York, and a Mafia Princess added excitement to his 1/c year. Liebs is going to fly in the Corps, but Wise Potato Chips may lure him away eventually. - ATJ & SDW

Henry

Russell

Michael

David

Russell Steven McCormack
Little Rock, California
Navy Pilot

Russell "Red Dog" McCormack started his career in the NAVY at Great Mistakes. After graduating and going on to Nuke School in Orlando, FL, he realized there was more to life than nuclides and valves and decided he wanted to be a "Zero". People told him he was not intellectual enough to be even a weekend warrior but after a visit to NAPS and three years of Squid U he was suddenly a Trident Scholar and later a mega-striper. Red Dog enjoyed his claim to flame but his fires where suddenly quenched after Spring Break 89' when he came back with a smile on his face. This was only the beginning, numerous road trips of two hours and longer would soon follow. This romance, although strong, was still no match for Red Dog's love of flying so he chose to spend his days in the Navy as an aviator.

Michael Duffy Megeath
Franklin, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

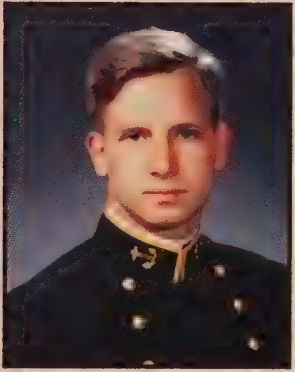
McGrath, no its Megeath. Quiet Man, Duffy, The Sleeper. Just a friendly Irish boy from Western Pennsylvania; Mike came to swim for Lou, but found, like so many others, that one year was enough! Rowed for a year then studied for a summer! I don't want to do that, well, kind of, sort of, OK, all right, let's do it, Never tickle my feet. Halloween-We did what? I was where? Where's my jeep? Pig! Tabasco water. It's good to be SAT. Where's Mike? Check Smoke Hall. But it's 0100!? A genius on the NATS computer-ask Eugene. Soccer balls in the Severn, watch out, its colder than it looks. Judy and Chan's. Bremerton is getting a hard worker, who will make the best of whatever he gets. NYC's Father Duffy, whether throwing frisbees, swimming, tackling thermo problems, or chasing women, succeeds thru his quiet, pleasant, confident manner and raw animal magnetism (especially in parking lots). MDM is destined to find one helluva fine ship, and is finally ready, at long last, to settle down. REB JBM

Henry Anthony Miller
Ellisville, Mississippi
Surface Warfare

The YP Stud, I hate women, We're in hot pursuit, CF, the Vette, the Regal, the Z28, and finally a real car (except it's a truck). Coming from a backwards town in the backwoods on the backside of Mississippi (pronounced Mis-sippi) Tony soon resolved to do as little as possible to get thru the Academy. I guess he got it from living with Stukes. After all, 3 people living in a broom closet isn't so bad. Youngster year brought several new friends for Tony, foremost was his closest friend... his rack; followed by Deena. You want to transfer from English to what? Life as an Oceanographer was so strenuous Tony soon retired to the rack, getting up only often enough to get his Small Craft Qual. Firsties with 3 men in a broom closet, again. Appliances. Discovery of a kindred spirit and discussions till the wee hours usually ending in "OK Tony, you're right, goodnight!" And finally, sweet release. Good Luck. Give us the look that goes with the bird just one more time. PAC

David Anthony Mitchell
Newburgh, New York
Surface Warfare

Dave, AKA Crank, hails from the state of New York. Never lacking a command voice, Dave split many an eardrum with his formation announcements. Although Dave learned to like the South and he even says "y'all," the New Yorker in him will never be subdued. A favorite pasttime of his was to bounce down the hall, squinting and pecking at plebes like a chicken. It will always be a wonder how he and Stacey and Walt ever lived together. Dave never spent too much time at his sponsor's house, especially after he joined cheerleaders anonymous. Chris' Charcoal Pit proved to be one Dave's best friends in Annapolis, along with Hechts. Did he ever pay off his Hechts' card? Always tough, Dave rarely complained (or whined or moaned). Oh, yeah, how's your foot? Waaah! Stacey looks forward to another night of three man and Craig wants to know if you can play that with tequila. Yes, it is the Lark Bunting. Best of luck and Happy Hunting in S.D. Swo-Dog! JWF, SCS, SSW

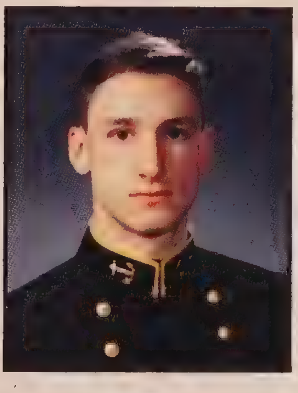


John Burton Mustin
Alexandria, Virginia
Surface Warfare

From day one, we all knew John was a man to be reckoned with. It started with, "By the way, there's only one two-man room, and as long as nobody minds, Russ and I already put our stuff in it. And, yes, I'd love to be the company commander, thank you." His never wavering confidence will take him far. It did for FOUR other generations of Academy Mustins, why not him, too? Well, Moose turned out to be a great guy. He would have been a better guy had he gone English or History, his real loves. Systems E? Nobody will ever know why. Fortunately this never distracted JB from applying himself (Thermo-I,F,C) to more worthwhile endeavors. UVA, Foxfield, Old Towne, REM, packing a Momma-D on ANCC's middle nine, Good Morning America, "speeding with the top down" and a particular Halloween (You still remain conveniently unidentified) spark great memories. "He who does not live beyond his means does not live." When the going got tough, John found a party. Where ever JB is, that's where the party is, Martinis and Moosehead. You, Old Man, have taught me a lot about life. Thank you. JAC MDM

Jeffrey Jon Naglestad
Eau Claire, Wisconsin
Submarines

Jeffrey Naglestad, but all knew him as SNAG. Some called him "The Mole" and others believed he could possibly be the son of Dracula. I, myself have called him other names over the years that I dare not mention here. When I first met him I found out that he was a graduate of 2 schools that I had never heard of, NMMI & NADSAP. It was educational for him. I've been through the stages with him, first it was dip, then it was coffee, and now its still coffee. A true sailing man. Now he's off to a GLOWING future & a full life of eating rice. MAU MAU! Take care good buddy and live a happy life. JMG.

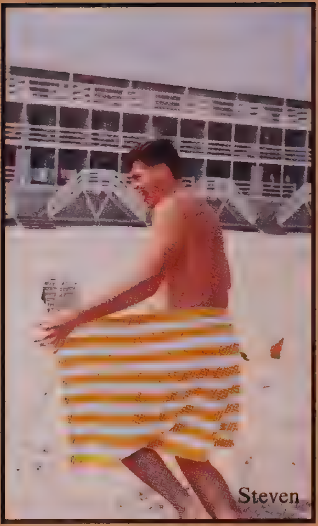


Gary Robert Owens
Yorktown, New York
Marine Corps

PlebeSum-mail by moonlight & ubiquitous 0; ParentWkd & camping out. Coop & Cleary intensified (pins). The Ham had a way w/women (Chrises), comedy, and profs. Best 3 yrs in the shaft w/this legendary cult figure has warped me for life: A/N 3/C & 1/C yrs, Cremora; E-mail; D&B; 1/C X-mas present-"It isn't wrong if you don't get caught." Always the center of attention, lizard was known by all & wanted by HRC ("shave your back"). From FMF to the Navy Academy, Gardog strived to be SAT by "studying what the profs would assign if they were teaching practicality." Never outdone comically, Garpup annually got the 1st brick (gooney-googoo); rapport w/youngsters-snakes!, "I could"; classmates (nICE); sponsors - dock, shower, squad party. Can't forget nametags, 3D, St.J's, or ServSelNight (massage). Best roomie, w/24hr comedy & endless energy. Bulldog-Ungh?. USMC never saw a devildog so cavalier or funny (You're cool/We're funny!). This hyperactive gungepup is proof that life is stranger than fiction. The FMF needs more like you (beige, I think;-). Keep 'em in stitches Gardog. DSG

David Patrick Sanders
Pasadena, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Psycho came to the Academy as a gungho Marine and had difficulty adjusting to the Naval Academy summer camp. Unfortunately, Pat was not quite as adept socially as he was militarily. Youngster year found him spending many a Saturday night in the rack after an eventful escapade in town. Once Pat learned polysyllabic speech again, he started picking up on the fairer sex (but not always the fairer ones). Being a natural eclectic, he decided to sample the best of the "professions" menu (Robocop, a nanny, and a teacher). He tried to keep his Bancroft adventures a secret (Watch out for falling LIZARD), but his recon skills have always been an embarrassment to the Corps. Something Psycho must have realized because he prudently opted for Navy air. Pat, we knew you had mellowed out but P-3's is a little too much. That chain must be getting too heavy for you. A word of advice, though, Navy pilots don't have high n' tights. Congrats, Pat, and best wishes as an airedale! WGG, DAM, SCS, SW, LDFH, GRO & DSG



Steven

Stacey

Stephen

27th COMPANY

Stephen Craig Schwartz
Santa Rosa, California
Navy Pilot

Craig's not in now, can I take a message? Bermuda had an ancestor who was burned at the stake, hence his 906660 alpha code. An NRA member in Cali, he's really from Jersey. One could always find Craig racking, reading his aviation books again, or racking. He exercised 3X a semester because it was scheduled. Remember, avoid sucking head wounds. Go Niners! Joe is a God, Jim's my idol. She's an iceberg! Thanks to Pat's Rochambeau, your room stunk for a semester. What's in the tang? It is the Lark Bunting. Batt Ops, 6-0, Easter at Pawley's, weekend in D.C., that beautiful girl of yours, Wendy, Black Cat. Getting close to the stall at the Stabls', Jose Cuervo at Army. Up the middle, punt! We, couuuld! Good luck, Craig! Fly fast and furious! DAM, SSW, JWF.

Stacey Scott Whitehead
Gulf Breeze, Florida
Navy Pilot

Stacey, otherwise known as Speedy, Spacey, or the Love Broker, came to USNA from Ocean Hurricane, Florida. With all of the UFO problems in his hometown, it is no wonder that he dreams of being an astronaut. He's already out there. A devout follower of Navy Football, Stacey started out playing 150's before moving on to frisbee. It's the fastest that you'll ever see him move. He always wanted to go Navy Air, especially after his aviation cruise on the Vulcan. Which carrier is that, Wheat? Stacey as a new youngster: "What time is Evening Meal Formation?" The cubicle, his wonderful guitar playing(sans voice), Plebe Summer, Worms!, Racking, the smoking green beast. Congrats on the Marathon! Maybe one day you'll keep up with Dave! Yes, it is the Lark Bunting. Congrats on Service Selection, you got S-3's!! You're a great guy, but we'll always give you hell. See you in P-Cola, Bud! Ten seconds Stacey and we are LEAVING. Don't move too fast! SCS, DAM, JWF.

Steven Douglas Williams
Berwick, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Dicky La More, Monty Holmes TATES (Ding Dang no Doubt). He came from BERWICK, not across the river, to be a football star. Berwick taught him to be proud of his littles, so proud it left a hand print on his face in York. 1st trip to UofM was nice, but sleeping w/Paul on a steam grate wasn't his idea of a good time. 2/C summer, Sue Chila was a nice girl, at least Wheels thought so. Daytona I, he successfully pulled a BUD label & came w/sand in his pants, that time it didn't get away. 1/C summer...Savannah,GA...the 1st one said "no way", in his room the 2nd said "yeah him", he said "who me", & the police said "Yeah you, book'em". Daytona II, Devereaux & the Canadians. TAG TEAM W/VAL, the Congressman's son avoided jail, but as a lawyer's son he couldn't avoid EVICTION...Beach Pipes, beating on little pipes. Napolean was famous for the hand in the jacket w/his goods, Dicky keeps his hand on his goods too.ATJRML

Melissa

Monty

Philip

Monty Gerald Ashliman
Hudson, Colorado
Naval Flight Officer

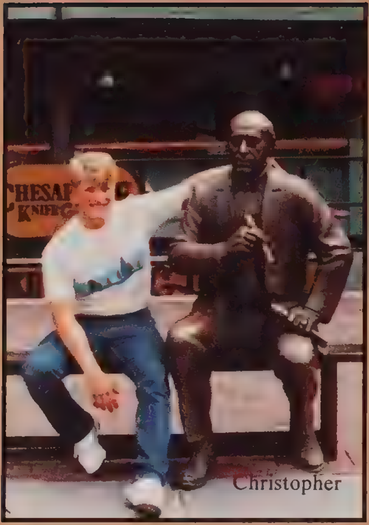
Monty "Sweet Chuck" Ashliman came to Navy from the great metropolis of Hudson, Colorado. He spent his first year in the 13th Company and then was scrambled to 27 where I met him. Monty recieved a scholarship to Navy as a running back on the 150 pound football team. It was on 150's where Monty received his "Sweet Chuck" nickname. After a couple games of losing the handle on the ball, RJ renamed Monty to Sweet Chuck...Boom! Monty's return trip to Navy after 2/c summer is not one of his fondest memories. It seems that Monty did not bag his limit on deer that year, so he used his '66 Nova SS on I-70 to get his deer. Over 1/c summer's plebe detail we were lucky enough to both be on the same set, and it was at this time, with the help of 2/c M.C., that Monty found out how much of a Mad Dog he could be: "row-row-row your boat..." First Class year hit with a bang. Monty decided to drop from the ranks of bachelorhood. His highschool sweetheart got a hold of his heart. Monty & Rhonda--Best of luck to the both of you, and remember that Orlando isn't that far from P-cola--PJB

Philip James Beckman
Ottawa, Ohio
Submarines

Phil joined us here at USNA from The Buckeye State. During 4/C year at Boat School, "Wally" was introduced to one of his best friends, the Z-248 (Hmmm...Tik-tik-tik). I met Phil one year later when we were both thrown into the 27th Co. 3/C year he found out (actually we all did) that his new computer program could solve 5 equations with 5 unknowns (now is that in theory or reality?). Phil, being the physical stud that he is, was always the one to get us motivated to PT. "Hey, do you do sit-ups everyday?" Phil was so conscientous about his health that he wouldn't join the rest of us to watch TV. "I don't want to watch Hill St. Blues, it makes me sick!" 1/C summer we were both lucky enough to do plebe detail together. Here he became known as M.D. (is that for medic or that fine white wine Mad Dog 20/20?). Maybe one day we'll own Mum's-...Lock it up! 1/C year brought Phil even more success. What's new! It also brought about our final P.E. tests. Phew! "Does anyone have a smoke?" Phil, I can't count the number of times you saved me. Thanks! Take care and keep in touch. MGA

Melissa Marie Bowers
Gathersburg, Maryland
Aviation Maintenance Duty Officer

Miss Missy Bowers came to us from Gathersburg, Md, a grueling one hour drive from USNA. She landed in 10th Company, where she spent a wonderful plebe year. Youngster year brought her to 27th Company and she soon excelled in many things. YP pier landings in NS252 were her specialty (the seawall is still crushed.) She drives a car as well as she did YPs. Where is Tak's antenna, or Ian's rabbit? Oops, blame the snow. First class cruise took her to Hawaii, where she spent much time out at sea. While on Plebe Detail, the "voluptuous" Ms. Bowers had to fend plebes off left and right. After that harrowing experience, she received her first Command. 5th Batt, to be exact, was hers 1st semester 1/c year. She was the short Battalion Commander whose voice cracked during the Homecoming Parade. She must have been hooted that day. MIR second semester. What a demotion. What up? Lazy! Can't be. Her dedication and determination, shown during Lent, proved that. Oh well. Now it's onward to the fleet for the spunky sandblower. Good luck and fix my car. TAK, Whit



Putnam Huntington Browne
Piedmont, California
Navy Pilot

Country Club Put came to USNA from the Bay Area via NWPS, SFSU, and NAPS. Being of legal drinking age by March of his plebe year and having Becky living just down Route 2, Put was able to enjoy 4/c year a little more than most of us. After surviving the bulletin board scandal of 12th co. plebe year, Put arrived in 27th 3/c year. 2/c year brought us the Appliance Room down Sleepy Hollow. 2/c year also brought Put transportation in the form of a lovely orange Saab. Why a used Saab? To see Becky, of course, who is now at Gettysburg. After a summer with Brain Dead, Put arrived 1/c year with a new Mustang convertible capable of making the Gettysburg voyage in under 60 minutes. A member of the heavyweight crew team since plebe year, Put endured his fair share of abuse both at practices and at the annual Drink One Wear One parties until he lettered 2/c year. Put survived this place as a Systems Major with perfect vision and is now ready to fly Navy Air. Good Luck! CUKE

Neil Vincent Cucuzzella
Ellicott City, Maryland
Submarines

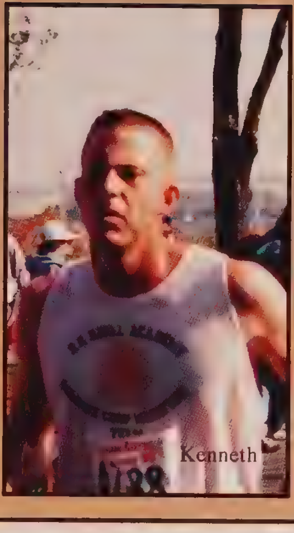
Neil traveled nearly halfway across Maryland to join us at this fine institution on the Severn, He came with high hopes of competing as a Navy runner but midway through youngster year his injuries and Coach C. just couldn't get along. Neil made his comeback 1/C year in the Marine Corps Marathon, finishing #1 for the Midn. and qualifying him for the Boston Marathon. Neil and I met 3/C Year when we got thrown together with Big W down Stud Street. Neil taught me that year the most important thing here was to be in bed no later than 11pm (Neil never liked military time). 3/C year Neil earned the nickname Squealer for his continuous verbal disatisfaction of the way this place was run. As 2/C year rolled around, his disgruntled attitude diminished, but the name stuck. One thing that never diminished was his GPA, so close to 4.0 that he also earned the title of Geek. Squeal had many other talents, for example not many people could keep up with him when he got to partying (remember Pizzanos?). Neil, it's been great getting to know you! Good luck! PHB

Christopher John Culver
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Submarines

CJ came from the printing capital of the world, disgusted with the "socialized" city and hoping to make as great an impact as fore fathers. All he found was a bureaucracy, several close friends, and his wooble. The phone was great once it was finally installed, "next week" and, next week is when the new shirt will be returned. But please, don't wait till next week to destroy the Irish Folk Songs or air out the shaft. Seriously, lump, you have been a best friend. Always ready for the 3 am "discussion" or sermon and unfortunately the monthly logsawing. Keep on having "A" weeks and get your own show when they air M-TV. Good Luck in Orlando Chris and we'll be seeing you on our sonar screens. DDH & DMS & MIDN X

Joseph Czopek
Chicago, Illinios
Marine Corps

Joe "Don't Misspell It!" Czopek - AKA Joedog (never pup), Glass Joe, Guiseppe, the Old Man of USNA, the Polish Pony, and several others has truly come into his own at the Academy. Joe's USMC days left him salty ("I was PTing in boot camp before you had..."); but it took three hard years to perfect Joe's unique sense of humor. Joe could always be counted on for his taste in Polkas, insight into the PCR, and his gift of gab. A founding father of the now infamous JBRC, Joe's life has been filled with PT, innumerable trips to the head, the pursuit of an unnamed Goucher woman, and the belittlement of all girlymen. 1989 witnessed the crumbling of the Berlin Wall and the equally impressive pronouncement of Joedog on Supe's List(!?!). But seriously Joe, the last three years have too many memories to list. We've had some good times, some bad times, and a few that really sucked, but it looks like we made it. You are a great roomate and a better friend. The Corps is lucky to get you. -KDG



Kenneth Dale Georgi

Brea, California
Marine Corps

Ken's unique view of life produced such infamous quotes as"why do it today when you can do it tomorrow especially since If you die today it will all be wasted effort anyway.Right!?"In the morning, Ken was always bright-eyed,bushytailed,and filled with several encouraging words for the day.Ken viewed Bancroft life as his chance to share with the world(and roommate)the finer points of sarcasm.Life as a bachelor was convenient("It won't happen to me...")until he was shot down by a certain female shooter,and life was never the same.Motivated by his roommate,he aptly became a"Dog of War"and the world became green thereafter.PTing would be revolutionized when he formed the JBRC and took to the roads and PT fields.A Burke Scholarship and Geek Stars demonstrates that even a Jarhead has his pencil neck side.All stories aside,I could not have found a better roommate than Ken.It's now time to excel in The Big School.-JC

Thomas Richard Gesell

Pocatello, Idaho
Submarines

Rick, from the land of famous potatoes, came to us via Northwestern Prep. and Idaho State. He was known to hold midregs (and the Navy in general) near and dear to his heart. The tie dyes and Grateful Dead are a constant reminder. After spending Plebe year in intense 33rd, Rick gave up leave youngster summer to attend Airborne. Remember the Drink One, Wear One? I don't either. Girls? Easy come, easy go. 90-1 blows. Senior year brought many things...German castles in Austria, the hunt at MCRD and Dos Amigos with PB and Tak, Diet Bud, late night laundry, an hour on the submarine, the beach, more Diet Bud, an hour on the life-cycles, and more Diet Bud. Unsatness - twice, and a blooming of his mechanical skills. What was it, $2000 damage to the 944? Duh? Brain Dead. Nuke. "What did I get myself into?" They'll never let you go. Good luck & don't forget capitalism. RJR, Tak, Whit, PB.

David Williams Haas

Boulder, Colorado
Surface Warfare

David "Can I borrow your..." Haas came to USNA from the Rocky Mountain State. I first met Dave during our youngster year when we both joined the 27th Street Gang. We went through a variety of roomates since that time ranging from a talkative geek to a surfer from the best state in the Union(of course ya'll know I'm talking about Florida, dude.) Anyway, Dave and I managed to stick together although some of my personal possessions are now his. My only regret is that we couldn't eat lunch out in Crabtown as much as we would've liked to because some mysterious person kept taking his "twenty." When not on the football field breaking plays, the 150 lb. captain was on the streets breaking hearts. I wonder what ever happened to The One? Tracey, Nancy, Darea (remember the Gazebo?), Melissa, Shelby, Stacey, Heather (I have her calling card number, do you want it ?), Donna, and Kim. One of these days he'll find that special person. Good luck, Dave! Remember, UNDERWAY IS THE ONLY WAY. -HLR.

David Darin Hebert

Rockwood, Michigan
Surface Warfare

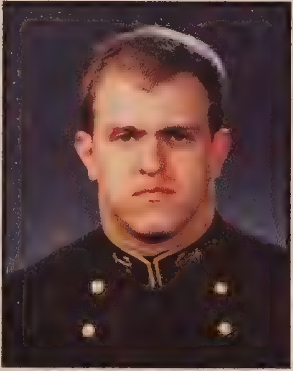
From his little world of Rockwood, Michigan, Dave came to USNA with dreams of glory and success. He had visions of doing and becoming everything the world placed at his feet. A Marine? An NFO? An Engineer? We found that the swimming pool at Quantico (Quiggley) was a bit small, and the weekly haircuts didn't give him that GQ look. As an NFO, Dave found the weather and the social life in the Officer's club better, but realized that being cramped in the back seat (of an RX-7!) was not fun. As for being a Mechanical Engineer... Along the way, Dave made some grand plans to meet the right women, yet could never quite get it all together. Never did leave the Continent; (Passport?) And I always said married and engaged women were not his kind. What happened on (or to) all those blind dates I set you up with? The lessons he did learn were lessons of experience; Never date ugly women, don't play with complex bicycles, wear sunblock, and never throw masking tape. We never got to do all the things we planned, but we sure made some memories. I'm glad we're best friends. H(NMN)R

William

Willis

Timothy

Robert



Willis Eugene Herweyer
Bahama, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

Willis came to the Naval Academy from Bahama, North Carolina. Weighing roughly 230 pounds on I day, he looked more like a battleship than a plebe. He started out as a football player and eventually gave up that miserable frustrating experience to become captain of the Naval Academy powerlifting team. As Willis was a busy athelete, I had little time to get to know Willis until 2/c year. I tried to set him up with lovely Lisa, but his table manners, thining hair, and overall charming good looks were too much for her. Then a real woman came along! Stephanie and Willis went to the ring dance and ever since it has been the best. Long letters and telephone calls kept Stephanie interested. Or was it something else? In 27th Company Willis will always be remembered for his soft spoken, easy going personality! Occassionally, he has chased people out of their rooms,and knocked out a few teeth. But, he did spare Rob's life after Rob's joy ride in his 300ZX. Willis,I wish you the best of luck in PCola and in the rest of your future. I also hope they find a flight jacket to fit you.

William Joseph Kuzmick
Tampa, Florida
Navy Pilot

Willy Joe Kooz-mack; Pig pen; Chairman of the Boards. Bill, call Chris. Multiple Ac-boards. Class is mandatory? I was there! That brutally painful toe and no mile and 1/2 three semesters in a row. Call Chris tonite. Communist plebes and a beautiful squad leader-"I think he's gonna be last." Running off roomies- Ying/yang. The PELT. What is that thing on his face? Valentine cards to our ladies. You're not a good dude, yeh yeh yeh. Call Chris, it's important. I'll call her tomorrow... #1 victim of Jerriatrics-"He did it again." It all comes out in the wash. Road trippin' with those stupid masks."Grow up guys." Chicks were diggin' this hat. Nice beard. I think we're just gonna get tanked. No way! Serious gatin' at the trailer; Bill will eat whatever's left. Nice belly but you lose to Duck by an outie. Call Chris no matter how late. Trips to O.C.- passing out on the beach while taking a leak; girls dancing in the bathroom mirror; No Jer, we didn't see ya. Call Chris; she has plane tickets. Time to call her. May your wing men always be as good as they were here! PIE

Robert Morris Lockwood
New Rochelle, New York
Marine Corps Pilot

Rob has come a long way since plebe year, with its drunken weekends at Brads, scamming out of tours, lugey fight with Jimmy, stabbing his roommate McGoof, fifth of J.D. in his locker, and other forms of hedonistic decadence. Now a hard charging member of the Johnny Bulky Running Club, he has completed such manly acts as enough outers to exceed the Geneva Convention restrictions on mind numbing torture and getting a scar from that bayonet fight down in Panama. Life has not been without its difficulties though, as his car seemed to have the lifespan of a doughnut in the clutches of a SWO, not a problem, just borrow Willis', Ooops. Time spent at USNA; unsat for 7 semester, proved interesting, between torching Zinj, Don and the mousetraps, going with Ed to the halfway house for immensly obese women and singing folksongs with Ken. Though his nuke dreams were shattered the first time he looked at a math book, and since SWO didn't seem his thing after sinking the Knockabout, Rob seemed almost destined for Marine Air and will certainly do a fine job. Best of luck, CES,KDG,J.C.

Timothy John Peifley
Whitehall, Pennsylvania
Supply Corps

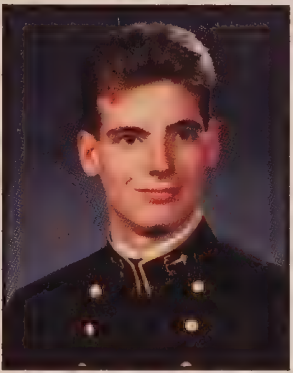
Where the hell is Whitehall, PA? No wonder he left. It's a good thing I didn't know Tim plebe year 'cuz three years was enough trouble: "See MAJ Bacon, ASAP!" "Where we gonna put it for Inspection?" 92STAR. "But it said diesel only!" How 'bout that love triangle: Pie, Sandy, Consuela? We all knew it was Sandy all along. All those damn road trips, culminating with Penn State. We only hit one mailbox! "When did we move the car?" Ocean City, God, he's so burnt. We owned that town. Ring dance; "she loves me, she loves me not." "Didn't set any land speed records, did ya?" And how 'bout Stiff, cut one minute, team captain next. "Christ, Timmy!" "Gimme some of that nose." "Come on $@#&*!s, I gotta game tommorrow." "Must be a keg up there; I've never seen that man move so fast." And how 'bout the Peif's 'gaters. "Wait till he closes the door, then we'll tip it over." "Baseball, wait no, SLE." "And if that *&#$! comes back in here, I'm gonna throw this baseball at her!" As long as Tim has a beer and ESPN, he'll be happy. To a great roommate and a good friend. This Bud's for you. WJK

Raymond Joseph Roberts
Bay Shore, New York
Surface Warfare

R.J. from Long (with a G) I-Land. #22. The Ice-man. The dude with the aggressive behavior patterns. Ray had to go to prep school (NAPS), but then who didn't? The Lax coach didn't always see in R.J. what some of us did, until senior year, anyway. Then he got to prove that he has the right attitude. Ray wasn't one to study too much - if it wasn't due the next day, he didn't have homework. He could be a challenging roomate, but I was never sure if his red Chevy could take me or not. I tried to keep the amateur bouncer out of trouble, (sometimes successfully)...at least when I wasn't helping him get into it. He has this ability with women (except for one, who I believe had him more than a little confused...she knows who she is). R.J. earned two varsity letters, one for lacrosse and one for his outstanding ability at creative writing. He finally mastered the fine art of staying barely above 2.0, just in time for the 2.15 rule senior year. Oops. The SWOs don't know what they're getting...yet. Ray: Catch some cool rays and tasty waves in Florida - you know I will. TRG

Hector Luis Rodriguez
Elizabeth, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Hector "The Heater" arrived at USNA via NAPs via two years as an AC in Bermuda. Home is Elizabeth, N.J. (exit 13 for the locals). Going to the 13th company plebe year, Hector distinguished himself as a boxer going to the finals. HEC then chose to become an aerospace engineer...wrong choice. He saw the light and went on to become a Political Scientist. Hec and I met during 3/c summer and were roommates ever since. 3/c year brought a new company and new friends and some different roommates. A geek -"Hey what did you get on the physics test...I got a 98." And who could forget the Surfer from Daytona Beach- "Hey Dude!." 2/c year HEC acquired the name HEATER. "POP ... Hey, Dave hand me the pliers!" Who needed 89's precoms. 1/c year HEC dreamed of a BMW, but settled for a Z24, by the way, where is it? "I know I parked it across the street." Hec set the record for the number of times any car can get hit in the same place. So you're off to be a naval aviator, all I can say is you have been more than a roomate and more than a friend, I'll remember you till the end. DWH



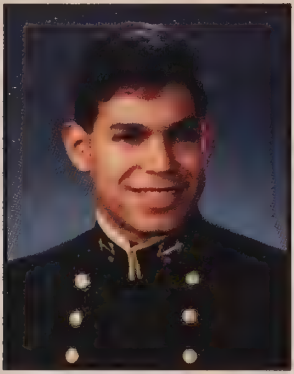
David Michael Sanders
New York, New York
Submarines

"No Dave, it wasn't cocaine, honest." Dave may have been gullible at times but, he's always been friendly - having had more roomates than almost anyone else in the company. Always looking for ways to improve himself or the system. Dave's notable achievements include: sailing, the Marine Corps Marathon, the new and improved PCR, Sandy, Christine, and glass taps boards. A little known fact about Dave is his short acting career (Hint: MOVE YOUR LIPS next time!). Known to have alienated the weak in character, Dave has become one of the best friends we have. We owe the resolution of our "little disagreement" to him. But seriously Dave, don't think that means your no longer game. We both would be hit very hard if we didn't give Sandy her own sentence - so there it was. Have fun down under. CJC & DDH & Mid Y

WRECKE
Conrad

Conrad Edward Sanville
New Smyrna Beach, Florida
Submarines

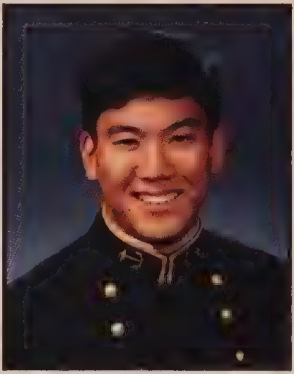
Ed, AKA Conrad, C-RAD, Rad, Edville, Enrique, and BIOK came to us from like Florida dude. Ever the aquatic warrior in a state with no surf, he realized that the casual days ended on I-day. He survived the Stalag, Dodd, Huxhold, and the morning after Schreck's party to find his way to 27. Then the fun began. Marriot, Winstons, the sightseeing excursion on the AUTEC water tower with MS and JS-Smoke Hall, etc. Always a gentleman and forever banned from Mary Washington College, he never let his friends down - "Sure the girls are good looking" - his was, ours were fat! However, when March rolled around, you could always find a crowd at his Spring Break Mecca - the Coliseum, Penrods, Whitehall, waterskiing, beer bongs, the broken nose, bathroom floor, Fahrvergnugen, and Pia & Pam. Let's not forget Philly, Baltimore, Smoke's, Sallie's, Ruth's, "She loves me - She just doesn't know it yet." Homecoming with C&B. Oh, It's over. Later dude. (KJS-32,RML,KDO,JC)



Miguel Ramon Sierra

Honduras
Foreign National

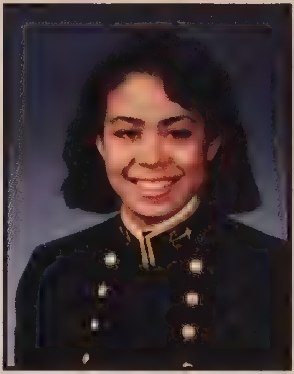
Miguel came to the Naval Academy to become an officer, to party, and to pick up girls. He had to wait a while to party and chase the ladies as plebe year became rather difficult. After Herndon he became friends with every bouncer in Downtown Annapolis. The reason was obvious: How could he pick up girls if he could not get into bars? And so from then on Miguel habitually had a hot date and plenty of cold Coors. He never got tired of boozing. But, then along came Mary, and Hassa felt like king of the world! Baltimore became his home away from home, even marriage crossed his mind! Quite a scare! Rough times kept Miguel from falling into that abyss. Miguel needed more challenges other than academic! He became familiar with Hood, NFCU (Academy Branch), D.C., and surroundings. All who were willing to accept Miguel's fine perspectives about what having a good time was really about was ready for Miguel. It will be a while before he settles down. Miguel, we will miss your charm. Especially me! I wish you the best, you deserve it, and I hope our friendship lasts forever. M.P.



Robert Kent Takesuye

Scottsdale, Arizona
Submarines

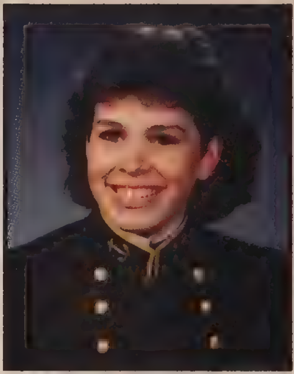
Tak took the long road to USNA, making a short pleasure visit to NAPS along the way. After a slack Plebe year in 36, Tak was tossed down into 27th Co. Having a two man room 1st semester youngster year really helped, but the car was the life saver. It got us around (and Darrell's house provided convenient parking); but it just couldn't stay out of accidents. (Rick and I didn't help). Second semester youngster year brought Rick, aka B. D., into the room, and things were never the same. Of course, Tak did have his female interests. After narrowly escaping a brand, (and a girl in the U. of D. Witchcraft Club), Tak decided that to even be considered, a female has to make at least twice as much money as he does. Considering his intentions, that will be some feat. Tak was always full of new, innovative uses for hair dryers and long neck coke bottles. First Class year consisted of runs down to the 'Times, sprints over to Maggie's, and staggers to McGarvey's. 30 minutes 'till taps? No problem. Remember the Golf, squirrels, and the Psycho B**** from Hell? Take care. MLW, TRG.



Michelle VanExel

Santa Ana, California
Marine Corps

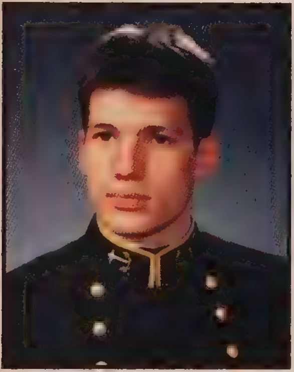
Michelle made a 1 year stop at NAPS before coming to USNA. She & I were Co mates in 35. We survived Ceccini chowcalls, a Honduran from hell & PG. She also roughed it through Logan, Sploogy bombs & Olive! Paybacks are hell...we gave the d**k award, feathered their rooms, waxed Playgirl to their decks & corned their shampoo. The highlight of her year were her trips to the hot tub. They turned into trips to 7-0 where her soon-to-be man lived. It's been a rollercoaster ride ever since. We both moved to 27. Now a youngster, Shelly Van had priorities...90 rack hours a week, track & wk ends w/her man. 2/C year she worked hard at lighting the plebes & staying in systems. It all depends on which prof you get... unfortunately she got the wrong ones. After graduating from Bulldog, she was back, ready for anything. She survived a "massive" headache & stripes. Maybe sleeping w/Buster helped. Or maybe it was LATE nights BS-ing w/MJ & EV. Now she finally gets to don the MC greens. The Corps is gaining a great officer! Keep flying your flags! I bet your Bunch is bigger! I'll miss you! MKW



Mary Katherine Wegner

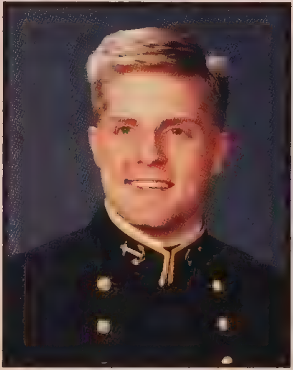
St. Paul, Minnesota
General Unrestricted Line

Mary K (Wegner-type) started out her career in 35. Little did she know she would be subjected to the VANXL influence over the next 4yrs! During the Ceccini-izing process, MK was a crazy plebe. Her antics include: "The Men All Pause", tackling upperclass, the D**k award & the Wegner-Bell perfume caper. YP cruise led to 3/c yr: No one could claim MK wasn't a survivor - she managed to quit the softball team before being hit on! Jerk hunting became a favorite pastime, while MK managed to put up with my constant eating, cronic neatness & fights with Lu. 2/c yr brought the new MK: powerlifting was her new hobby & from it she met her MAIN SQUEEZE. Don't know how she did it, one minute complaining about no dates & a couple months later she's planning a June wedding! The silence came & went, bringing 1/c yr: nightmare plebes, not getting spooned by the Major, Army-Navy '89, & a new favorite #: 4000. What the future holds is uncertain, but as Marc & Efrem say: "there are 6 kids in the Brady Bunch" & woodpaneled station wagons aren't all that bad! Good luck & God Bless. mv



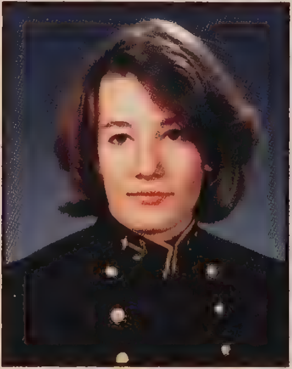
Martin Leneal Whitfield
Houston, Texas
Submarines

Martin, aka Whit, Tex, or Gadgetman, hails from Houston, Texas (Don't Mess With Texas) and came to USNA with the aspirations of becoming a Naval Aviator. Plebe year in the Dirty Dozen was a walk in the park for Whit, as he breezed through the indoc system, I met up with Tex youngster year when we shared a two man room. Rooming with him brought out his best...Country Music, cattle tippin', Gadgetman, and the slightly unique Texas dress code. No boots or giant belt buckle. That was a disappointment. How 'bout the Valentine's Dance 3/c year? You were to be permanently abused for that night of careless adventure. Who's Traci? This mysterious southern belle who makes an annual appearance at USNA is going to be Mrs. Tex. Don't forget the hair dryer. First class Precomms = Nuke Interview. Gads, what an experience. What is an integral anyway? Anchor Nuke, congrats, an honor that only the most select attain. Onward now to submarines where his somewhat short height will preserve his forehead. Semper Subaqua, and Good Luck. TAK.



Jeffrey Clark Wiemann
Kent, Washington
Surface Warfare

Jeff came to 27th company from Kent, Washington with a slight detour in 26th company. He took the luck of the draw for new roommates and he lucked out in getting one of the only two-man rooms. Youngster year brought heartache as he was Illed on; but the the pain was dulled by nights out in Georgetown, Thrift Inn, Sandra's and Lindsey's (Twiggy), and our new roommate Alf. Second class year brought EE/UNSAT, and Willis. Christmas break brought Molly--watch out for those green m&m's from H.S. ski bunnies, they're heartbreakers. Not one to let his grades stand in the way of having fun, Jeff rounded out Second Class year with Goucher trips, and the Ring Dance . First class year Jeff was Company Commander for the "proud mungs" (drill studs and color company). Ac year, unsat again, Life as a Platoon Commander, and back into the driver's seat again as Company Commander part II (where did Dave park his car?). You've been a super roommate. Good luck on the USS Ford, I know you'll do well. "Remember no matter where you go... There you are." Fair winds and smooth sailing. TAY



Deborah Lynn Williams
Indiana, Pennsylvania
General Unrestricted Line

Since plebe year, people have told Baggit I the many things she could not do (Coach's list: no drinking, no skiing, no gaining 15 lbs., and no). But so far, Deb has overcome all that has stood in her way (2 time MVP at conference, and broken records). Through the years records are not the only thing she rewrote, but also the meaning of some words: kick sets, stairs, diet (mini reeses, cheesecake, M-n-M's plain), I know swimming will never be the same; shaved backs, hairy legs, Get into the river "1,2,3,...4,5,6", Where are the polar bears/penguins?, How do penguins kiss?, whiz quizzes in Calif., large sweetened ice tea, baked potatoes, holding the 'vator at 5:55, Max's Diner, the Breaker's: Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum--which is which? Movies at Brian's: VS, JD, teddy bears. It smells like snow. Thanks for all of the good times we've had. I would never made it without those "kick" sets! If you need a sitter, give me a call! Luv ya--B II

Tom Andrew Young
Highland Park, New Jersey
Marine Corps

Tom, TA, Sloper, Slice or Cue Tip came to us from Highland Park, New Jersey. Plebe Year-the Boys from 33rd-Hitman! 3/C year bunks by name, 33rd tailgaters, parking garages, toss a bottle, fill the sink, New Years Eve? Don't Ask! Fife came to stay, brought DP The Darkside! What Asbestos Sign! Games on 6-1 2/C year brought Gaucher! Hey What Time Are We Leaving? Don't Forget Beardslee and Plodinec! Willis is Here! PreBulldog! Arch! Ringdance! DP-What Champagne Glasses? Little Italy! What a boat ride to Baltimore! 1/C year Company Soccer! Stud Street! Plt CDRs, in control, P.E. Officer, Darcy's White Works, Do you remember your 21st Birthday! The Roxy! The Shotgirl! Hey Don't Grab us There! Drink Water! Mom and Breakfast! The Big Game! Michelle! Going Corps! Shaved Head! Hey Manx! where's your car? In the end, Oceanography was his major but he found it hard to study at his desk with out bruising his forehead so he didn't study at all! Best Bunks Always! Just Remember Wherever You Go..There You Are! Your Back is safe with me! Best of Luck! TBS watch out! Brothers in Arms!-JCW

28th COMPANY

Warren Robert Abel
Indianapolis, Indiana
Surface Warfare

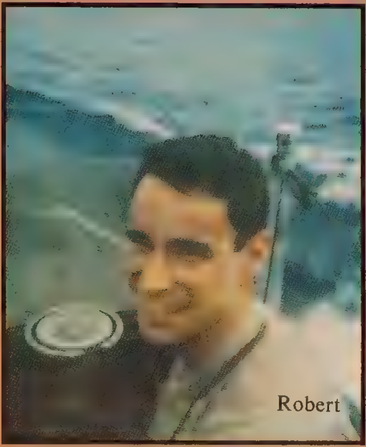
Enduring 11 with Burm, Sid, Farmer, and battered McGoff, Bob made it to FREE 28 to rack afternoons preparing for Mat'l Science. A bevy of blotter beauties, kiwi wax bombs, and toxic Army Week water balloons occupied non-sleep/study time in the hall. Co Magazine Rep, Bob hung out with Marine wanna be's and any woman in a black leather miniskirt. With the best aluminum bats from Japan, he coached Women's Softball in pitching and hitting home runs. Just wanting to talk, he had an ESCAPADE with Donna, OPPOSITES ATTRACTED with Mike, and got comfy with Priscilla. Software scrounge, but no computer geek, Bob read every book to fend off Ac Boards. Mom's Oatmeal cookies were Fingerlickin' Good. To slow him down, Ma and Pa gave him a truck to replace the Firebird faster than a speeding State Trooper. A passion to fly put him in a red tape tailspin, but he pulled a waiver anyway, then went SWO to Hawaii to escape Dessert Wildmans. He plans to Honeymoon in PI when he settles down. A loyal friend and roomie, he tolerated my jokes and my woman. May our wakes, not bows cross often! JBT

Stephen John Amiaga
Southold, New York
Surface Warfare

Steve came from East B.F. Long(space)Island (NOT a part of NYC) to be a SWO. From the ring's running lights to MO-boards, he became the epitome of a surface deity. Steve took a major in Glee Club (200+ concerts worth) occasionaly taking time to do some Naval Architecture in between them. "Spazz" often did when it came to girls and had a serious lint problem, but sang his way into anthems and musicals. "Nathan" took out a three year lease with a resident D.J./hitman. Finally, after people got the #@*$! out, he realized a mix wasn't just one VERY long song and stopped standing on the corner eating cheese. Steve often asked for guidance from The Lord and other sundry gouge from his roomie. As a person dedicated to caring for others, he tutored, consoled, counseled, dropped, and showed an altruistic concern by asking about other people's mothers. Surface Warfare has gained a true bearing, bagel eatin' professional--May your seas be calm and may you always have gentle winds. He'll probably retire and become a Cub Scout D.I. I won't take a check for that $100; cash only. -CCS

Francis Xavier Asper
Miami, Florida
Navy Pilot

Friendly managed to stay covert during his first two years at USNA but second class year forced him out of the closet. Jack LaLazy skated through NAPS and USNA but not without standing his share of restriction. We will never forget his everlasting five o'clock shadow, his scummy leathers, his Daytona's clutch, and his ticket out of drill(Spanish Seminar Class). Bring more than five bucks the next time you go to NYC, Abraham Asper. Could you fix my mechanical pencil, surfer dude, Friendly Marciano..? Will I get to represent you in another performance board again, F & I.? Good luck in your VP squadron. You'll make a great Fighting Tuna. P.S. Start buying your own Copenhaguen.



William Bradley Bogan
Arvada, Colorado
Submarines

Brad "Dude Man" Bogan hails from Arvada, Colorado. Dude Man spent most of his time here at USNA complaining about getting a "B," enshrining his woman, Cindy, and laboring to explain the incredible surface area of his forehead. Brad got accepted into MIT's EE masters program, graduated top 1% of the class and has already spent $3000 nuc check. (You'll never guess on what Cindy!!) Though Brad seems quite straight-laced, ask him how Cindy knows what the term "Blue Magnet" means! Brad, I envy your ways as well as your perseverance. Congrats on an incredible start on what I'm sure will be a long and successful career. -JDD

Robert Eugene Bunger
McLean, Virginia
Submarines

Rob came to Canoe U. from just down the road a piece, fresh from the cradle of high school. Initially, he was enamored with the possibility of being strapped to an engine, lit on fire and shot off the deck of a boat. After some soul searching (and precoms) Rob realized his true calling was to boar holes through the ocean in a black pipe. This steely eyed killer of the deep will be an asset to any wardroon; for it will not only receive a proven software engineer, but also the best stereo in the fleet. Rob was not a typical computer scientist; he was awful at video games. A fan of "roughing it" he enjoyed 4-wheeling, getting stuck in the mud and Boy Scouts--he was NESA President 1/c year. His other hobbies included getting into and out of shape and trying to figure out what went wrong on his dates. Rob, you are truly an officer and gentleman. Your personality helped make our sentences here run more smoothly. There are givers and takers in the world, Robert; you are a giver. May you have full sails and following seas and may the wind always be to your back. MJP

Peter John Clarke
North Syracuse, New York
Surface Warfare

Pete "a beautiful man", comes to us from Syracuse via Amsterdam. Pete always had a knack for spotting and wrecking the "Pinellas" of Bancroft. His snapping, clapping, and heckling will forever echo through the hallowed halls of 28. With the assistance of P.O. Legette, Pete baffled medical science with a rare foot injury that prevented him from drilling but still allowed him to play Lacrosse and pursue women in town. Pete came to Navy to play Lacrosse, but found his heart (and a Letter) in 150's. On weekends, Pete was on his Princeton road trips or buried somewhere under his pile of dirty clothes in the Bat cave. Managing to not serve time as the instigator of that famous premier home video, Pete always seemed to be in the right place at the right time to avoid trouble. He also managed to record the secret going ons of those Brigade couples. Your one in a million. Take care Pete, thanks for the good times, the good humor, and keep up that "complicated filing system" of yours in the fleet. RCM/MDN

Neil Bruce Covington
Rockingham, North Carolina
Submarines

Neil came to the Naval Academy from the inconspicuous town of Rockingham, North Carolina. He swore he'd never go back, but fate and females sent him back to Chapel Hill during weekends his first and third class years. Starting his career in the Navy as an innocent little plebe with the best intentions, he soon succumbed to life on the high seas as a member to the Offshore Sailing Team. A true sailor at heart, Neil was known for his love of sailboats and port visits. With a girl in every port (and several from UVA off the coast of the Bahamas), he spent bundles in postage stamps, phone calls, and plane tickets. Don't worry Neil, we all know that the Bahamas thing was legit and there was a perfectly good reason why you were a day late returning from Sring Break 2/C year. I always knew you'd find that special someone one day, but I had no idea she'd appear overnight. Take care of yourself, that beautiful Z, and watch out for those high speed recreational excursions in the future. I wish you the best of luck, although I'm really going to miss you. Your best buddy - ERF.

Ernesto M De LaRivaherrera
Madrid, Spain
Navy Pilot

Scumasaurus! D-14 came to the Naval Academy from Spain at a young age. Having a promising bullfighting career, he had a sudden accident in one of his bullfights, ending his career (I can't say how in this bio). He then decided to enter the Naval Academy and there the mookery began. So goes the story. (At least in Virginia Beach as it was told) He was destined for greatness, from the day he and a friend threw corn-head out into goat court plebe year. D had many achievements while here, getting two 5000s, and a black N, (one of these was with me). We'll never forget the many escapades we were in (Nafac, Spanish seminar for drill) to name a few. We've had alot of good times here. Who knows, maybe someday after we get out of P-3's, we'll meet again and fly the friendly skies. - Friendly

Jonathan Dwight Kenrick Drews
Minnetonka, Minnesota
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

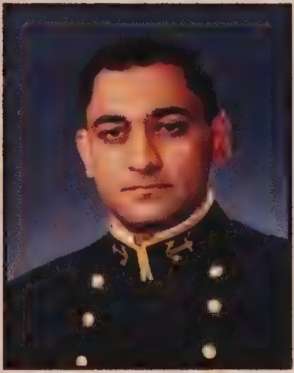
Jon found himself at the Naval Academy after three years in the Navy as a QM, along with a huge pay cut. He attended the Naval BOOST program in San Diego soaking up the rays. Originally from Minnesota, the troll bears a striking resemblance to Bigfoot, especially in the morning as he sleeps through his three alarms. His up front attitude and sense of humor have helped him through many challenges, (including the all-night poker games in the 5th Batt Conf. room - sorry CDR!) Racking up a total of 10 stripes as a 1/C, Jon is used to taking charge, and with his future wife & love, Pauline, is sure to excel in the fleet. Good Luck! - WBB

Joel David Fantz
Algona, Iowa
Navy Pilot

The golden child came to us from Algona, Iowa, where men are men and scarecrows are nervous. Subjected to the intensity of 'Khe Sahn' as a plebe, Joel did his best to be laid back as an upperclass, and succeeded. As a youngster, Joel could do no wrong, and thus the golden child was allowed to party at Coast Guard for a semester under the alias, 'John Salkoff.' Forever a procrastinator, Joel fell behind the power curve when he returned , but luckily he still had his Supe's list priveleges from USCGA. Joel continued to challenge himself 1/c summer as he indoctrinated '93 from the wardroom before departing on a cruise that he himself cut short. His highlight of 1/c year was his tenure as Brigade Adjutant; God help the Brigade watch organization. Joel take care of yourself as you take to the skies. If you ever meet another girl on a foreign beach and she asks your name just tell her, 'What do I look like, the shell answer man?.' Good luck! WBB

Brent Robert Gregory
Phoenix, Arizona
Surface Warfare

How could he leave her again was all he could think, she was just like heaven and she was crazy for him, but he left good and bad behind him in Phoenix and prepared to make a mark on USNA and what fun BRG, DT, and DD had with Otis and friends...and RK's chow calls. Who would have thought calculus could be so much fun, but summer evenings with the most hilarious man in the world cultivated bonds never to be broken. So, who says computers are user friendly? For that matter who says Mustangs are user friendly? But mountains are friendly and he climbed the mountains and scaled the glaciers of his dreams, never forgetting that father carries son and sometimes son carries father. Time and time again Brent proved that he could bounce back, even against the likes of the Dant, and with good food and great cheer from Crofton yet another fine leader of men has entered the Surface Navy. He's been to every cliff and they tried to make him look down but his spirit is stronger than time or circumstance and is sure to shine in the future. Take care, find out all life holds for you. RFK



Samuel Khodadad Guertin
Cocoa Beach, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

Sam Guertin, Sambo, Spurtin', is the only person in our class to come staight from the fleet as a deck-ape and graduate four years later as a double-E Ensign. Don't tell Sam it can't be done. Sam spent four years showing us that love is better than war, pumping iron better than running, and Rush better than Bryan Adams. For Sam the best things in life are a beautiful girlfriend, surfin' in Cocoa Beach, gogo dancing, and a medical chit to get you out of formations. Remember: midnight poker games, real restriction musters, little blue Honda, sunflower seeds, Hammerjack's, and most of all the friendship we made over three years. Best of luck, Sam, and may God be with you. Brad

Joshua Joseph Kitchen
Cincinnati, Ohio
Submarines

Josh, otherwise affectionately known in Navtag circles as AS-4, hails from the midwest. Plebe year saw this eager young lad fall under the able leadership of the 10th Company players. During this time, our hero distinguished himself by throwing Army chemistry professors into the Severn. Not satisfied by these exploits, Josh earned the nickname "The Fridge" while playing lightweight football. Youngster year, after viewing a few too many Chuck Norris movies, he took up the martial arts. He joined the USNA karate team to learn by doing but ended up mostly being done to. Second class year Josh set his sights on achieving efficiency by producing the most work for the minimum effort. He usually succeeded in his latter goal, but earned stars anyway. First class year he made BN staff as admin and earned the title Batmin which he played to the hilt on Halloween. Having survived a Nuke interview, unlike one roommate, Josh decided to join the Hunt for Red October. This personable midshipman will make a fine addition to Uncle Hymie's Reactor Corps. Happy hunting. CMO

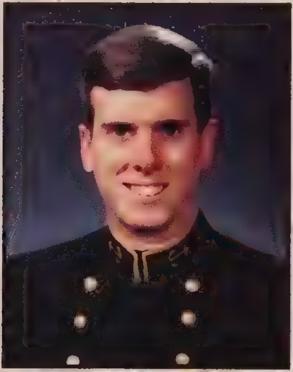
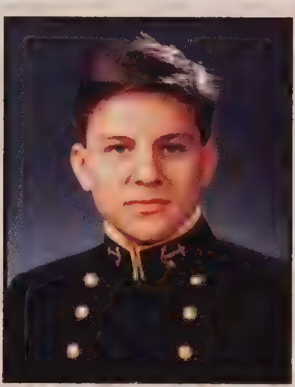
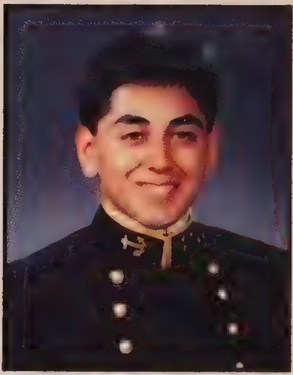
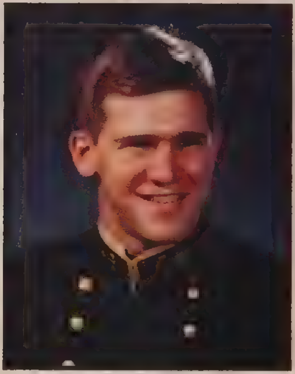
Ronald Frederick Kramps
Scotch Plains, New Jersey
Naval Flight Officer

Ron came to Camp USNA from the nice part of New Jersey. He charged through Plebe Year in 27 living with Nick and Bermuda, rowing crew, and searching for his hidden classmates. With a new roommate and a good towelling off, he headed up to the heights of 6-4. 28 provided many fond memories. Youngster Year featured an overzealous, drill-happy Firstie, a beautiful girl (almost lost him to the Corps), and a rapidly expanding CD collection. 2/C Year - late night theology discussions, EE, and a thinned out CD collection. Firstie Year - "This is MY company", EE again, "we don't have an inspection tomorrow, do we?", and the Flight Jacket (finally). Through it all, I have come to know Ron for the disciplined, motivated person that he is. Always positive and upbeat, he draws his strength from his FAITH and his devotion to God. The flight community is getting a leader and a winner. Dude, you have been a true friend and inspiration. I couldn't have made it without your example and support. May you find "the perfect girl" and Eternal Life that He has promised. BRG

Richard Curtis McCormack
Los Angeles, California
Navy Pilot

Reddog,former sub-cdr, visits us from the fleet with his twin brother Russ. Throughout his tenure here at NAVY, Reddog has been reknown for speaking his mind, as well as his thunderous uproars.Thus the name-"Full of Thunder",His sense of professionalism is respected by his peers even if they don't like him.He and brother Russ-"The Know It All Brothers"-have fondness for many of the same things,ie-leather coats, water piks, rings, watches and; most of all, the need for new types of transportation every few months.As Rich heads to S.D. and then to P-Cola he can remember some great times here at The Joint .She's cool,I like her(Which one is it this time)- Me,Myself & I,Check valve,one-way diode,individual pan pizza, High school punks, "We'll see who's successful in the fleet", Reddog lectures to the plebes, Can I borrow $.50?,Hey Mike I'm going to the Midstore tomorrow,The Excorcist Night. Rick you will be an excellent pilot and officer.Your motivation and attitude will bring you success throughout your career. You've been a great roomie and friend-.Goodluck-get a 3-wire. PJC MDN

Christopher

Michael Dana Nash
St. Charles, Missouri
Navy Pilot

"The Nasher", a guy who captured everyone's attention through his numerous stories about bets and knocks in the night, has to be the most mild mannered man I have ever known. When it comes to those high school punks, however, the Nasher was everything but mild mannered. Many nights were spent competing with Mike on who could kick the trash can the hardest, throw the engineering book the furthest, or which could gripe the most about mother "B" and its complement. Stories about the feared swim test had many bent over in laughter, sometimes laughing not at the story itself but at how the tall and thin one told it. Nasher will have many more stories after he ventures out into Naval Aviation. Best of luck buddy, you're a real professional who's manner will take you far. RCM/PJC

Michael Tracy O'Brien
Jacksonville, Florida
Submarines

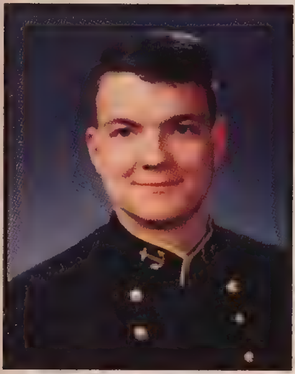
Spending four years with Mike was like spending it with several different members of a set of triplets. They all think similarly, but act things out differently. The first Mike was a self-proclaimed ladies' man with great looks, charm, physique (just ask him) and eye sight. In a few years he would be doing the only things that counted in life: chasing girls in P-cola, playing Navy Tennis and trimming his flattop. Then Mike's brother Mike (from Fla. not Va.) came to USNA. He continued to sweat grades like Mike (Unsucessfully), but changed some things. He began to BOAST about Navy squash team, and the possibilities of the Nuclear Navy. Now I live with his other brother Mike. He's by far the best of the bunch; with his letter sweater, grades and Nuke bonus to show for it. Living with him has made me appreciate many things (like clean feet, geography and intelligent conversation). But that's neither here nor there. Mike is a great friend, who has shown me that loyalty and integrity do more for a relationship than anything else. Mass WSW

Christopher Mark Ortega
San Antonio, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

Mark came to USNA from San Antonio, Texas (But proved to be a great guy regardless). After a brief stint in Studio 5-4, Mark was scrambled up to God's Country (6-4) with the rest of Restriction Company. A history major with a minor in rack (Or was that the other way around?), Mark spent his time out of rack in pursuit of his many intrests: Debate (He's always winning our arguments), a youngster sub cruise (He's going Air now, hmmm...), the Catholic Choir (He's OK... for a tenor), the Navigators, and a study tour in Germany (Ersprecht Deutsche!). He's seen Portugal from a periscope and the Wall from a window, yet despite all his running (and racking) around, Mark was always there when we needed him. He's always been both the serious professional type and one of the funniest guys I've ever met (Have him do his "Admiral Yoda" imitation!). In short, its been great knowing Mark. Farewell wherever you fare! JJK

Michael John Pestorius
Austin, Texas
Navy Pilot

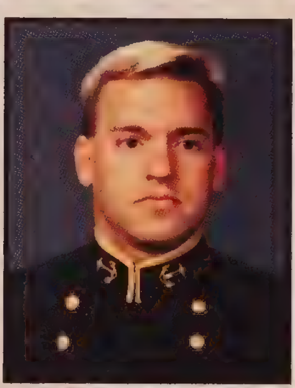
Mike has accomplished a lot since comming to USNA. He lettered four times and set four school records in swimming. However, I don't think that what you accomplish here is as important as what you take away in memories. I know one thing for sure, ten years down the line I won't remember much EE, but I sure will remember the things I did with Mikey P. Like these: Harvard Easterns, balcony climbing, Silver Springs, How bout rhyming? NL Mess night, Daytona Driving, Lee's parties, summer school, Lee's forehead when you were on a roll, Key West. Calvin has earned his nickname by his demonstrated refusal to grow up. Cdr Jensen can attest to that. People like him keep telling us that class standings and Academy reputation are important because they follow you through your career. So maybe Mike didn't distinguish himself in those areas; fond memories and bonds of friendship and loyalty follow you through your life. Those are what Mike is good at. Besides, what good is a career if you don't have a fun life. If you want to know how to live, just ask Mike.



Frank Howard Redd

Jackson, Mississippi
Surface Warfare

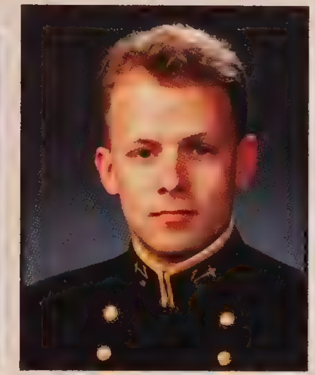
Frank Redd came to the banks of the Severn from a small town in the deep South, Jackson, Missippi. This southern engineer choose to major in EE. However, Frank devoted more time studying the electromagnetic forces of the powerful blue magnet than those of "Blackmagic" and EE. The forces of the blue magnet even caused him to occassionally miss formations or classes. He did usually find the strength to get up at the five minute chowcall, even in the morning. If he happened to be on weekend, he'd make it back by 1829, still in civilian clothes. He took great pride in practicing for his future career by being a Navtag warrior. Living with Frank was interesting; we were the "odd couple" to say the least. His side of the room usually looked like a war zone, which periodically got him into hot water. Frank, you kept life on 6-4 from being dull and quiet. By the way Frank, the South lost the War, but it's still God's country. NBC



Michael Lee Renegar

Dickson, Tennessee
Supply Corps

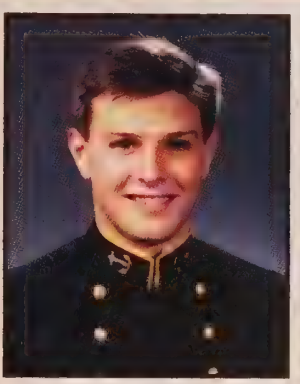
Michael came to USNA riding a beautiful white horse. Well, actually it was a '68 Ford Fairlane. Great Car! Renta... Raingear... Gar (the C type).. It didn't matter what you called him. The ladies loved him. Yes, the man from Tennessee who couldn't resist a V! Rugby, Football, Baseball, you name it-- from his start in the Dirty company to his finish in the Free Skate, Mike has been one of the best all around athletes at The Institution. He cuts a mean rug too. Oh oh oh oh oh! During first class summer he went camping in VA, and showed 'em what to know in Q-co. That experience should serve him well in the Corps... SUPPLY CORPS! The only corps! The Marines are going to miss a good man! Well, Mike, thanks for being a great roommate. We had good times and bad times, but we had times. Did we ever have times! You helped me keep things in perspective, and helped me stay level headed under most circumstances. That's not an easy task. Neither is living with someone slightly less meticulous than you are. You did a great job. May your financial genius serve you well. RAV



Bradley Jason Staley

Hagerstown, Maryland
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Brad Staley, otherwise known as Boxcar, master rogue, or Captain of Jill's heart, had an incredible career at the Boat School. He's the only person I know that didn't study and still never saw anything below a 3,4, of course he wimped out by becoming a physics God. Third class year, Brad was enlightened in life, women, and Led Zeppelin by his roommate. They had a hell of a time terrorizing Georgetown and local colleges. He was gutsy for driving in the yard youngster year and helping his roommate over the wall Second Class year. His grades left him hanging Ring Dance night but they did get him a First Class Company Commander billet. Have a great time in the fleet, and never forget, Brad, a good heart will rule this world. You'll always have both. Best friends, S.K.G.



Michael John Stevens

Tacoma, Washington
Submarines

Mellow is the man who knows what he's been missing, leaving Washington to major in Mechanical Engineering. Many times I've wondered how much there is to know, staying in on weekends to watch Rickover grow. Many times I've gazed out on the Annapolis haze, picturing scenes of snow or becoming a field ball pro. Since a pro I will not be, they made me officer of PE. PE is the job I like best, keeping up with all those tests. I ain't gonna tell you nothing I can't tell, since I was the CDO from HELL. Everything that's small has to grow, going Nuke I'll try not to GLOW. California sunlight, sweet Calcutta rain, I'm going to sleep in this big brown chair again. I saw a horse, he was standing alone, while I waited for my baby by the phone. Some people have asked, with a roomate like me how you managed to stay sane, I tell them that it's because the song remains the same. Mike, I hope when it's over you take your stairway to heaven just to find, your ANGEL waiting at the end of the line! Best of Luck!

GJS

Christopher

George Jeffery Stewart

Louisville, Kentucky
Marine Corps

LOAD AND BE READY. TBS will be in for a surprise when the Camry crasher drives onto the field. Do they let non 4x4s over there? Maybe he'll just drive his desk up. Call him Luther, George or simply Jeff but anything else and you'd better beware cause this Marine-to-be can shoot a gnat off a pile of grits at 50 paces with a rifle and has an N-star to prove it. He thought he might be able to cut his debts by using his cards for targets but his Econ experience taught him better. He has always believed in exploiting things to their full potential and his Visa is no exception. Fortunately, Monica saves the day. She is the one and only that makes Jeff eligible for the 2% club. The bells will ring in June and they're off to The Basic School of romance. It has been a fun and enjoyable 3 with this roomy and friend. I'm just glad only one flight was missed--the walls couldn't withstand another. From Louisville to Baden to D.C. and back to Annapolis Jeff has been a trusted friend. Marine Corps to Reactor Core--never the twain shall meet, but I hope our paths cross often. MJS

Christopher Carrington Straw

Bronx, New York
Navy Pilot

After growing up in the Bronx (not South) and a tour at NAPS, Chris took a pay cut and came here. Plebe year Glee Club and 25 provided many memories, but upstairs in 28 there were many unanswered questions like, "Who the @*#% are you!?" & where to park 2 wheels. Chris' theory of: Timing, who you know (he had an inside hand EVERYWHERE on the yard, thanx for the extra food) & "If you look like you know what you're doing..." exploited leadership by negation. Ice cream du Ipecac? His major was single E or was it EE? It's hard to say, because he had so many semesters of both. He sat before the green table (the wrong end) but they never caught him on any of the REAL biggies. Anytime became optimum liberty time. With WE's 1/c year, he and 300ZX-Mk2 (ZZZ...Whoa!) pursued (usually well beyond 55 mph.) "68.3, me? What's this VASCAR stuff, officer?" his other three loves - women, records, and weapons. DJ 'C' made dope cuts for the NY Party Tracks Subway Mix (WRNV) and gave BSAC the best mixers ever. Send the $100 anytime, and wake me at 2300. Hasta CC. FLY NAVY! -SA & Joey Joe (PH.d)

James Brian Tannahill

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Jim is one of a familiar breed at Canoe U.; the married Mid. His day is a simple one. He wakes up to a note to CALL SHERYL, goes to sleep with a note to CALL SHERYL, and receives about ten such messages in between (not including visits). All this as well as being president of MTS, getting silver wings, and killing commies on the 1000 in. range.

We all hope that the next early morning GQ he goes through starts with a LOUD bell and they give poor Jim at least 20 minutes to compose himself, for the morning person he is.

Jim has kept us in 28 amused for some years now with his Hee Haw jokes and his easy attitude. His hour long come-arounds as a youngster come to mind, as well as his Marine for a day (actually two) first class summer. All in all we leave Jim with his two favorite quotes: Semper Fi(?), and Haze Grey and ALWAYS Underway. Jim, you have been a good friend for the past 3, and the upcoming 3 look just as bright. WRA

Richard Andrew Van Derostyne

Livermore, California
Navy Pilot

Hey Rick, get up and shut off the alarm. Don't forget you have an exam and paper due tomorrow. That's alright I will get up in fifteen minutes and get started on all my overdue work. Right!! How many times have I heard that joke?? How can you motivate a fellow who has grown up loving the Raiders, went to NAPS, began plebe year in the rip-roaring 20's, and finally ended up in a penthouse in the "skate" 28 area.

The days have been fun and long, easy and horrendous, but the good times will always live. Think about all the messages you received from a girl who could pass as your sister because both of you look so much alike. You and Megan are a match made in heaven. And heaven is where you will be as you are off to learn how to soar where the eagles fly. Thanks for all the good times and remember that "friendships are everlasting." Raingear (MLR)

29th COMPANY

Kyle Everette White
Little Rock, Arkansas
Submarines

If you tend to stereotype people, be careful when you meet Kyle. This huge hulk with bulging biceps and protruding pecs (whose pull-up record is only 30) loves schoolwork, particularly physics and EE problems. He brews a pot of Maxwell's equations to get motivated in the mornings. He's also got that irritating habit of being good at helping people with EE, Boats, Steam, Physics, and even a plebe stuck on a Shakespeare paper. Kyle started first class year with a station wagon and finished with a Chevy Astro--alias Rex the party van (with fuzzy dice). Kyle put his voice to plenty of good use, always full of gentle tones and encouraging words, as well as captivating joke-telling. He spent many quality hours in big-brother-type spiritual rap sessions with a couple of plebes and youngsters. Best of all, however, were the late-night talks about Jesus, including the best prayer times this friend has known. In His love (and His grip!), brother, and keep your eyes on the mark. CEC

William Sweeney White
Camillus, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Bill came to the Academy having lived in Camillus, New York his entire life. Having been Bill's roommate for four years, first as plebes in 29 then the big scramble to 28, I have more than a few stories to share. From day one, he always seemed to have the Big Picture - never sweating the details. Plebe year as a D&B stud (a beater that is) Bill got out of here on many M.O.'s. On one occassion he came back proclaiming, "I'm almost positive it was a grey car guys!" Bill always seemed to have enough toys on his desk to keep a small child happy for hours. He never would let one female pin him down for any length of time. He had to remain free and on the go. And on the go he was. From Vermont to Utah (with those Morman girls) to Wyoming to Montana Bill managed to hit all the big resorts while pursuing his favorite sport - Skiing. And then there was the ratio. Let's talk about quantity... OK I'll give it to you! Bill we laughed and cried and did a lot of growing up together. You're the greatest! Thanks MTO

Michael David Alesi
Chesapeake, Virginia
Surface Warfare

And then there was Mike! Well, Mike was a different kind of guy, especially when he was having all those problems with what he called a girl, I won't say what I called her. Those days gladly ended, and the real Mike appeared out of the blue. His new love...Rum n Coke, and actually having fun. Mike's most worthy conduct offense was getting caught smooching on the sea wall by the Dant; of course, I still think he should have been hammered for the extra bit of spring break he got in Europe. Mike had class though, just ask him: His classiest move had to be having midnight snacks (sardines,salami-,grapeade in wine glasses, and cheese) while listening to Mozart and Beethoven. Mike became a great critic of the Navy and USNA, he had the right answers to everyone's problems, and he wasn't afraid to tell you. First class year, Mike met Diane. What's to become of that we will have to see, but at least her lower jaw moves when she talks. Diane has helped Mike become a real person, and we all have hope for him...we just don't want to ride in his car. Good luck and best wishes Mike. JDS.

Christopher

Carroll Wesley Bannister

Anderson, South Carolina
Navy Pilot

Wes rode into town from South Carolina, via NAPS, with his six-shooters cocked and his ten-gallon hat full of high aspirations. He carefully wandered through his plebe year balancing football and the hall. Youngster year brought a change of sports to track then Rugby, a new company, and a tall blonde. Second class year he was ambushed by academics, but he was brought to life with a change of majors to Gen Eng. First class year brought a new Toy, a full semester of Rugby, a 2nd semester Co. Commander billet and weekends with Karyn. The future will see this old cowboy trade in his white horse for a grey jet, and his worn out spurs for some brand new Wings of Gold. Good Luck, Happy Trails, and Thanx for the years. Bird, O'B., Chip, and Navy Rugby.

Aaron Michael Cadena

Corpus Christi, Texas
Surface Warfare

The Funky Cold Cadena came to USNA via Corpus Christi, Texas. He will soon marry his girlfriend and arguing partner Linda Cruz. Aaron is reluctantly joining the Coffee and Doughnut Club. He was 1 of the 4 service selection mishap victims. Aaron's most enjoyable pro-experience was his 1/c summer air-cruise in Rota. He perfected his drinking, tanning and sleeping habits and still had time to fly P-3's. The FCC is also known for exposing his BVD's in public. He does this while under the influence of his liquid buddy Jack Daniels. Aaron was a Halloween favorite in his Zorro costume, complete with a Mexican dancing hat. Aaron's greatest flaw was he constantly drove his roommate crazy by tuning in to his favorite Hee-Haw radio station. Aaron's drive for high room standards is demonstrated by is bi-semester sheet changing. Aaron will always be remembered for his love of room furniture. Just ask JDT who just missed losing his head when Aaron let a chair fly before a room inspection. Aaron is the best friend I could have asked for. Good luck in the fleet on the USS INGRAHAM! JTF

Thomas William Callander

Springfield, Virginia
Submarines

Tom came to us from, among other places, Albuquerque, though his parents next residence in Springfield provided a convenient place to crash after occasional forays to DC. An aero major with a 3.3+ QPR, Tom still managed to find the unsat list--EE got him (F) and he spent 6 weeks without WE's. Tom's premier love is basketball, generally regarded as the top player in 29, noted for his unreal left arm reach. Innumerable times he'd return after 3 or even 4 hours exhausted and exhilarated, showing off battle wounds and providing elaborate descriptions of his shots and blocks. And then there's music. Q:"What do you want to hear?" A:"Something not from 70's, and not Jimmy Buffett."--this meant Peter Gabriel, Aerosmith, or Rush. Tom was the greatest roommate, particularly to put up with me, or the lack of me (i.e. room formals). To the king of clean teeth, the devout Bills hater, the religious basketball follower, the one who carried me back more then a few times, and the biggest eater I've ever seen--THANKS. Have great time in WestPac and good luck in Orlando--AHS.

Christopher Elliott Crane

Sioux Falls, South Dakota
Navy Pilot

How God could ever couple a sincere heart to such a jovial rapport was one of those natural wonders in Chip. If there was humour to be found in a conversation, Chip would unearth it. The Silverscreen will not soon forget Chip's stunning (and he did stun us all) performance as "Jimbo." A real connoisseur of fine cuisine, Chip was, undisputedly, the King of the Hall. Chip's life was a drama that we all enjoyed watching. His love for Christ overflowed in a wellspring of unselfish service to others. Anyone can flatter you and many often do, but Chip was a friend who had the conviction to not let faults go unchallenged, the love to confront those faults with humility, and the character to put a relationship on the line to do so. If Chip wasn't pulling your body around Ingram Field, he was pulling your life through some tough issue. It's been Honkin' Awesome to be your brother! KEW

Rhoderick Gamboa Dacanay
Powder Springs, Georgia
Surface Warfare

"Rock" is the latest in a long line of naval officers spanning 3 years. Plebe year brought many surprises, but with "help" he managed to escape unscathed. Youngster cruise brought much "Enlightenment," with a new perspective on life and the beginning of knowledge. After all, Rock was always swift to hear, slow to speak, and slow to wrath. He'll always be known as a person willing to share his time with others, and much more if given the chance. Look up and lift up your head! RGDI

James Thomas Foster
Long Beach, California
Surface Warfare

Jim Foster came to the Naval Academy from Long Beach. From day one, Jim was set on being a SWO. He spent plebe year in 7th Co. and played for the Navy volleyball team. After plebe year he got sent to 29th Co. where he started on the road to being one of the most professional people around. Youngster year was not that eventful, but with the coming of second class year Jim was real well known by the plebes, especially the ones in his squad who won't be able to forget all the room formals they had. That year Jim was no longer seen or heard from on the weekends as Julie Kassay, his future wife,(Hi Julie, you knew you'd be in here somewhere) moved to Maryland. Jim had a real great time 1st class summer working for NSA although if he tells you about it he has to kill you. Jim got his big chance to shine 1st semester of first class year as the 29th Co. Commander. It was a tough job, but he did darn good. On Service Selection night Jim selected the USS Paul F. Foster. Any relation, Jim? Well, it's been fun. Good luck as a SWO and I'll see you in Long Beach. AMC

Christina Erika Frueh
Nashport, Ohio
Supply Corps

CHREEIS! It's 5:30 - get that big ol' butt off the perch and over to the river so you don't get a big du-uh from Studley. The life of an All-American Fruehstyler can be such a drag. At least you're not out with the HOEGS or doing the WOISH. Jeez, "stirring things up" all the time, what a troublemaker! Your work includes such classics as Mr. Right, shaving cream attacks, Valentine's surprises, and suddenly-cold showers. But never let it be said of the co-president of National Goof-off Day that she thinks all of life is just a joke. No one has ever been more serious about not shaving her legs before meets, getting "hyooge" muscles, or just plain having a good time. Good luck down south! By the way, just how much can he bench? Help me! P.S.-There's only one cookie left! TLH, PLK and MBT

Tonya Lynn Henderson
Lodi, California
General Unrestricted Line

The Young And The Restless has nothing on Tonya's brilliant career at good ol'Canoe U. From David to John to Larry to Chip, and finally to good old Raspberry,what a track record! It all started when our beloved little valley girl arrived on the banks of the Severn following in the footsteps of her former beau. Little did she know what was in store for her in the next four long years. After surviving a year without strangling her roommates, it was off to the Stand in Line company. TV was her greatest passion. Who knows whether she enjoyed the programs or simply changing the channels most! Her more memorable exploits involve Burgundy,The TripleCrown,Camping in Feb,Key Bridge,Lawrence of Arabia,France,Valentine's Cards,Glee Club/Musical Men,stuck in the mud-,NAFAC papers,her rack,and Raspberry tarts. If she wasn't fretting about her man she was distessed over her other love, PolySci. SE Asia meet your Mother Terresa PhD. For someone who could never keep a secret it is strange the Navy's going to make her a SPOOK! Have fun at SPAWAR. Your Loving Friends! CEF,PLK-,PEH,MBT,&EPT!

Peter Eldon Heringer

Otis, Oregon
Surface Warfare

Now, Needles, this won't hurt a bit. From 17 years of Liberal hunting in Oregon, to 4 years of verbally abusing Group 3 at USNA, Pete never missed a trick, a free drink, a log party, or a sweater. "This has to go." Where? Ocean City, with Toby, 7-7's, more 7-7's, and the technicolor yawn. Pete's ideal room consisted of a bed and a speaker. "But this one goes to 11!" A notorious beergoggler (women with Fangs- who knows what happened at S's place? And what about Easter 88?) Whether roaming the halls, or serving as a MK1 Mod1 personal human nutcracker for the LT, Pete saw to it that 29 was never quiet. UNSATness and loss(?) of wardroom privileges, oh the despairity of it all! Sporting around in International's finest, a '69 Scout complete with kite string. With the mentality of a marine, the want to be a bubblehead, and the physique of a chief, fate dragged him kicking and screaming into the Surface Line. Precoms, Blood tests and lots of Guiness (stout that is). Go SWO (at least for 5 years)! Good luck! TLH, Schwags & Pinky

Jay Todd Jamison

Nashville, Tennessee
Navy Pilot

Jay Bird came to Camp By The Bay from a small Catholic institution in Nashville, TN. He blazed through Plebe year rather painlessly and discovered that he wanted a career in naval aviation, soaring with the eagles. After spending a semester of Plebe year playing baseball and another playing football he found elsewhere to display his talents; dashing, dodging and drinking, starting Youngster year with Navy Rugby.

It was here where he aided Navy Rugby to continue a winning tradition and contend for two consecutive national titles. But there are other loves in Bird's life such as Steph, one convertible vette, and weekend trips anywhere on the spur of the moment. If you're looking for Jay he's probably at 20,000 feet. If he's not there and his obligation is already up then he's probably swinging a seven iron on some back nine with a six. Here's to all the good times to come and have gones, Wes, O'B, Chip, The Back Shaft, and Navy Rugby.

Anne Marie Katcharian

Fairfax, Virginia
Supply Corps

A.M. came to USNA in the footsteps of big sis. Yes sis. But she was soon to forge her own path through these halls. Originally in 10th she found a home in Annapolis. Plebe year she was largely seen on crutches- the beginning of the Reconstruction Era. A gymnast at heart but try telling her knees that. Anne-Marie who? don't know her. Who'da thought? Youngster year brought her and Jane Siberry to 6-3. She thought she had found her #1 but it was not until 1/c year that she became a real sailors Katch. We've had some fun- roomie nite out, bargain shopping, seawall surprises, Baltimore rootbeers (it doesn't affect us), 1 oops 3 striper libs, many talks ie- the staircase, a third roommate, you better keep your hat on, nites at Ginny + Earls, a Cali pal. Her Adventures?- wrestling in O.C., sleeping in cars, fixed radiators, walk like a soldier, shaking docks. How anyone could study so little and do so well. You've been much more than a roomie- thanks for the smiles (after 11am that is). From the sleepy one to the sneaky one- you made it special and always avoid chicken wings. LBW

Brian Leigh Keith

Louisville, Kentucky
Naval Flight Officer

Brian came to USNA eager, motivated, & cocky a NAPSTER. Enter STALAG 17 He lost some cockiness, gained IRON-CLAD discipline. 3/C: 29; Brian maintained high standards but his personality allowed him to temper toughness with fairness & a friendly, "I'm going to mess with you" flair that no one could help but like. 2/C: DETAIL; "ARC"; Maryland dance: meet young Katie; Summer: complete Bulldog-no thanks, Corps. Back to USNA: Katie, Katie, the "Good Woman" Katie. 1/C: Katie, Katie; Brian culminates his 4 yrs. of professional development with a Brigade Staff billet Katie, Katie: Katie soon became the focus of Brian's social life. Intelligent, mature beyond her years, toughminded, thoughtful, and cute, she won his heart. Who knows what the future holds? So, Brian, as you enter the fleet and as an airdale you will compete, remember the corps and the buddy who swore his lasting friendship to you this way; For, although you took off the green and looked to the sky with a dream, inside you'll be leaner and your heart will be greener than an Irish pub on next ST. PATRICK'S DAY! Pritch

Harvey Klyce
Mill Valley, California
Naval Flight Officer

Harvey, Howee, Bedhead, Bud Bundy, Miami Klyce thought 4 years together by the bay was a great idea...except the Chesapeake Bay wasn't exactly what he had in mind. Arriving from sunny California on I-day, while the stripers drew swords, Harv brandished his tennis racket and wondered when the party started. Harv breezed through Plebe year in 11th co. escaping the wrath of Dutch, E.J. and their misguided crew, but youngster and 2nd class year brought another story. Always a free spirit, Harv soon found himself under the watchful eye of the company officer. Times were tough, so tough that every so often Harv would forget exactly who he was...but he got by with a little help from his friends. First class year brought the "coolest girl" every weekend and an old mustang that finally started in January. After a short bout with Seal scouts Harv decided to hit P-Cola after graduation and we all wish him the best of luck. From C-J's to Bet and Joe's you've been a great roommate. Stay Gold.

JPL

Keith Allen Knutsen
Clinton, Iowa Surface
Warfare

Keith "PINKY" Knutsen came to USNA a bright eyed and bushytailed youth from Clinton, Iowa. He excelled at everything plebe year, especially team tables. Youngster year was not so good to him though when he ran into Corey in THERMO. Forced to drop to GE and take summer school Pinky found solace in beer, the Heffer Queen, Shiela, Karrie, and Mary (Law of Gross Tonnage). Youngster year also brought us the Church Lady. Now isn't that special. Second Class year Pinky founded the Bancroft Hall Wrestling Federation. Instead of a belt the winner got Greg's blanket. Pinky, ever one to add color to the place, decided to add his own yellow hue to the wall outside gate #3 over Easter Weekend. Weekends 1/C year Pinky could usually be found in the combat zone or the lounge at Bowl America looking for? Remember Aerosmith dude, and the cookie monster. Have fun at SWOS you SWO warrior. Will your truck ever be finished and what does IOWA stand for? Somehow we survived living with Mr. Clean for over two years. We'll miss the maid service. Have beer bong will find party. Army89. Schwags& Needles

Pamela Lorraine Krahl
Roswell, Georgia
Oceanography

Dear Spambo, You're probably lounging around in your sexy flannel pj's from Banana Republic, armed with safari whip, poison darts and the latest Sydney Sheldon novel, not to mention the pet tiger by your side. How did we guess? Oh, and have you bagged any elephants lately? Well, we heard about the loin cloth that you sent to Barry (that should be hot and spicy enough for you!)...uh huh, what did ever happen to your halo? Right, it's all coming back to us now...five guys--five weekends; D&B grog and 00000 "yards" (that sounds reasonable); and, how many parties did you say you had in VA? Not to change the subject, but Ms. Fix It, how'z the cute BUG running these days? Gotta love Classic VW! Have you raised your price for EI or psychiatric help yet? 5 cents is cheap! Oh one more thing, THANKS for being a reasonable roommate; we did have a BLAST! Just remember, never say UNGABUNGA within hearing distance of a native! Love and Anchor's Aweigh (you'll never have to play it again), Chris and "T". P.S. Enclosed are chips and salsa!

Jerome Patrick Lavely
Cleveland, Ohio
Navy Pilot

Jerry Lunchpail STEEL SCOUT SNUGGLES JEREMIAH Lavely was a man of charm. BABYSITTERS saw him as a heart stopper, his friends the weeble who could fall upstairs (note: he never spilled a drop), and all others saw him as the man with an appetite for sleep (inherited). As a plebe Jerry established himself in time for the upperclass to give him his own line in 'A Partridge in A Pear Tree' (TWELVE BEERS FOR LAVELY), and as a firstie we rode him into the floor (A BEER A MINUTE...). Apart from a torn shirt, a trip to the dark side (well several), his own stool at Mc'Garveys, and a few bad sunburns, Lunch will get out of here all but unscathed (THANKS BET + JOE). Jerome we wish you your dreams, but when you do find your soul, DON'T PUT IT ON CREDIT.

Michael James Mangiapane
Scottsdale, Arizona
Navy Pilot

Mainge arrived at SQUIDVILLE relieved to be leaving the barren hot desert of Arizona, to live in exotic Annapolis. Leaving all the cactus behind, Mike took the scenic route through California before arriving at the Boat School. He was a little wet behind the ears when he arrived. That changed with his new roomates youngster year. Mr Proffesional-VTNA MIKE was well on his way to company commander until an unfortunate incident at Maggies. Mike and drinking never seemed to mix well- streaking at OU ? Lake Burton, late night jogs at Chapel Hill- Lets just put him to bed. Speaking of bed, were is Mike? Spring Break on Route 50, Ring Dance at the beach- Return to the Dark Side? Who will Mainge fall in love with next- (Kristee?) Since then Mike's been MIA (missing in Annapolis) for 1st class year. Maybe he'll show up in P-Cola where we all wish him the best of luck. All kidding aside, Mike was the best of friends, thanks for being there to steer us straight. Keep your feet on the ground and your head in the clouds. JBW III

Jonathan Robert Pfiffner
Dubuque, Iowa
Submarines

Jon arrived at USNA a fresh-faced high school boy from Iowa (Do you live on a farm?). Making the adjustment from the land of tall corn to Crabtown USA was aided by that fun loving bunch down on 8-1. Always looking for pain and abuse, Pfiff chose the long road of Aerospace Engineering--Astro track he is quick to remind you. After surviving youngster cruise in the I.O., he joined the ranks of the Stand in Line company. Things were looking bright for our hero as an up-and-coming marksman on the rifle team until that bone(femur)-shattering Turkey day. His shooting career on hold, Jon finished up youngster year with a new understanding of the term "crip". Pfiff emerged from the rites of passage of second class year (Wild Bill, Cables, and Thermo) with a new appreciation for engineering and a N-Star on his chest. Service Selection night saw Jon literally take the plunge. He'll try to rationalize his bubblehead tendancies-"great training for a deep space mission" he'll tell you. Jon, good luck wherever you end up--in subs or in space you'll succeed. J&G.

Robert William Pritchard
Houston, Texas
Marine Corps

Pritch, Suds, Gears, Rocks, Fingers,...pick your favorite nickname, because he earned them all. Pritch arrived at USNA--from Houston,TX--naive, intelligent, carrying a box of white cassettes(and recorder), health pills, a ballroom dancing chart and a smile. He is probably the only person to receive more liberty as a mid than as a civilian. After stumbling through 10, Pritch landed in 29. With outside influence of course, Pritch traded his small recorder in for a "MEGA-BASS" box, learned the latest dances, and discovered alcohol and women(even our very own). Although Pritch discovered a social life, he also discovered the importance of discipline, leadership, and professionalism. Pritch partied when it was time to party and was very professional when it was time to accomplish the mission. Pritch knew where to draw the line between professionalism and the party...ok he did drill in his underwear once (come on he lost a bet)...ok he did cause the company to form MADD (Mids Against Drunk Drillers) but the guy liked to drill...ok nobody's perfect. By the way, who is 903258*?-BLK

Gregory Thomas Schwaiger
Elida, Ohio
Navy Pilot

Almost always thought of as the quietest mid ever to pass through the "Navy Academy" and definitely the Stand-in-Line, Schwags fooled alot of people. Arriving I-day from Ohio with alot of Razorback in him, he couldn't figure out what good shoes were for. Early in his academic career, Schwags decided that EE was the way to go-straight through to Capt. Hook'um. He was the only person to use his career starter loan to pay off his C.D. collection-:Ratt,John Bon,Ozzy,the White Groups (Just a few of my favorites). Batt.FB,Fieldball,Softball(Coach of the Year) and the manliest of all activities-YP Squadron. Just a dash..."Yang yang yang!" Ice skating before spring break '89, Do-it-yourself stitches before spring break '89: compliments Navy Medical. 3-years building a plane that never flew-chicken! Baltimore's Combat Zone:"Weeee! Hey, look at this." Route 2 bowling alley: cheap drinks, cheap women. Windshields America. After living with the Pinkster for 3 years, Schwags thought Bulldog was for wimps. Thanks for being such a great friend, I'll miss you. Good luck! God Bless. PINKY

James Douglas Stowe

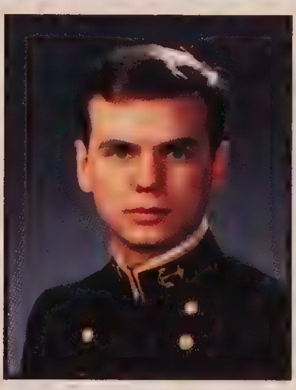
Santa Rosa, California
Surface Warfare

James Stowe came to this institution from Northwestern Prep. One of the few people who studied to get in. He spent plebe year in the dirty company. The only thing of importance that happened was his introduction to the trials and tribulations associated with alcohol abuse. This continued through youngster summer. Also during this summer Stowie met his better three fourths. Dee had a stabalizing affect on our James. She helped him to control his drinking and expenses(i.e. a joint checking account).Youngster year saw James making many trips off campus in the trunk of Dee's car. Dee and James opened their townhouse up for numerous company parties and company drunks. Then there was Stowie's relationship with CDR. J. One year he went to a performance board and later he became a Batt striper. Firstie year saw the emergence of the Dis-Enchanted forest. He was the first conduct officer in 29 to be thrown into the Severn before the company commander. Fair winds and following seas, best of luck to both of them. MDA.

Anthony Hollis Sugalski

Buffalo, New York
Submarines

Savior of air conditioning and the ozone layer! Yes, Tony has done many things during the last 4 years. Starting out he validated plebe year and sailed and gave EI. 3/c year he sailed took EE and gave more EI. 2/c year he blew up a radiator, continuing his alternative career as Mr. Fixit with "THE TOOLBOX". 1/c year he got a HP and began VGEPing, thus achieving his goal for virtual non-existence at USNA. He did get to ride the rocket on momentary returns from Maryland with his 2nd T-Bird. He also received the honor of being the 1st mid to VGEP and be head restrictee at the SAME TIME! Tony is also great at arriving late, 10 days from Xmas leave, 7 days and 2 days from spring breaks, 2 days from 2/c summer. Skiing, sailing, and never drilling have distinguished Tony's "fabulous" naval career so far. Will he ever actually make it to a submarine? Will he ever be able to do situps? How long can his hair get? Will the Bills and Jim Kelly ever win anything important? How many more stereo components can he buy to play even more 70's music (P.F., G.D.,etc)? Is Buffet really God?



James David Turner

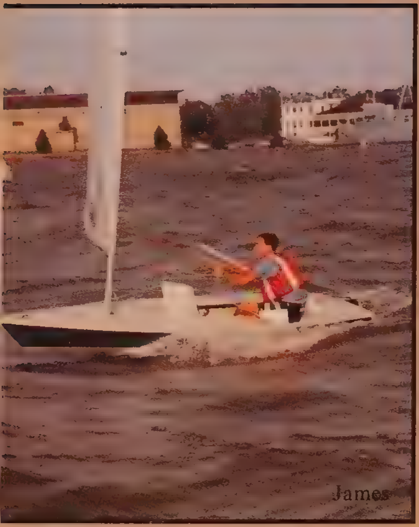
Austin, Texas
Navy Pilot

Jim Turner came to USNA after two striper college life at Texas Tech became too mundane.He brought the UAV which had many features Jim enjoyed, including an odometer which measured 2 miles before the one in the LT's car,an answer to the frustrations of Annapolis drivers (EAT GREEN!),camoflague ideal for free parking in the back streets of Baltimore,and a haven for his candy memory treasures.Jim's solution to his problem of Crown taste and beer money came through the careful management of of his credit cards (The REAL Midstore Madness).His 2 pile organizational skills were admired by all.Not liking stress,Jim avoided it entirely through copious amounts of rack.This rackability rubbed off on Maxx,Fred,and me. His one sided arguments with SC4 could be heard by all in the wee hours of the night.The tape barricade,threatening signs,and Pete trap let everyone know it was the one serious study night of the month.Between the plane of good grades,the repeat button,the 15 roomates,and Dr. Dave & The Waves-,Jim got his Full Leather Jacket.Hoo Yah SNA and remember ICIW! RFW

Peter Gerard Vasely

Coronado, California
Special Warfare

Vase came from sunny CA via "the other NAPS"-Northfield Mt Hermon Prep. Starting at USNA with RIFF and TIP in 21, Pete came to 29 an Ocean Engineer. 2/c year he opted for a less restricted major, G.E. Navy Air all the way, Vase picked SEALS, probably due to his crew days but hey, he had all the uniform pins. Known for his unique way with women, Army wake-ups, and, of course, one brief hangover on the dark side -with a centerfold no less!(All Hands) Pete will make an excellent SEAL and have a great career, I wish him only the best. ZOOL



David George Wasson Jr
Jackson, Mississippi
Naval Flight Officer

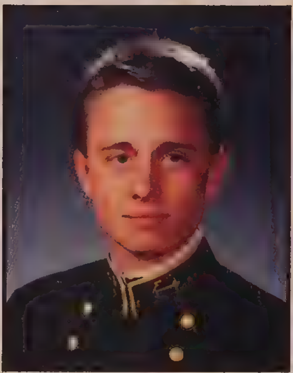
Chip, Alex P., came to USNA from Jackson, Miss., via Wallstreet. He made his way through Plebe year by late night studying and efficient time management, and found his way into - you quessed it - an Econ. major. After busting the line as a fullback with the 150's for two years he chose to study abroad on the banks of the Hudson and changed his sports preferrence to Rugby. After a semester in Woopville with his big buddy, Chipper came to his senses, returned to USNA and joined a winning tradition with Navy Rugby. Chip proved his ability to play with the big boys by out-hustling other scrumhalfs on the pitch and even acquiring the tag "Iron Mike" Wasson. Chip is also world reknown for his drinking experiences, yet he could never recount them for you. After a brief stint as a blind backseater expect to see Chip running for political office. Vote for Wasson. Good Luck and Thanks for all the fun times, Wes, Jay, O'B, and Navy Rugby.

James Benjamin White III
Annapolis, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Twas the night before Tue. and all through 6-3 not a creature was stirring except... Jamie came to Canoe U all the way from Annapolis Md. A brief stop at NAPS and soon Hymie found himself a plebe in 33. It didn't take him long to figure the Jimmy Legs out as he took more "liberty" that year than most firsties. There was a new sheriff in town 3/c year as the Lawman stepped into his own in 29. Narrowly escaping the fallout of Nagasaki, he ventured into the dark once again senior year. Jamie was a true friend in every sense of the word, always willing to help someone out. His drive for success almost equalled his passion for beers as he was never without one. Jamie, some things to remember: Sailing, Army-Navy, the Orangebowl, Mrs. Ed, one day ski trips, "Harve, RUN!" (I still can't believe that one), libs with Bentley, Lake Burton, golf on your 21st, road trips, the keys, Ohio U (What radar detector?), S. Carolina, Spring Break in Europe, Smeltz, the Harry one, "She must be on the team." Jamie, you made this place a little more fun for all of us. We'll miss you. mjm

Laura Brigham Williams
Oyster Bay, New York
Surface Warfare

I remember my first encounter with LB on I-day. The girl who was so tall and spoke so funny. As we frowned at our issued underwear we realized that we were to be teammates. Youngster year greeted us with the troll, our future backshaft boys, talks on the stairs, Munghead, Scrubs, Theo, Let's go to Jamaica-naaah. Let's take the PCR again. We took turns playing follow the leader when we shouldn't have, AC boards, summer school, PCR. We finally made it, unbelievable! How much money do we owe who? Credit cards bargain shopping, PR-What's your sign? Lasers, the mustache nerd, Hands on the trainer and A/N '88, Jeff and Jeff-mmm good! All of us TAD together! Our lists, the docks-(meow, is that a bulldozer?) getting ready for bed, Ocean City-maybe we got a little too comfortable-it didn't stop there! Devo, hiding deserts, hotpot dinners, our own liberty policy, Walk like a soldier. Don't ever forget how much we've shared, the good times, You have made this place bearable! We love you! Katch and Otis



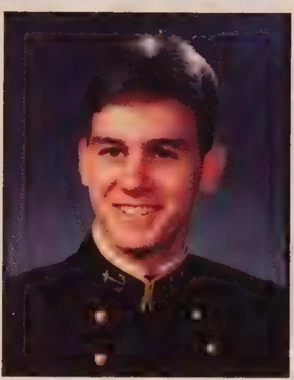
Robert Francis Wojcik
Lambertville, New Jersey
Naval Flight Officer

Bob came to the halls of USNA;via MMA,from a small metropolis in Jersey(1st exit).Youngster grades tarnished Bob's dreams of gold to a nauseating lime green.Luckily,after a Summer revelation ("Geez,this really sux!"),Bob was recommitted to trying for the best.Bob was the best roommate a man,a fish,and a plant could have,but he also brought with him the annoying habit of studying. Group 3 tasks led to serious stressing that could only be beaten by a visit to the Baltimore Boat People("Hey,wake up!").or perhaps some overexposure to ruthless lashings.Serious cases had to be handled by the competent care of Dr. Dave,the 15 roommates,or maybe a Spring Break in New England,Bob was always there when needed,he'd do anything for a line of credit and a free Kit Kat.Eileen brought an end to the stressing,and a beginning to the rice burning(be sure to make a stop at the bathroom on the right).After four years of war with inanimate objects,open garage chicken feasts,and studying to the sound of a sleeping roommate,Bob is a designated 1370,complete with Full Leather Jacket.Good Luck! JDT

30th COMPANY

Mark Thomas Zauel
Holly, Michigan
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Mark,"Zool." Well dude, we've survived 4 years of this place and 3 years of each other. Youngster year was the toughest with the slug and a redneck. S.D. and TJ over spring break was a blast. Didn't get much running in. Second class year and our big switch to G.E.(brings good things to life) was probably our best bet. I know you were bumming when "your lady" left for home but it gave us time to do more stuff together. June 8th will be a blast. Maybe I'll buy you a pair of fur lined shoes just in case your feet get a little chilly going down the aisle. You and the boys got delt some pretty hard cards in C.C. but you still pulled together and kicked some butt. Forget Al! I wish you and Kim the very best and I just hope that you take time out from doing what rabbits do best so you can study for Nuke school. Your roomie and friend PGV.

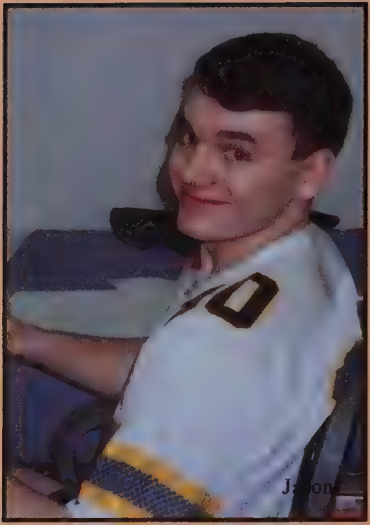


Michael William Bernhard
Palmetto, Florida
Navy Pilot

Chunky Mike B. came to Bancroft with great desires to become an officer, as a matter of fact, he is the only person I know who didn't want to quit during plebe year. It's a good thing he was "squeeky clean" or else he would of suffered the fate he probably deserved...N-star(s). It all began youngster year with The Duster which ended up at the Grisko grave, it's a good thing your mommy paid your half. Then, mom came through again with the Volvo (I understand your position sir, my brother's a police officer; need some oil, or maybe a fuel filter?). Spring Break. I think Budweiser should have sponsored us that year, (Sir, can I keep the empties?). This was also about the time chunky became friends with the hall...can you say UNSAT? Then, the MAJ! (how dare you wear civies out we were just loading our car). Then comes Teresa. No...not the L-Word. She better write the rest of this bio. since we didn't see Chunky for a whole year! No...not the M-Word. Good Luck, See you in Pensacola! JSY

Lewis Parks Berry
McLean, Virginia
Supply Corps

Yea, Lewis really WAS oriental! Straight from Japan with a few stops at 7-Eleven to fight 15 people, I met him at the Academy back when we both were PQ. Together we hooked ourselves with "the scam" and looked forward to our affluent lives in our respective corps. Then came PCR's, rigged boards, the contest with the jar, stops at Clay's, trips to Pitt, and negative peer evals. Oh well, pull one off, pull them all off! Remember going off like bad a's and jamming tasty tunes, And how 'bout that time that I was in the shower and you were in the room...next door...and...yeah sure Stick, great story. Man its been great to find someone on the same ride in life. We've had the accelerator floored for 20+ years and the "kicks" are still comin' strong. Some may remember you for your bodybuilding, but to me you'll always be the double biceped, bad "a" boy from the orient. I love ya and I'm sure there's more to come!! Stick PS. You can rest assured that I'll only throw cold water OVER the shower curtain; believe me, I'll never peek in! Uh, eee!



BART SIMPSON
Charles

Joseph Edward Blackstone
Steger, Illinois
Marine Corps

Joe Bone:

It all started youngster year with Monty. All you did was run until Army week. Then there were feathers, shaving cream, and halls of water. Second semester you decided that it really didn't matter which prof you got. Second class year was full of Madonna and the smash hit "Set on You." Running took too long, so you got a bike. Then spring break. "I own that hill!" was heard as Bone flew threw the air and broke his arm.

I'm still interested in what you ate at the ring dance but I doubt you know either. But you did have some good shrimp, hamhock, and brow if I remember correctly. Then came the 'Stang--we won't mention what happens when you start it. Finally, the Conduct God made it to 1/c year. You studied to stay sat and to help build your Mountain Dew towers. I knew that the microphone should have been hidden to protect everyone , but Paulina sure did like it.

Well Skinhead, you'll do great in the Corps as long as you don't get busted for long hair. J.D.

Jason Martin Carter
Morristown, Tennesee
Navy Pilot

"Jase" came to Annapolis from booming Morristown, TN., and never gave up his small town roots. With his ever present "cool one" (of course this is an uncurable addiction), and sporty jean jacket, JC proved that a Varsity Gymnast with a 3.3 Cum in Comp Sci does not have to be a geek! NOT!! Jason and Bitsy had a four year relationship of undying love and devotion. Too bad this was his computer. Plebe year was rough for Jason; McGrath, Ceccini (the boys), the PCR (oops!), and the high bar that jumped into his face. Youngster year saw the rise of Bob the cow, Jason's PCR grade, Jason's social life (haa!). Second class year was classic; the nightly "cheesings" by ST and myself, conversion to good musical tastes, and the restriction to room week. I couldn't have survived academically w/o you though. Thanks! First Class year was cake for Jase, except detail. Jason, I have no doubt in your ability to succeed, just keep pushing. It has been a long four years, and rooming with you has not helped any. Just jokin'. Party On in Pensacola! Go NAVY AIR! CAC

Charles Alan Carver
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Surface Warfare

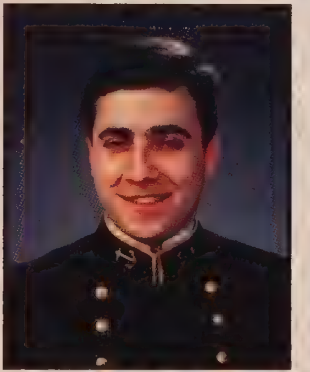
USNA sounded good to Chucky C. on I-Day, little did he know how bad it would become. Plebe year initiated the CARvER/CARtER mixup. His math prowess earned me a trip to the CO. Oh, how I prayed it was you who failed the PCR. Our transfer to the Dirty Co lead to 3 years of being roomates. Youngster year brought the lure of WE's, dreams of UVA, and eventual college application letters. Math remained his strong point. Elmo D. also labeled you "ACADEMIC SUICIDE", how right he was. Chuck's military exploits have always been outstanding; 2/C Group Cdr. and Co. Cdr., and finally 1/C Co. Cdr. You couldn't study, but your sence of duty is noteworthy. Along with these accomplishments came the never ending 'complaints' about the system, and 'did you do's.' One never knew whether you liked your jobs or hated them. Finally, he moved out to the wardroom where the majority of Co. Cdr. transactions, and study hours took place. You have always had a great sence of whose is best, yours. Your going to be a great SWO Daddy and always a great friend, loser. JMC

William Eugene Chase
Labadie, Missouri
Navy Pilot

Upon entering Dirty 30, Bill immediately took-on all the collateral duties he possibly could. Wardroom, HRC; you name it, he did it. He performed these duties admirably while getting A's as a "poet" of the honors type. He even taught his most treasured, anti-rack study technics to his new roommates, Buzz and Bone. This combination earned him the unenviable opportunity to spend a semester on the Hudson. He was well-liked and enjoyed the experience, but was oh so happy to return, via bananawagon, to that great Crabtown liberty. But the liberty combined with the new Red Rocket caused Bill's Visa to rise appreciably and soon, many hours were spent trying to create something from nothing. Firsty summer allowed Bill to explore the European origins of his study. First semester, Batt Adj took-up a lot of his time, although he still managed to meet a weekend companion. Henceforth, Bill's room was sure to be empty from 1210 Fri until 2400 Sun. Second semester brought a brown leather jacket and the annual changing of the cars, from which Bill came out BM-ing. JEB/JLGIII

Mark Allen Creasey
Wilmington, Delaware
Navy Pilot

Creaseman hails from the "huge" state of Delaware. C-Man graced the yard with his dashing looks, and the tan man led Dirty Thirty to new highs, the Batt Shield, as "Keeper of the Maj". When not working on an Aero lab or his biceps, Mark concentrated on girls from any number of bars on the Eastern Shore. Always the heartbreaker, no single girl managed to tie him down(yea sure). Third's, G-Town, Order-/Chaos, Roomie, Grizzly Dude, JAG & CAG, Hot Pink Volleyball, Daytona, Simpsons. Good times always seemed to accompany Mark through his years at the Academy. Following his wingman's lead, he made the plunge into Navy Air in pursuit of fast times, and no doubt he'll be leading the pack. Check six wingman. SMT Thanks to everyone who helped me through this place, especially my old lady and old man. Hey Bert, your zipper's down! Made you look! MAC



George John Dennis
Franklin Square, New York
Navy Flight Officer

GJ came screaming into USNA 7 July 86 with guitar in hand and a clean head. GJ came to the boat school to "escape" the Island. "Thirst" cancels world tour without him. George made instant friends with Schwaby, Smith, and Baker. Patterson and GJ's room, THE muscles room. 3/C year GJ and I move to Dirty. Stick and Hop, they seemed so harmless at first! Racks, made, are you kidding? Remember when "Bud" would stop by. Thanks Chris for the entertainment unit. Welcome to Riordens! 2/C year began with O.C. weekend. To bad you passed out, I was a God. Navy/ND, who was that bit..,oh ya, Eileen-true love! How comfortable is the Holiday Inn pool deck? Schafers(what a bar), Dan, and the BMW,should of let you freeze. Thanks for making dead week a haze. GJ on cruise-DDG8,pride of the fleet. GJ glows at Los Alomos! 1/C year in the rack or at Riordens. The PCR-welcome to the"Darkside" GJ! A/N weekend-THE DRIVE, Joe, the Caddy, and the fat girl. Zebra, Rush-the best! GJ rules AC. 2nd sem.-GJ and Gramps,Ha! Cancun on break-love em'& leave em'. Some great times GJ, Fly Navy!...RJG

Jefferey Norman Drake
Ottawa, Kansas
Submarines

After a relaxing cruise in the depths of the Pacific, JD entered 30 as the quiet mid in 4202. Quiet, that is, until Army week rolled-in and the JD/QB gruesome twosome drew arms. It was about this time that JD gave his famous "It doesn't matter which professor you get" speech. This was soon dispelled by the Wrecktor, although to JD, a tough prof. means a B instead of an A. JD returned from second class cruise with SH and Lori. It wasn't long before the magazines were tossed and JD began to disappear every Saturday at 0730. JD's Aero success paid-off first class summer as he earned a contract with SDI. Not only did he get to hang with the Pentagon brass, but he was now much closer to Alexandria. August brought JD back to USNA in good spirits. This was evidenced by much random D-dancing. Running one lap per "beep", JD soon conquered the final 1.5. Next, JD whizzed through his nuclear chat session. By Spring Break'90, JD had decided to tie the knot with Lori. The future holds nuke school followed by D-day in Oct'91.

Joseph Llewelyn Gardiner III
La Plata, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

Though Joe came to Dirty Thirty the youngest of Youngsters, he knew just what to do-- exactly as he had always planned. Those long-held goals and hard work brought him immediate reward, both in classes and in being selected for the first of his perennial striper billets. Army Week showed us Joe could play (in true "Midshipmen of the Night" fashion) as hard as he worked. Then Wild Bill & the Machine Gun took over, helping to create the fury that the plebes of his first plebe detail won't soon forget. 2/c year was a blur... EE, thermo, Caps games, all those CD's, Tark, leathers buffed into 'frams, car shopping in Feb., another striper job, Lew's cabin, a SHINY new ring, Ring Dance... what a year! Firstie year brought NSA, another detail (nothin' worse than a sword that won't behave), Batt Adj and 3 stripes for real, a movie (I never would have let 'em shave my head-- especially for millions of people to see!), road trips, a brown leather jacket, and Cancun. Through four years Joe was always there as USNA in quintessence, and above all else, a close friend. Good luck! WECIII

Mark

Richard

Jennifer

Richard John Gurdak
Sterling Heights, Michigan
Surface Warfare

Gurdak, Polish for big and drunken, has earned many titles at USNA like Air Recon Commander of Squadron EE, Bastion of Honor, Guru of Professionalism, Color Man (well, except when his safety pins gave way in front of the Maj) We'll never forget the "Morning From Hell" - Rich almost sleeping through his conduct hearing, without a clean uniform, socks or a shave gets told that he doesn't belong in the Navy - I knew that! But it took many a beer from sweet Caroline in Riordans to bring back that room-filling Gurdak laugh. But the Maj really loved us as was evident from his pity during the Aero Lab altercation a liberal prof. Anyway, liberty-hound Dak will never forget those round "Sandy" beaches in OC, the surf, the rum, my near-death experience. Or the LI lady? But cruise is where Rich really puts out: E-quals, showing up early (or 4 days late?), a grease that sounded like he wrote it himself, hmm? Don't forget "Manners" Stick, "Waxin" Hop or the "bros." All the best on 22 Dec, but Rich, "In the end, there can be only one!"

Jennifer Ann Hampson
Washington, Illinois
General Unrestricted Line

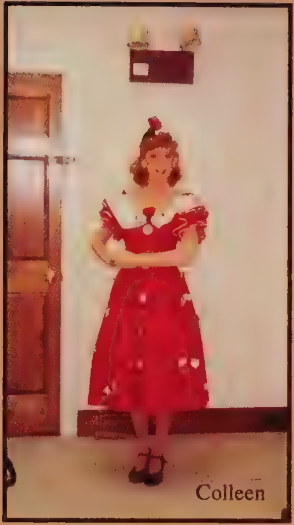
Jen made her grand entrance into 30th company at the first company party. After that, everyone knew who she was, especially the company commander.(heh-heh) The three blind mice moved in together and found out just how different we are. Our musical tastes varied; your favorites being Love Tape I and Love Tape II (the sequel-).(heh-heh) But we all loved pillow fights and B---- Night signs that never worked. Our chem major struggled but made it through P-Chem.(NAPS - Beware!) Hard to believe you'll actually be teaching Chem considering that you spent most of your time passing notes and interrupting the more serious students. By the way, Jen, what did you get on your first Personality test? Remember the good times (Les Mis, Brown's - 9 1/2 Weeks, Chi-Chi's and your 21st birthday), and try to forget the bad times (EE, Jen's early morning reveilles, and the honor system). We love you, and we'll see you at Bethesda, Doc! (heh-heh) Jen, Col, Stace By the way, thanks for being my marathon bud! -J2

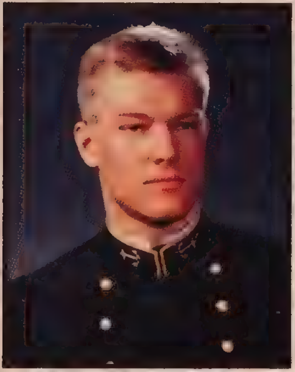
Mark Arlen House
Hagerstown, Indiana
Marine Corps

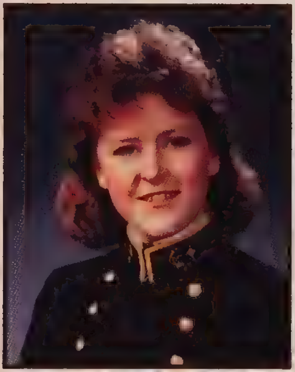
Mark has been called many things in his life before but we just call him House. Being a boy who used to raise cows as pets and then eat them, we'll never know what brought Mark to the Naval Academy. Maybe it was to follow in the footsteps of his father as a fighting Marine or maybe simply to ween himself from his Mamma's good cooking. While at the Academy, Mark has majored in graduation and wrestling. From his trips to Florida, exploits downtown, and sleeping in showers to his over the wall escapades, Mark has kept things lively and downright fun. On the mat Mark's philosophy was "If you can't Beat em, Beat em up!", which worked great in his match-saving victory over Army. In academics, Mark felt at home with an ax hanging over his head. Mark has left his permanent marks on all of us. Without a doubt, Mark has earned the dubious honor of being the Horseplay king of Bancroft. Through his humor and energy we've had an exciting 4 years. Who ever said that big guys have small hearts. Thanks Mark! ... Oh no, it happened again. Your buddies, Karl and Will.

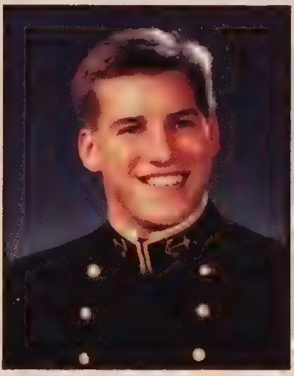
Karl Erik Jensen
Newtown Square, PA
Naval Flight Officer

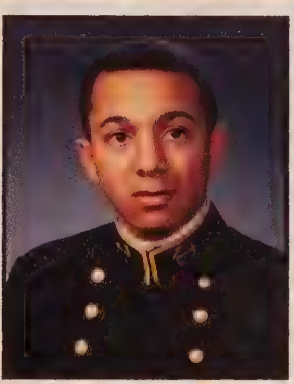
From Newtown Square, one of those small towns that automatically join themselves to Philadelphia, Karl came to the Academy. On I-day Karl hit the deck plates running and hasn't stopped yet. Spending his first year in 14th Company, and being scrambled to 30 he knew he would have trouble finding a roommate so he brought a House with him. With his old friend and newly found Texan, he took control of 30 in all areas from academics to mug winning PE performances. He had a love for music that allowed him to rub elbows with the rich and famous and travel around the world. These exploits gave him stories of women and wine that could stand up to any lies we've ever told. His talents did not stop there though, he is known for his fine performances as a root, which led to greater roles as a dog. Too many good memories to mention even though we would like to tell everyone some dirt about you. Through all of this he was still able to keep his grades high and his goals greater than the sky's limits: "Space, the final frontier"! Good luck, your buddies, Will & Mark











Sean Patrick Kent
Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania
Civil Engineer Corps

Fresh from hard luck PA, Stick came to play hoops and maybe football. Yeah, sure. Well he was awesome anyway, when he wasn't on restriction. The best gouge hound in the brigade, he earned(?) a 3.0 as a Marine Engineer. The perfect SWO officer, Stick unfortunately grew about 2 inches before precomms and threw up at the sight of water. The CEC was his fate all along. If we weren't laughing or spooning the plebes, Stick and I WEREN'T doing homework. Who wants to do work when there are beers to drink, tunes to hear, and a Denny's to munch at? That's the best, right? NO!! We all know what THAT was! Right Chuck? If TT could only hear the stuff that Stick talks about at night. Psyche! He's faithful, unless of course he's in the shower. Don't worry, I never peeked, Stick. Just listened. This is just the beginning, Dude. We still have a lifetime ahead. Once we get out in five and get rich in ten, we'll party for two complete with spitting, bonging, beating, brachialis, and long hair. I love ya buddy. See you on the other side of the wall. Lewis & FD

Colleen Marie McFeely
Alexandria, Virginia
General Unrestricted Line

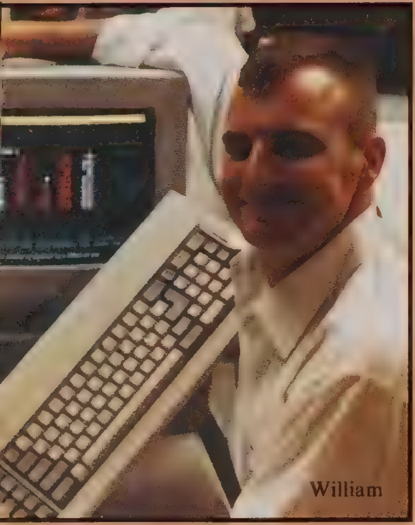
To Col- or should we say Mrs. Anna or Adelaide, living with you was like being on the set of Entertainment Tonight. We put up with all of your adoring fans, DP's and PD's alike. And acted as your answering machine and social secretaries. You could always be counted on to entertain when asked- or even when not. We tried to broaden our horizons listening to your music, and even learned to appreciate Pavorotti, but for some reason, our singing did not compare. But through it all, the pillow fights, the religious "discussions", the laughing until 3 o'clock in the morning, we really did enjoy rooming with you. Keep singing, for you really do have talent. Best of luck; we love you. Jen & Jen

Franz David Messner
Port Clinton, Ohio
Submarines

Franz arrived at Navy the "All-American kid" from Port Clinton, Ohio. After that first "B" in P.E. he was determined to be an All American at USNA also. After a "stud" season on the Squash team, Franz laid down his jersey to dominate intramaurals. Plebe weekends were made for cheap movies and dinners at G's house. 3/c year Franz realized his place in life, Uptown's & Clay's. 2/c year Franz's Glory-Days stories with Tim and Tom got annoying and he was forced to find new stories which fall into the CRS category. Nights for Franz were spent rocking himself to sleep in the fetal position, listening to death music and dreaming of bayonets in T-court. Weekends, Franz was a cannoneer by day and a ladies' man by night, only problem was he couldn't recall who his victims were. Evenings in the beast and weekends at Pitt, with beasts, weren't enough to turn him away from nuke subs. Good luck at nuke school (don't worry, it's not hard and boring). And whenever you meet that girl you do remember...I'll hold the bong. GKS & SPK

Wayne Allen Parker
San Francisco, California
Marine Corps

Wayne came to the Academy with a single goal in his mind. That goal was to obtain a comission in the U.S. Marine Corps. He trained hard to prepare his body for the physical stress that he would encounter at "Bulldog" by getting up before dawn and running with a pack on his back. This is one example that demonstrates his determined nature. After losing a close boxing match in the Brigade final, Wayne continued to practice and won an invitation to the Eastern Championship in which he emerged from the ring as a winner. I am sure that this winning attitude will be the key to his future success. One of his life long goals is to win the Congressional Medal of Honor. I hope that he never has to risk his life above and beyond the call of duty, but if he does I am sure that, as always, he will emerge as a winner. Any one who learns to speak Chinese while at the Academuy deserves a bright future. Good luck in the "Good-old Boys Gun and Rifle Club." Neither you nor QB ever admitted to liking Patty "Pudge" face, but I'm sure something unnatural was going on between the three of you.



William Edward Randall
Houston, Texas
Special Warfare

It may be hard for some people to believe that the center of civilization is in Texas, no matter how you spell TAXAS. At least Will Randall thinks so. Never mind that Will's going to be a Naval Officer and a Seal, in his heart he's a true Texan. Will is a man of many hobbies, books, bunnies, and Betty are just samples of his versitility. Generally, Will likes science and knows enough to talk intelligently on any bar stool even if his grades don't show it. The Fightin' Dog pulling for Navy Crew, and his eventful summer of Bulldog and Bud-Lite. His rowdy stories of Texas adventures have come to life every once in a while, usually at our expense (We couldn't let the nights of Princeton or the great fight from 4-0 to 4-2 slip by). Will came to the Academy to tame his rebellious spirits, so much for good intentions. But all in all his laid back disposition and positive attitude have won him many close friends, and given us a lot of good memories. Good luck! Your buddies, Mark & Karl.

Jennifer Upton Redman
Windsor, Connecticut
General Unrestricted Line

Jen II came from a very sheltered background (ie. no McDonald's, no Saturday a.m. cartoons and no sugar cereals! Aaagh!). She was soon corrupted into normalcy — almost. Her first experience with vitamin M proved disastrous, but stress fractures and broken bones solved that. Army week youngster year, hiding out and mopping floors. (Heah!) Second class year, Jen kept us entertained with her new and inventive study breaks. No, we could never find an antenna. . . but with all that hair, who could? After our religious "discussions" we could have all used a tequila shot, huh, Jen? But then we wouldn't have been able to get up a zero dark thirty like you used to. The 'J' team won "the Pit" and all of the lovely weather that went with it. Will you close the window now, Jen? We wish you the best of luck, especially in finding Wales (and no, it's not out gate 8 and turn right. Neither is D.C.). We love you and don't ever let anyone (else) ever tell you that you are dizzy, cuz we know better! Col and Jen Thanks for being my marathon bud (Are you hungry? aHA) J1

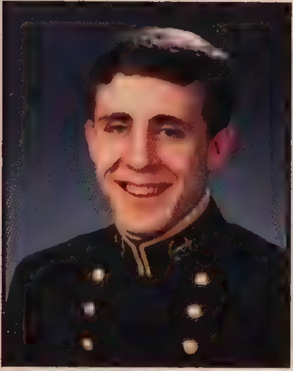
Gerard Kenny Shanley
Annapolis, Maryland
Surface Warfare

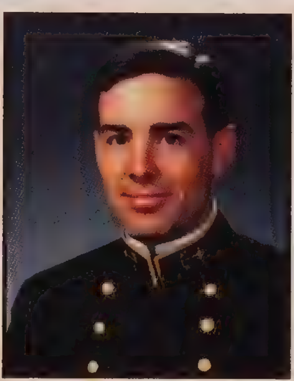
Clear from S. Cherry Grove (Annapolis) Gerard decided to move out of his house and in with the rest of his family at USNA. Plebe summer was tough on Gerard as he had nightly visits from family who brought such gifts as clean laundry and Big Macs. Most of plebe year was spent on the football field, at various boards, or in either brother's rack. Highlites of his football career include the record breaking punt vs. Air Force and his Academy award winning fake vs. the Citadel. Although football didn't get much out of him, G milked it to the tune of 2 ac boards and numerous gouge profs/cruises. After EE football was out and weekends in, spent mostly on the back nine. Choosy about his women G ultimately dumped them all to concentrate on scamming on a new one. One of the most efficient Mids at the Academy, G was in the honors gouge program and will graduate definitely in the top 1000. His performance was outstanding and allowed him to avoid the triple crown. Now that he's graduated Gerard will finally leave home but will still be with family as he'll join his bro's on the zoo.

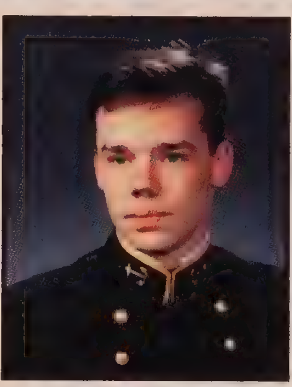
Andre Lerone Smith
Savannah, Georgia
Navy Pilot

Dre came to us from the sunny shores of Savannah, Georgia. Between his many girlfriends, perpetual unsat status, and "decent" boxing skills, Dre always found the time for his rack and even more girlfriends. But never once did he stoop to chasing females of a certain variety (the infamous WL syndrome). However, rumor has it that Dre may soon join the one-woman club real soon. If so, it would be the retirement of a true master. Good luck and watch your six with those squids! Small One.

31st COMPANY







Stephen Mark Trafton
Alexandria, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Steve, Steve-O, Trapper. Steve-O, predetermined to further the jet jockey legacy into which he was spawned, had his sights set on F-14s from the day he first blessed the Academy with his presence. Occasionally distracted by anything blonde, 38-24-36, and bikini-clad, Steve managed to survive those intensely demanding poli-sci classes, while breezing through his group one requirements. 3 years of friendship have brought us a lot of great times; 2 graceful, spirited rattlesnakes ramblin' down to UVA; roadtripping to Oceana, Ocean City; momma-D on the ANCC middle nine; arguing about yuppie Old Town vs. Arabian Adams-Morgan; and the list goes on.JBM Trafterman, the brand name master. Everything he did was planned to the letter; DC crash course on the monuments; Myrtle Beach, Orca surfaces, Crazy Zacks. VTNA+Rugby+PoliSci=Flyboy. High five!MKB CAG, Grizzley Dude, burritos at Riordans, lift-a-thons in Halsey, weekend stories-.JAG would-be Co Cdr; A-side hooker; Bermuda KJ; 30 year-olds; Foxfield, 'looking good, feeling good'. Thanks to my best friends, my mom and dad. We made it!

Harold Thomas Workman
Minersville, Pennsylvania
Submarines

HT hit 30 with limitless energy. While off the track, he could always be counted-on for a challenging, "anything goes" wrestling match. In spite of his athletic activity, HT's rack was untouched many a night. Halloween youngster year brought-out a new side of HT, including a couple of extra protrusions. Pensacola revealed GQHT. Second class year, HT joined Stick. To the surprise of all, this arrangement stuck for three semesters. HT soon snagged a Midstang and Santa supplied a companion. Home was no longer the choice option for weekend activity. Plebe detail held megastripes and the chance to spread motivation throughout. As a firsty, HT still runs, but has resorted to unrestricted, surprise wrestling attacks. Paperwork is the sum of HT's firsty business. The masochist took the admin-adjutant, 1-2 punch. Despite much sweat, 06 February was delivery day for a four-digit check and HT was smiling smartly. The future for HT holds rings, pings, and considering the past four years, whatever his heart desires. JEB : Later bud-remember the late nite chats-good luck-Stick

James Seymour Young
Grove City, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Jamie is known for his ever-present good mood. Somehow this crazy guy has been gifted with natural brilliancy-except in EE. Youngster year he spent all week planning for the weekend. Those were the days of the Duster, computer football, the trips to many colleges- I'll never know how you managed to escape trouble so often- and Easter (sorry). He left his sport of wrestling and a shot at national fame to conquer ultimate. Second class year brought more frisbee tourneys and trips to American with John and Doug. The two Spring Breaks- pool parties, nighttime beach trips, Disney, the Volvo breakdowns and sunburns, just so you know. Ring Dance Weekend was disastrous- almost. With first class year came a mature Jim- or was he just broke? He got his convertible but wouldn't put the top up. The summer-good times in VA beach, DTRC, John's house and a 21st Bday. The year brought Maggies, dollar movies, trips to UNC, PITT, and VA Beach plus a Pilot billet. Not a bad four years for a MID. Hopefully your luck will run with you throughout your life. CMB

Kent Harden Anderson
Alexandria, Virginia
Surface Warfare

The SWO God from Alexandria was made in the USA and has spent the last 3 years trying to convince us that everything else should be too. Kent, the ultimate economist, will likely be our first millionaire. Always the shrewd consumer, he saves money by buying his "raingear" in bulk and browsing Victoria's Secret sale racks for the wife, which he promptly blows on the "Stang" and the stereo in his Escort. Despite his reign as Fry King, we all still like and respect him. Kent went from the crew-house to SWO Daddy Super Doughnut Dunkers but still kept his motivated haircut. Will always invision him on the bridge with his SWO juice, WSJ, and size 12 Jack Purcells'. Good luck on your bid for President. Hable' Sie Deutsch, Herr Hoffman? -Fuzzhead and Jules.

Wilburn Avery Clarke
Queens, New York
Surface Warfare

Will aka Chill came to USNA from NYC, after a short detour to NAPS. Plebe year had its ups and downs for Will, with B-ball and the plebe summer squad leader from hell. During plebe year he earned a temporary name change among his B-ball teammates from Chill to Wardroom Will. He adapted much better to upperclass life. '92 was lucky to have the Chill-One, during plebe summer. His laid back attitude earned him distinction as most popular squad leader among the plebes. The next summer he returned as CO CDR to gently guide '93 easily into military life (Chill step march). During 1/C year, his academic prowess brought a promotion from CO CDR to drill officer. His easy going personality and body like Webster's Dictionary (well defined) made him a successful predator of unsuspecting women. This success led him to strut his stuff in King Hall during Halloween 2/c year. To go partying with him is an experience, but please make reservations a month in advance. Good luck with your wardrobe, hope to see you in GQ. Happy hunting in Cali, try some seafood! 2.0 & GO! DEVO

Julie Rae Connor
Fort Collins, Colorado
Cryptology

Jules came to Canoe U from the fleet to join Stalag 17. "Do I have to live with them?" How did you survive living with the superball all year? Chop? What's that? Remember: footbath, laundry in the shower, Honors English?, Laura Ashley, Annapolis Country Store, "automated parent", sleeping through plebe qtrs, "I'll never put a plebe on all-calls!", torsional stress testing, your favorite 2/C, gorgeous squad leaders and all those magazines. As an upperclass she made her mark in the No Fun Co. As a 2/C she introduced gender recognition flashcards. 1/C year she got the job she always wanted: squad mom ("come hither, cretans!") with the squad from hell. Jules should have been a striper, but she couldn't have put them on WW anyway. Enjoy crypto and the fleet (for the second time)! SAM,MKM,RLR

Peter Thomas Courtney
Manhasset, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Plebe Year - Rowing under SK, Thundering Herd, Medal at Sprints, Youngster - New Circuit Partner, Boxing and Judo with TC, Thanks for blowing out my knee, Easter in NYC, from 7 seat to "Bow!!", Robbie Jr., Narc to PolSci, Second Class - Morning workouts, rooming with Kruser, IT's and Tyber, the trip with the car, "Flight of the Trooper," lots of new stuff, "What's a Merkur?," Yakima, insurance scam nets new Trek, weekend at CRASH-B's, Amy wants her $5, DW, Quals in the Hall, Wheel o' Boatings, "Second boat's the one with PC in it," teaching TC to drive a stick, finals at Sprints, Zoomie Roomie, Late Night Crew Workouts, Stairs, First Class - Wednesday Luncheons, first head race, triathlon in Injun Country, pooped the question, Kruser's got two roommates, PC + DW, Army Weekend, Mini-Baja in the Merkur, more stuff, mountain bike, the "rock", AMEX best customer list, "I'll start a tab", Jump bench and circuit partners, "What do those rings do coach?", "Zing, zing!", 0 Dark Thirty Workouts, PCR, 2nd time a charm, back seat driver

Nelson

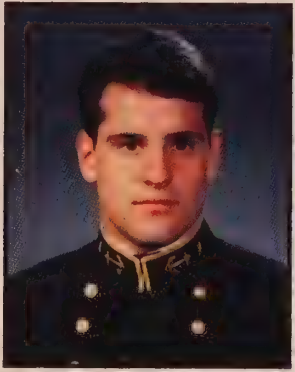
Mark

Michael

Kara

Nelson Daniel Craig
Ogden, Utah
Navy Pilot

Nelson came to us from Utah on the "Extended Academy Tour" plan. The best seven years of his life. There's the tip-off followed by the hip dribble. Jimbrowski's still in the mirror. Cracked those eggs like Humpty Dumpty. The Watson-Craig study plan. D.C. night life: Winston's, 94th, Maggie's. Taboo words: M-word, E-word, subterfuge. The trio: Bo Hica, Jim Browski, Ben Dover. Lisa-Lisa and the rest of the Craig harem. Remember: cabbage patch, running man, da butt, Roger Rabbit. Kid 'n Play, Public Enemy, & Luther. The midnight comedy club. The chopper. "You big, greasy, twelve sandwich-eatin' ..." CP&D and splash downs. "You, you got what I neeeed!" Member of arsenal of democracy. May you never be out of altitude, out of luck, and out of ideas at the same time! Good luck, buddy! Swingin' and Jammin'



Michael Kenneth deVaux
Ann Arbor, Michigan
Navy Pilot

Mike, a good ol' American guy from Michigan has gone through many changes here at USNA. Those of us (the fortunate ones) who have known him all four years can attest to this. Plebe year he was run of the mill like the rest of us (just puttin' in time). Whenever USNA was slandered, he was the center of the conversation. 3/C year, found him in No Fun 31, and first semester, he had no fun. The introduction to Big Ed and times at the Sign of the Whale was the start of his attitude change. His demeanor transformed, his grades dropped (3.1 to 3.6, Geek), and he soon found himself in the zebra organization. His fettish for the green stuff (No, not grass), caused him to take advantage of a remarkable steal on a '84 convertible Mustang (they saw you coming) and almost led him to choose Nuc Power. However, his love for flying won him over, and he chose Navy Pilot (Glad you opened your eyes). So, how does one go from being a average midshipman to a Batt CDR, and two guest appearances in the Log. Hell if I know. Good luck in Pensacola. Later, Homepiece! CHILL

Mark Vincent Donohue
Cupertino, California
Surface Warfare

All Vikings please rise-enter the honorable Bosephus,President of 2PI/Lambda,Mayor of Villainova,Earl of Bucksnort,and Duke of Rosen.We are here today to honor the Marlboro Man on his return from a quest for the elusive Red Snapper,indiginous to Florida. His most recent scam led him to the Land of the Noble Moose,Home of the late great King,pick-n-save,the Jungle Room,and a stop in Pee Wee Bryants domain for a bologna sandwich.On his journey, he encountered such beasts as the PylonsSchmylons,Chiaback,SDT fighting bovines,home by 11 monster,and the dreaded RunningHaker. Armed only w/a leisure suit,snow shovel,AirChomps,and the Worlds Most Unusual Lumber,Hechinger journeyed the Darkside,10 yrs in his Chrysler produk,to return here to the noble house of Bette and Joe-I present to you the coveted CORFRAM IN THE AX award.Congratulations,Good Luck,and McThanks.LSR

Kara Christie Flatley
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Kara,preferring athletics over academics,devoted her time to crew.Flathead,earning the respect of her teammates,was known as the best damn cox at USNA.On 3/c cruise superplebe graced the Pops,the donut lady,and others.3/c yr-1st boat,hills in the rain,14 minute drills,and PCR over spring brk.2/c yr Kara,as a commuter student,earned the distinction of arriving Sun.at the 5 min.chow call.In school,she adopted the midshipman creed,"Live and die by the gouge".As fired-up Pres of WPA(Nazis w/ hips)Flats always championned women's rights-Corbin89-LK,AO,TB,CM,LTA.Buckster as CO(need more be said?)2/c yr Kara realized that she could reach the pedals on a bike.The crew team's loss was the bike team's gain.1/c cruise-Lady Lex,YP from hell,EE312.In Oct,a certain 2/c:"Is anyone banging down your door?"Reply:"No I'm busy this week too." Finally,life began.Balt,DC,church,severn,ANOTHER ticket?Ga,Fl,Keys,PCR-1st time!SC,Jax,St.P's,Dancin in the rain. P-cola awaits.I have faith-you will always succeed! L. RB&Friends

Daniel Lee Frost

Sacramento, California
Naval Flight Officer

Dan began his stay by the bay armed with a perpetual smile. Losing three roommates and his sponsors plebe year nearly pushed him over, but the steady flow of chow packages pulled him through. 3/c year introduced him to floor-waxing, Navigating in a canoe, and Sunday school. Dan hovered on the edge of disaster (taking action-photos as plebes grabbed his roommate) and got picked up for salmon poaching with his Grandpa. 2/c year was a struggle, but Dan survived the last three horsemen of the Mech E Apocalypse, sent Springer to a rubber room, and became the most influential 2/c at the Academy as Swim Team Manager, telling the Brigade Commander to make the Gatorade. On Detail, Dan earned the nickname, "Holy Terror," and Ac-year brought new challenges: squad daddy, paper pushing, design projects, volleyball coach, and another six striper making the Gatorade. Dan narrowly escaped Nuke Subs by grabbing the VERY LAST NFO billet, soaring on to a new challenge and greater adventure.CFP

John Robert Kracht

Basking Ridge, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

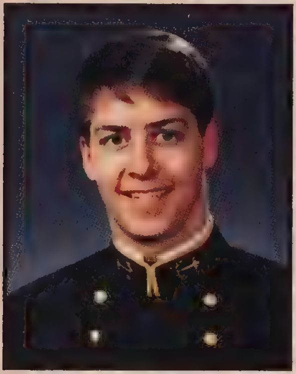
Jammin' Johnnie; Eggy, Coach. All one-and-the-same. You've changed. Who said you couldn't make a good roommate? You were the pupil and look, now a dance bears your name. You will never need a megaphone. What will you do without CP&D or the "chopper" to cuddle. It's all there in your mind; you have learned well Grasshopper. Speaking of education, how much Coke does a belly button hold? Only you know. Kan pai, guy. Bit of wisdom: $5 dates are acceptable. Jammin' euphimisms: Oh my gosh, Hey, Hey and Holy smoke! What a progression, a Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde. John you broke the mold. The trio lives on no matter where we may be. Be patient, the Arsenal of Democracy is attainable. Don't lose altitude, watch your 6, and remember the alimony. By the way, say "hi" to your sister.
Swingin' and Stormin'

Jeffrey Robert Krusling

Cincinnati, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer

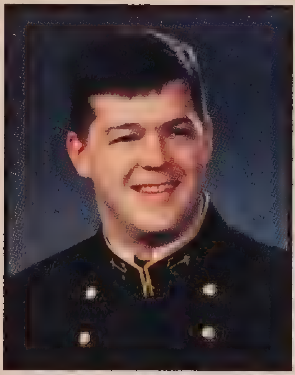
Moose, Kadink (How do you spell that anyway?) Kruise, Crusher; they all mean tall. They must grow'em big in Cincinnati. It's all that Ciney chili. Jeff came here with a good Catholic high school background which he managed to overcome. Youngster year roommates didn't work out so well, JR and PS left. Around 2/c year, JJ realized Jeff wasn't in 27th Co. 2/c year on 6-1 with USAFAWL (where is Ben anyway?...did you check 8-4!!). Army '88 in the Probe. Is Jeff bigger than all the cops in Philly? Adding a hood ornament to the car in the alley; Company Hoops. Darts. No more 'nickel' games. Sunshine. PDM and the orange. 1/c year and Jeff STILL had a 3-person room. Mazda's maiden voyage home. Plebe Detail. The eternal search. The Burrow's. Serving with JJ, open doors, platoon drill, co. ops, Debbie of his own, co. PT, single and loving it, USMC marathon, 2nd semester 1/c year Jeff sees the Dant more often than his wife, astro-major, garbage truck in space, cindy libs at Treaty of Paris. Jeff, thanks for the good times and remember you were there in the beginning.

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
MARINE CORPS MARATHON TEAM
Marine Corps Marathon '88
John



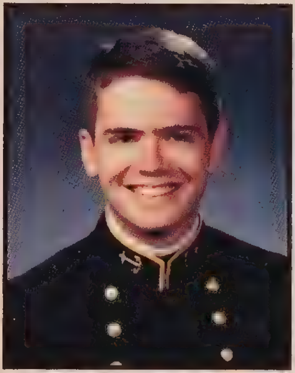
John Sydney Lunger
Louisville, Kentucky
Submarines

The cycling stud prevailed as an ocean engineer even though his study hour was congested with country music and music appreciation. With a name like Lugy... he made the best of the situation until he went on that night with a blindfold. Using his charm that was almost used on my cousin and the skill of trying to win at darts and buckets, he captured only a few special ladies. Lugy always had an appreciation for culture, such as the muskrat-skinning contest, and music, with the ability to listen to the same song 2,000 times. As the recipient of over 8 cycling magazines, Lugy followed the motto "if you can't be good, at least look good." Going from a leg to airborne as well as a pollywog to a shellback by overcoming tremendous harassment, he found himself in the top 100 of our class. It has been a privledge to live and be associated with a man I will never forget. Crying, laughing, and yelling together formed a bond that will last forever. Thanks for the memories and for being the roommate that was always there. SSS



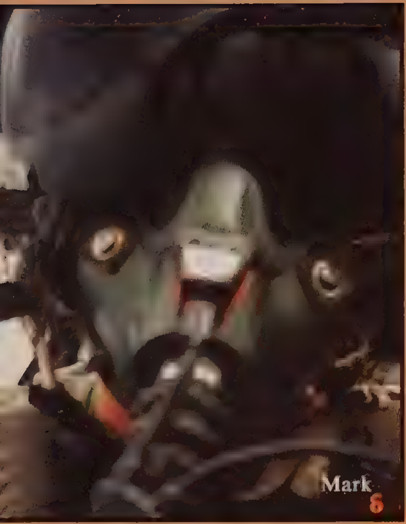
Thomas John McBride
Bellmore, New York
Navy Pilot

Even from high school Tom helped me find the right path from the wrong. He is that kind of person. A gentleman in all respects and trustworthy to the core. His sincere love for all people was displayed in both word and deed. As a career-minded military man he was full of professionalism. His high standards showed in his personal appearance and grooming as well as his immaculate room. A hairy-backed individual, he liked to show off his masculinity but always did so in good taste. As an athlete he was always determined to keep in top physical condition sometimes working out twice a day. Tom ran the fastest outer I have ever seen. Abstaining from the drink, he was always a perfect gentleman with the ladies treating them in the way they deserved to be treated. His high sense of integrity brought him to USNA and his love of flight got him through. MOCKERY!! If you see him around let him know. Keep your knots up. LaMonte.



Thomas Michael Moriarty
Gilbertville, Massachusetts
Surface Warfare

Tom Moriarty, AKA Mo, entered USNA as a beer lovin' Irishman from Massachusetts and he's leavin' the same way. As product of Dirty 30, his personality excelled with the ability to make friends in No Fun 31. Youngster year he thrived on impressing us with his fun-loving, easy-going, happy-go-lucky persona. Mo put the positive leadership techniques learned during second class summer to good use during the academic year. He and his roommate, Smooth, were a match made in heaven, or should we say hell. His fairness and judgement geared him to be the local Academic Officer. This job (one that nobody wanted) earned him his first A in performance, as promised. On the bar scene, he was a loner because mortal man wouldn't dare compete with him and women were too much in awe to approach him. After a long debated decision between USMC, Aviation, and Spec Warfare, he settled for Surface Line and a first tour in Japan. Look out Far East! Good Luck. The SMA crew Chill-Smooth-Devo.

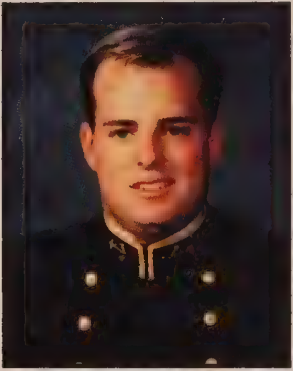


Charles Frank Pratt III
Rocky Point, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

POSITION WANTED - Young, entrepreneurial male seeks employment as "Jack of all Trades" in order to complement career as naval aviator. Experience includes magazine and yearbook photography, social director, mouse killer, mouse breeder, broadway critic, sailboat navigator, frisbee stud, chief bosun's mate, eagle scout, book critic, military performance officer, gun slinger, gun runner, bulkhead stainer, receptionist, grease monkey, video game tester, extortionist, wardroom czar, squad leader (whatever that is), and stock broker. Special skills include power racking, chimiehanga taste testing, and stopping the music. Can also attempt physical feats with only one knee. Please contact at Griffin's during normal hours. WARNING - Rooming with applicant can be hazardous to your bad attitudes. DAN

Mark Edmund Prybell
Glen Ellyn, Illinois
Naval Flight Officer

It has been said that Mark could count the number of friends he had with one finger. Let's face it, if you wanted to be his friend, you had to at least swear under oath that you were not a bull major, a flag burner, or a N.J. resident. Of course, his greatest (only) love aside from video games has been Mech. E and, with it, a quest to discover the Meaning Of Life. He almost found it in Fluids, but he's still soul searching. He became Co. Cdr. because he could handle any situation, like what to do if your sister is being raped by Russian soldiers. A true aviator type, he'd buzz elderly drivers on the freeway with his Mustang just to keep awake behind the wheel. Hey stud, I'll see you in P-Cola. (Make sure you get the number of that truck driver school for us)

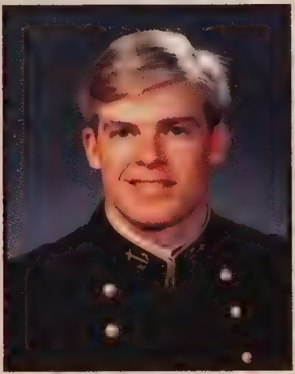


Luke Scott Ritter
New Canaan, Conneticut
Surface Warfare

After some soul searching,I have decided to select you as EF1. My boat,USS HosenRosen is a 64ft pantaker w/ naugahide interior.Our crew consists of Bette n Joe,a 1-man band Pee Wee Bryant,& 1st mate medium Luke Hopkins while they enjoy all kinds of music,country and western.We'll travel to Bucksnort,Ken Daris,Graceland-,Moose296 & Hechingers while dining on succulent egg salad sandwiches,fromage de francais,& Hardees fish filets:Your duties will be getting 80% of the crew kicked out of porkys setting fire to a bar,butgammoning Mr.Rumpleminz & forgetting taps.When you arrive,you'll be escorted by E.Velbrox in the chateau club wagon.Beware of 5 garden salads,O.D. party, &American Espress.Upon arrival @ the dock you'll be approached by blackhole villains,Lamont,Grundies& a McWater,use discretion as they maybe,probably,maybe tapp.He who says "to all my friends" will lead you to your post,Prelate of 2pi/lambda where "sir,I don't know..." is common.GoodLuck,congrats,& hesitate to call.MVD

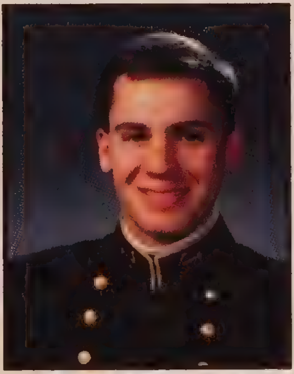
Gregory John Schmeiser
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Navy Pilot

Greg Schmeiser came to the Naval Academy from Grand Rapids, MI with lofty goals of success. The academics came easy, and his uncanny ability to make his presence known to his professors never hurt either. Youngster year, Greg found the key to good performance. After spending all of second semester in the Captain's in-box, his company ranking rocketed from the bottom five to the top five. Second class year entered with a bang, when he learned that Hofmann couldn't drive. During second class year, Greg impressed all of us with his exceptional ability to 'instruct' the plebes. His transition to the first class year wasn't easy. It took Greg time to notice that his two stripes were no longer diagonal. First class year found him at Maggie's in search of the girl of his dreams, until he opened his eyes and realized that he had been with her all this time. Greg choosing Navy Pilot was no surprise, because it is all that he ever wanted. The more we write about Smooth, the more we realize that 'we don't know him, we don't know anything about him.' Best of luck: Chill, Mo, & Devo



Stanley Shane Smith
Portland, Texas
Submarines

Shane arrived from "the great state of Texas" immediately left again. A week off from plebe summer and parties on the Severn gave him a taste of the good life he would lead as a varsity football player and pole vaulter. School interfered with sports, but going from Mech E to General 2/c year made him one of the few to more than double his QPR in one semester. We had a lot of great times in 2 1/2 years as roomates. Who could forget the Gator Bowl at 3 A.M., stealing my girl at W&M, youngsterettes, music appreciation, and getting shot at in the Camero. First class year brought THE BlOCK, 5 stripes (with that hair?), engagement to Ruth Ann (even though she broke his foot) and the eternal PCR. We learned a lot from each other and made it through together. See you briefly "under the waves." JSL



Ronald Joseph Surfield
Williamsport, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Ron's time at Navy can best be described as an unbridled quest for wealth. His assets now include the famed MR-2, the "Greatest Stereo In The World," and a huge rock on Kelly's finger. Being a Plebe Summer screen taught Ron the value of a low profile, which led to his coasting through USNA academics. His Youngster summer "Professional Internship" at SDI gave him lots of cash to spend on unauthorized liberty in SDGO. After narrowly avoiding a PCS to CIVLANT, Ron enjoyed his first year of CompSci buying CD's rather than books, and lying in the rack listening to them rather than studying. Second Class summer saw more SDI funds supporting his excesses during Bonetramid, resulting in the nickname "Government Waste". Ron again hibernated through classes, arranging his last summer of Navy-paid fun supported by the coffers of a Panama City Internship, where he met "Her". Following a long relationship, Ron and Kelly got engaged. 1/C year was "just puttin' in time" until the wedding. In a fit of poverty, he chose Nuke SWO (for the $, of course). Carpe Per Diem! Aim High. DHF

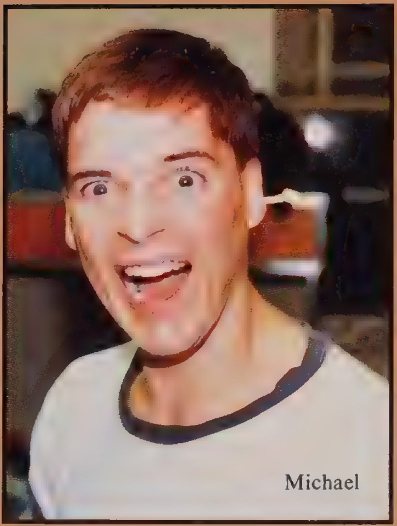
Khoi Ernest Tennies
Port Washington, Wisconsin
Surface Warfare

Khoi "Tennies Balls" as a child in Saigon knew his home was Crabtown, little did he know he would lose his heart there. 1/C summer he realized his true calling, a drillin' villian. It started with Bullfrog, became habit by Plebe Detail and his career reached its zenith when he jammed and took first in platoon drill. Alas, this BOOSTer reverted back to his seafaring ways and snagged the last gas turbine. Thank goodness his wife- to-be, Polly, is more reliable than his Saab! Polly, thanks!! Khoi thrives on competition to such a degree that he coached the 31 Ltwt. Maulers to the Brigade Championship, not to mention pitting his mother and mother-in-law-to-be in a vicious bake-off. If your future journeys across the sea are as successful as your first, stand by Navy! -Jules and SWO-DAD

Anthony Dwayne Watson
Rockville, Maryland
Surface Warfare

He's The Hip Hop Gangster or Swingin' Tony D. We'd jam at CP&D. He's The Rack Master (w/ chopper) & Overweight Lover Tony D. D made phrases like "hip dribble" & "Jimbrowski's in the mirror." D missed a calling in life. He could get rich filling in for James Brown, and his impersonation of our company officer is legendary. Though there were many great times, his stay here was not without its bad side. Like a 4000 he didn't deserve, getting hosed at service selection, screwed by Wild Bill and BS from our company officer. Thus, D dubbed himself Ben Dover. He endured, earning more than he got. Maybe Deputy Dad can help. D, don't give up. We're for you. GTF out of Coffee & Donut land. Get up here where you belong. Remember, he's never just a friend. Party for your right to fight. Jammin & Stormin

Nicholas



Michael

John

32nd COMPANY

Michael Glenn Badorf
Lititz, Pennsylvania
Submarines

Mike was reared in Le-titz, Pa., as a virtuous Amish child. Nothing, however, seemed more appealing to Mike than to maim and kill another human with superior technology. Aerospace at USNA was his ticket. He conquered the major with ease. We thought he was invincible...then it happened. The last time little Mike was seen was a cold, hungry Rehobeth day. A bold man returned by the name of Dunk with a fiery red in his saddle. Susan Hearn became the focus of his desires and dwindling checkbook. She taught him strange new tricks about wuv (twue wuv) and marriage. His mind, however, remained the privy of 8060. Sex was science, Frustration was calm, Volleyball was not. His greatest gifts were music, irregular accentation, and Sunday Thanksgivings (thanks mom-in-law). A bachelor fiesta is still on the way. He'll dive deeper for less. newt-,jim,webb

Nicholas Joseph Dienna
Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

Hey Dude! Nick must be the most overqualified midshipman out of all of the 8-0 boys. First, there was LN, "Thanx Glenbo", then came something really meaningful. "Hey Nick do you know what love is now!!! Nick originally came from Philly, breezed through plebe year, but then came the 32 experience: musical roomates and collecting government forms (You should have tried stamps instead). Hey, Nick, have you seen my maroon backpack?... "Naw man". First class year brought a new ride and a new girl, and the well deserved title, CUDDLE KING!!! Nick very few will know exactly how close we came to going civilian. Don't forget what got you here! Also remember "You never get snagged until you stop finagling." Finally remember the good times. best of luck on your novel and get jets! Rock on Jovi, Yeah. PF, MJ, SP, EV, DF

John William Donnelly
Elmwood Park, Illino
Surface Warfare

JD, DJ, Bluto, Budman, Mr. Cheerful Morning, Mr. Cholesterol, The Windy City Boy. A heavy man to carry through town. Imagine how his stereo felt when crushed from above. Midnight talks with Trent at bedtime. Ex-post conquered. 163 Main St. became his new home. Mid-air yakking in hats. He knows his YP's but wished he had some. Call him indigo, 6 load limit. Army '88 - the song is over, as was the ice machine and two town windows. Chasing girls at Al's parties. CO Space Command, the Gun Shop, GnR, "As far as you know", "SWEET GIRTH." Known to fluctuate during leave periods, Brother Moose, Grease, Bancroft B&G, bowling, rugby, fieldball, superballs, Bud shoes, truck driving shirt, a Jap Sled owner. A ND drive to twenty minutes of ectasy. JD was always in debt! "Roll over and stop snoring!", Valdi, Diceman, the dump tape, Ring Dance redhead, booze cruise. He taught us all the meaning of the word 'respect'. MRP, JPP, SMP, MCP, KJS

NAVY
54
Brian

Paul Feduchak

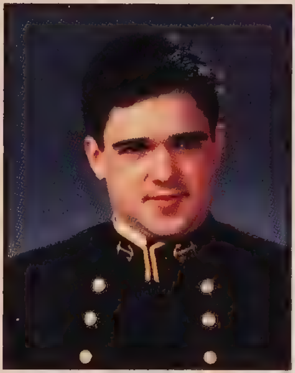
Upper Arlington, Ohio
Navy Pilot

Fresh from central Ohio, Paul took USNA by storm plebe year, or vice versa; "I just got in a little trouble, ya know;" Thank God for diving. Youngster year, a little more trouble, a little more restriction, thanks to "snookums" at Hood. Don't worry, he got her back, literally. She's a real trooper. An econ major, Paul never seemed to grasp the complexities of German engineering- just ask the insurance company- and he gave new meaning to the word farfegneugan in a collision with a stray tree. And thus the lion taming scar was born, just like Indy. Junior year, a little more trouble, thanks Rohrs. Finally, as a fully qualified first class midshipman, senior year brought a trip to nationals, a choice medical waiver, yes, a little more trouble, and the crowning achievment: the twinight Hood-USNA double header when Paul flew in the front door and out the back, or vice versa? Thanks for everything Paul, and keep those knots up? Yo, Jovi, rock on. SP,ND,DF,EV,MJ.

Michael Paul Forster

Annandale, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Mike came to USNA as a swimmer from a busy household in Annandale, VA. He and the Hawaiian survived plebe year in 13th Co. He spent youngster summer on a sub and at airborne, where he earned his wings and the affection of an ARMY reservist. Youngster year was up and down with Wild Bill, Tijuana, "My LEFT hand!" and the travel agent moving from AZ to DC. Mike's second class weekends were divided between EE, home, and "hun." The room was the place for Avatar, noise, a sideways picture, and telepathetic powers. First class year was highlighted with 8 o'clock reports, chasing cockroaches, and shooting guns. Mike's ever-active imagination was often the source of "interesting" questions, and his quest for quick money was never-ending. After graduation, Mike will marry and return to San Diego to become a surface warrior. His generosity, hard work, and sense of humor brought him a long way and will take him far. Thanks for the memories, and best wishes to you and Leslie. TJG.



Derek Pedro Frasz

Guaynabo, Puerto Rico
Naval Flight Officer

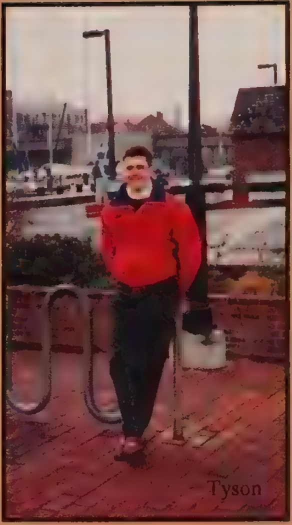
"Yo, Derek, where's my wallet"... "I needed it to sneak by the border patrol in my low rider." Derek always had a kind word to say about everyone...everyone. Derek, mids aren't that bad. "Hey Derek, what are you doing, get out of the sink!" Derek was a mild Puerto Rican, a true island boy, aside from being a living Rolling Stones video, he was never one to shy away from a party, or bring the party to us... "Now where did you say you got this spiced stuff from." Derek will always stay in our hearts as well as in our wallets. We kept Casa 8055 for three yearss after the loss of the fish replacement. It has been everything but dull between Bobby Brown and Mick Jagger our room has never been without muscicians. From a Hawaiian to a Puerto Rican. Aloha no me hombre hasta Pensacola. EV, MJ, SP, ND, PF

Brian Lee Friley

Beckley, West Virginia
Surface Warfare

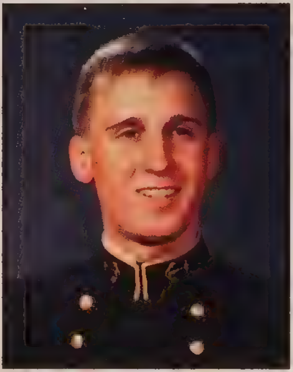
Four years at the Academy has been full of hardwork, determination, new dreams and new beginnings. For Brian, I know he is happy to get out of here but I think that he might miss it. Through good times and bad Brian pulled through and I am very proud of him. A few special memories: 7 November '87, ring dance and every weekend since youngster year. Thanks to a great friend that makes me smile. Good luck, you deserve the best. ERS

Brian stumbled onto NAVY from Beckley, West Virginia. After a brief tour in Sweet 16 Brian came to 32 youngster year. Brian decided to give Mech E a try which resulted in an axe board and going General second class year. The BLF diet plan allowed him to make weight for 150's Football weekly. Beth 1 to Beth 2 then back to Beth 1 (see above). First class year brought a new convertible, now wait for the bills. Brian even had a class or two to go to. I want a rematch of that tennis game. Fair winds and, how does that go? SPR



Tyson James Gallander
Wooster, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Ty came from a cornfield in Wooster, Ohio. Before his time at USNA, he spent a year at Miami of Ohio. Ty spent plebe year in 1st Co. where he earned a reputation as a hard worker and a future leader. During his next three years in 32, I'm sure he'll remember: The Avatar addiction and war, weekly Monoploy/Risk games, Tetris right-right-no left-flip, the Julie trilogy, the interroom war, O.C.'s pink shorts because "she" liked them, deck of cards pushups, room pictures-smile, disappearing wardroom milk and the simple solution, an education in Southeast Asian plants, Ballroom dancing-let me lead, "Glue weighs!", "I don't need to study for Dynamics", a semester among the stars, Co. Academic nice guy, weekend skirt chasin', Los Alamos, and, of course, the lucky (fateful?) night with the resulting week long smile and gut wrenching decision. In fifteen years Ty will either be CNO or "getting by" ($200,000 per annum) with a wife and 2.3, oops 4.3 kids. MPF



John Charles Hartman
Shelby, North Carolina
Surface Warfare

Murray came to USNA from that bustling metropolis of Shelby, N.C. and wound up in The Club. Here he lived with the 'Hawk and Diamond Dave and met the Elf and Peaser. During youngster year, he set up camp with the large-nosed one on 8-0. Early morning runs with Lee and Snaz led to a painful Marine Corps Marathon 2/c year. Our heroic poly sci major/ battalion stockbroker passed EE by the grace of God (and Mom). 2/c summer with John and Joe. And how about 1/c summer...yarch! Enough said. 1/c year found Mur with Zu and Q at 'Jacks often. For service selection, he went NFO (psych! Thanks Navy!) and ended up on a DDG. As a result, he became one of the few airborne-qualified Bulldog-graduate SWOs to take air nav. Known for his cheerful personality, quick wit and famous sayings, Murray will do well on ships, even though he has never been on one. Fair winds and following seas. LJP KJS SMP

Marc Danyel Johnson
Baltimore, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Marc came from NAPS BIG... bigger than all of us, and kind of twisted. But he carried himself well, and he is still light on his feet. A drill specialist, Marc carried the sword manual to its extreme. "Wait a minute Marc, she doesn't go here, stop talking to her". Marc prides himself on having one of the best physiques in the Brigade. Hey, Efrem wants his mirror back. Yo, yo Prinzer, I'm ripped. Look at these guns! "Hey guys, who stole my maroon backpack?" "Marc, I think its in the head." Nice car, nice moves, good guy. Marc has always been our really big brother, not to mention a ladies man. "Hey Marc get that Charms Lollipop rapper off of your head." All of us, especially his roomate, will miss his knowledge. See ya. SP,ND,EV,MV,DF,PF

David John MacDonald
Cohasset, Massachussetts
Surface Warfare

Dave, Mac, The Burger, "The Antirap" MacDonald. "Ducks on the pond" "howyou doin', Mac's Back!" Mac hails from Beantown in the quaint town of Cohasset where every day is Easter (nice pastels). Made from the molds of James Taylor and John Denver, his mellowness is surpassed only by his worship for Flutie and Larry. It's too bad his Medal of Honor endeavors on the PE battlefield didn't spill over into the classroom. If only he could remember formulas as well as his exploits on the court. Yeah tell us about the 1985 Mass. State BBall Championships...we'll make the call. BC, DC, Delaware, U Penn after Army. Ring Dance booze cruise. "You girls are lucky to have guys like this", Ireland's Own, Porron, PortA, so many girls...too bad your pitchfork doesn't work on every haystack! Macker we all love you. This place wouldn't have been the same without you. MRP EO RPN PMW

Michael

James

Eloy

Richard

James Allen Nelson

Shell, Wyoming
Navy Pilot

Where does the rack separate from Jim? Equipped with blinders and plugs, Jimbo found peace behind a shroud of wool. This Wyoming stallion was never broken by any Academy raindeer games. He dug his own Grave once but managed to climb into Kristindom. Que Sarah Sarah. Remember camel toes and elk's teeth, if only in your dreams. We thought Lent could save your gums but the Wall destroyed your mind and our sanity. TEAR DOWN THE WALL! Up with Alice's tree. Such spirit deserves its rewards; Mr. Pep, DLK, D&B, Watch (me fall),15-hours or bust. The Golden Bear of Mean 18 found life in two cans and two liters a day, the nico-caff substitute for blood, guaranteed for 20 years of flight pay. Speaking of $, we owy you a bar-mitzvah. Wear something fashionable, like 501s and Paul's shirt. For us concerned Kasey, You're our unifier. dunk,newt,webb

Richard Patrick Newton

Fontana, California
Navy Pilot

The Newt came to USNA in 89, saw Medical, and decided Cal Poly was a good hiding place for another year. Finding 90 more challenging, Fig was sentenced to Stalag 17 as number 905310. The year proved invaluable in toning his lower extremities and developing his compassion for 91, 92, 93. When Mech-E kicked in Youngster year, Rick got serious about his studies: midnight jam sessions, Solitaire, and putting some muscle beneath his furry breast. Weekends (starting Thanksgiving '88) averted Juice's eyes to the delights of the Eastern shores; Orioles, Redskins, Shannon, Kate, Shannon (good hormone control), Patty, and he took a shot at 1 mo'. He will be remembered for his axe, apple, bass, moans, hairy soap and combs, and smelly showers. May aviation support those evil routines [and] not every worthy temptation. dunk,jim,webb

Michael Anthony Nikolich

Emerson, New Jersey
Submarines

Narc, aptly named - Naval Architect, perfect sleeper! One of the few at Navy to sleep for an entire weekend (well, 36 hours straight). Mike was the jack of all trades, a modern day renaissance man, skier, track team walk-on (yea, right), Navtag guru, intramural sportsfan. What would life be like without: the boat model that wouldn't sink, the Heineken bottle that never disappeared, the laundry piles that seemed to keep on growing, care packages, tang, missing roomates, many CD's without CD player, and unused room cleaning materials? Always remembered: PSM messages, the Accord at high RPM's, Jersey tunes, the week without sleep (what an Army week), Monday Night Football, the rodent doughnut, academic officer duties, Pete's after September, or was it after Youngster summer? Navy Subs, watch out fleet - tired officer on his way, make a rack ready! Good Luck! KJS

Eloy Ochoa Jr

Laredo, Texas
Navy Pilot

Eloy, Elroy, "It's a hamma' Roy." As a lone star state native, Elroy came to Canoe U. with dreams of being a pilot. Come service selection, that dream was fulfilled. There were many memories along the way. Roadtrips: Delaware "Nick, I think you better pull over"; BC "Officer, we finished those greystokes before we got on the road", W&M "Rick, we had a great [big] time, really". Eloy, shouldn't those lines be on the other side of the road?" The Vous lizard, "Still hacking", "Time for some Mike repellent", Ring Dance - booze cruise, Shamus in song at Ireland's Own, 5 straight for the waterbed, "HOOK 'EM HORNS," managing a novice stripper's career, "Ain't no 'or Skeeter." Our boy Elroy injected a little jalepeno into 32, he always had a long-neck and te-kell-ya on hand to quench the boredom. Tu eres uno Bandito favorito. we men: mac, newt, webb and perschey

Lee James Pantas
Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Lee Harvey came to Crabtown from Washington Crossing, spent plebe year in Skate Eight before finding haven with the Dagger and Prinzer. Lee split and began to work on his Elf and Peaser quals. Spring Break and the advent of the breadbag in Florida- you look good in green, Lee. Second class year brought early morning runs, a USMC marathon, supe's list weekends and EE with Mom. Lee spent his weekends youngster year and 2/c year in Richmond and Charlottesville with the little woman. Gaining his Dear John quals at the start of 1/c year, Lee sought employment elsewhere with a stockbroker, secretary, stewardess and biker woman. After a semester of DLK 400, Lee vowed to take a lighter load. From the SAAB, to Surfside Sally's to the Shuttle, Lee will always be remebered for his cheerful spirit, good humor and permanent five o'clock shadow. "There's a little Bart Simpson in all of us," Fly High Lee! KJS JCH SMP

Scott Michael Pease
Livermore, California
Surface Warfare

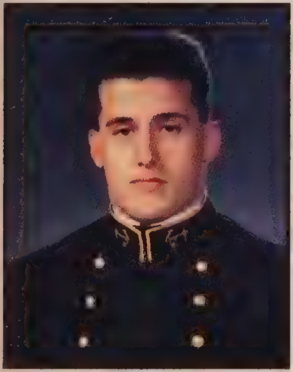
The 'Peaser' graduated USNA after contributing many new terms to academy slang. To Pease- 1)to rack without warning for extended periods of time. 2)to date-by-mail at least four women with varying zip codes because AT&T has cut off your phone card (again). 3)to steal someone's date, to include steady or engaged women. (He's rumoured to be working on someone's wife at the present!) Often he can be found filling up his 'Peaser-squeezer' at steerage on lonely nights when Lenny's out at the Big E's. Saturday nights with the Averill's and Sunday nights with The Simpsons kept Scott in tune with the outside world. After Kathy, came Julie, but she left with Kenn, so Lenny was left with bedtime stories of broken romance and blonde bungee girls. Only the Julie journal (with pictures) remains amidst DLK's admin files. Scott soon returned to where it all began, California. What better place to continue the quest for life and liberty, and the pursuit of women (this time in person). Will Peaser find true happiness in CIC? Or will another airbus reroute to Allah? Only time will tell...

Michael Robert Persche
Farmingdale, New York
Supply Corps

3 of the 4 in the same squad plebe summer. How did that happen? From the FHS bleachers to Cancun there were many beers and good times. Ring Dance booze cruise, camping, Delaware, U Penn, Key West, Internship summer, rally song, "Mick can you give me a lift?" Cancun: "Kick out a rap" "Si," enough said! JMG 3 years together, 14 mice, Trently "Chung-Yee", gun shop, "Am I balding?" Superball wars, walt cash, Bancroft nightcaps- Oh no!: (plebes, box, XXX, lysol, OOW). Stress relief, Army bota bags, Spit, Miss Kickline. Valdi, Diceman, dump tape, tune wars, decorations. JD Can't believe you left me alone w/ Bear! Plebe Summer roomates, care packages, Pete, Pete's condo, Georgetown, "We are great, aren't we?" "Who's gonna be the lucky girl tonight?" "Yes officer I know the speed limit." New Years parties w/ Dan, "Jaahn." Thanks for saving me from Jack's revenge youngster year. Mike is the best friend a guy could ask for. KAN
Life-long friends and the good times made it all worthwhile. Thanks for everything Mom and Dad. I love you both. Mike

Michael Craig Peterson
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

"This remarkable young man is going to perform for you some spectacular and amazing feats of daring in water that is over six feet deep." This 'Graduate' did just that in his four years at the US Water Polo (and Naval) Academy. His teammates named him 'Lenny' after a stupid (but loveable) character in Steinbeck's Of Mice and Men. The name stuck so well, that even his parental units called him Lenny by youngster year. Having roomed with the Snaz and the infamous Steve Daggs youngster year, he lost the Dagger to the CIA and lost Snaz to Karin. Two's company and three's a six grand, so Lenny found safe refuge in the Halls of Valhalla with Murray and Joe (Capt Ugly) Pugh. Despite this safe hole to hide in, Lenny eventually divorced the lovely couple to room with the Peaser for the rest of his stay at USNA. After redefining the verb 'to pease' and achieving the high score on numerous computer games, Lenny sadly left the Peaser to move in with the former chunky, now lovely Elyette. What lies ahead for the Leonard? Probably fun times in P-cola with DLK and a tres cheesy 'stache.



Scott Michael Prinz
Oxford, Ohio
Navy Pilot

Scotty. Scott Prinz. Four years of football kept Scott away from his first love, womens crew. I don't think they ever did like you. Always professional, an underclass, "Hey, aren't you in my company" Never failed to draw the response "What's up dude, who the hell was that?" Scotty emerged as intellectual giant and a regular at Third Edition, no I mean Twenty-first Amendment, or was that Chicagos, no aahh, Surf-sides, or was it Brenda's. Hey Scott, who was that one?... Ah I don't know, she was boring. But Scott it has been seven months. Anyway, you've been a great roommate and a great friend. For you have served me well Nikema! OH and Scotty never forget, "It is better to have tried to fly, then never to have flown at all?" Aa-h....yessir. DK,DF,PF,ND,EV,MJ.

Joseph Peter Pugh
Montauk, New York
Surface Warfare

Joey, JP, Pug, Captain Ugly, Ontos, Tecumseh, Smoker, Pete's boys, the large nosed Montauk wonder. From marine through baby boomer to BB-SWO, this drogue brother has gone on many benders to the place where white beside white means drinking at night, only to return a polio victim from his home away from home (aka 32 Co wardroom) to 8-0 & Monday night football. Our hero, a veteran of three ac-boards, took his first weekend after three years of academic confinement. Being the senior non-playing member of the water polo team earned him the N-star & another year of school (Thanks Dean). Although Joe bound & gagged him at times, Murray kept the room clean between bean pickings with Rufus. Trips to Montauk & Chicago through various psycho wigwams & large nordic ranges have their own tales, let alone his confrontation with a dark side valkyrie. So much for space shuttle tile. Friends have expanded into brotherhood, fellow moose, & have spread through Big Al in Philly to the Midwest. Its about time you took that cast off! Here's to a snake ranch & visits from Van Emf. -JD MCP SMP

Sean Patrick Robinson
Placentia, California
Submarines

Sean came to the Naval Acedemy from the other coast. He spent one year at Cal. St. Fullerton only to decide that being a starving college student was not his idea of fun. Sean survived Plebe year with almost all of his sanity after being in Form 2. Youngster year introduced majors classes for playing with satellites. This allowed 32 to see Sean's cynical outlook on life at the Academy. Second Class year was a challenge. EE brought the loss of weekends and created whiner night. The plan for the Year of Revenge was enacted and almost worked. Sean could boast to being one of the few people who knew the words to all songs by Debbie Gibson and Metallica. For First Class year, Sean settled on only one girlfriend. He made frequent visits to Gaithersburg, even though she attended that great learning institution in Frederick. Sunday night meant taking notes on the Simpsons and the Bundies, possibly planning for the next Year of Revenge. Who knows? Only the $ilent $ervice will. Sean, did you ever find Io? Remember to be Manly! Good Luck Sean. BLF

Kirby Joseph Scott
Berwyn, Pennsylvania
Medical Corps

Kirbo, Turbo, alias ELF! A little man from Berwyn, PA came to crabtown with a tan via a tasty wave, leaving all behind to take on the world. From rowing the Severn plebe year to the hallowed halls of 8-0, the elf will never make toys - he wants to be a dentist. Fondest memories of ELF: The Club, taking on Renshaw, beatings of Murray, printing after Midnight, plebe breakfast in bed, Whiteworks, Chem goggles, evening racking, Gold wings, late night rallies with thick Chem texts, a clueless look, Loyola(?), Integrity(?), drill exemptions, Daydream Believer, mind games, weekends with BIOK, going to the beach, sailing to Bermuda, Lima Company, Pete's, the 'Vous, weekends of skiing (what?), customizing the Z, the Peaser, the Hartman spaz, the Narc for dead, Joe scope up, N.D. 90(truck sleeping), lizards in 'vaters early morning pasture jumps, Jim's honored friend, the Kirby factor; two cans equals two cases, Weekends with 'wombmate' in Fairfield, boys from Ocean City. Where's my phone? Eeeehhh! Dr. Scott to OB/GYN. Good Luck in THE CORPS! LJP JCH SMP JD JPP

John Lowe Sewell
Perry Park, Colorado
Naval Flight Officer

From the Rocky Blues, John came to drive ships and left with his own chauffer. Plebe year in 27 left many questions unanswered -- tell us Clay. Youngster year brought Deli sandwiches, the gourmet, and the problem solver to the room of elfen hostility. The Ricketts parking space with your name on it, the missing Lude, and the "optional" liberty policy became John's academic minors. John Lowe will always be suave - with a rough summer in London and Bermuda, John became a man of fine wine and fine talents, just in time! We remember nights of Kahula, as well as children's parks, Sewell music(?), Christmas decorations, road trips to the Carolinas, and the little one. Also research with the fat man, accusations of GIOK, recursive jinxing war (That's cool), Mr. Smith's Stuff, a well earned supply billet, and the NFO controversy. Good luck Johnny O. Keep your knots up and rho v high. KJS, LJP

Efrem Paul Venters
Honolulu, Hawaii
Navy Pilot

What lies ahead for the most ripped, most gripped, best looking surfer dude in Second Regiment? "That's a lie, holly sheep". Efrem when are you going to sleep? Tell her to leave you alone, you need your sleep. Can't get by on good looks alone. "Enough about me... what do you think about me." She was really checking me out. Good times plebe year cruising in KR's limo, followed by breakfast in bed. Track gave Efrem 3 Heptagonal Championships, true love, then one big problem after another. Hey man go to sleep, she's through with you. I'm tired of taking showers in M.J and S.P's room, argue somewhere else. Speaking of arguing, hey, where's M.J.? Who won the last one. The Low Rider can beat the Probe any day of the week. Thanks for being the best roommate anyone could ask for. We shared a lot these past three years, but dammit, aren't we glad it's over. See ya in P-Cola. DF, MJ, SP, ND, PF.

Michael James Vernazza
Ramsey, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

SNAZ-Started off his military career at MMA. After a year there, he entered our class in Co 24 with great aspirations. The academics of plebe year sent him into rough waters, but after moving into 32 and the Poli-Sci Dept. he has had smooth sailing. It seemed Michael loved the hot summers by the Bay, he was involved in every NASP and two sets of Plebe Detail. All the experience did him well-as he became Company Commander 1/C year. At the end of youngster year, Snaz's times with the guys (Ontos, Murry and Lenny) on the back nine ended quickly when his love boat capsized and he met his wife 905166. Since then its been Karin & Mike, 24 hrs a day. Their weekends have consisted of waterskiing, camping, ATC's, R2I, Fudds, Jacuzzi rooms and road trips in the Mustang GT Convertible. Now he leaves USNA for Newport, SWOS, the married life and a new condo. Thanks for the support Mom & Dad, you're the BEST. KARIN I LOVE YOU, thanks for all the support and caring you've given me. Your my best friend always. MLTMADAAN & SMHMYLH to go please. Goody,Chunk,running, workouts,Gilroy's,Ryan's.

Paul Marshal Webber
Phoenix, Arizona
Surface Warfare

The object of desire for many girls, Webb is the ever elusive, noncommitted bachelor. A crusty sailor who knows his crabs, Paul never knew where his next bed would be and rarely remembered when he found it. An Honors English stud, he rubbed noses with Kelly McGillis. An Honor Nazi, Webb rubbed too many people the wrong way and became a striper in ranks and a martyr in his own right. Spud almost became a pilot but is flying surface Navy instead (Chippendale's will have to wait). Air travel doesn't agree with Paul anyway. He set the DLK precedent: 30 to 60 days. Pavil was always the renegade. He dabbled in crew, karate, varsity volleyball, waterpolo, light weight football, rugby, and late night pushups. But don't worry, Bo Jackson has nothing to worry about. Paul, thanks for the wardrobe, we looked great. jim,newt,dunk

33rd COMPANY

James Lewis Boswell
San Antonio, Texas
Navy Pilot

The name is Boz...James Boz. Boz was a late-comer among "The Boys" (in more ways than one!). Boz hails from San Antone of the Lone Star state. Soon after driving his pride and joy to the "boat school", Boz's Corvette established permanent residency in the auto shop. Since this Tom Cruise look-alike didn't have to worry about his car, he had more time to focus on more important things like what part of the "Arby's" roast beef he would chow first and how to single handidly win a tag-team match! I'm sick of the boys! Boz started plebe year off on a rough road, but second semester breakfasts in bed made it much smoother thanks to our favorite second class, K.R. By the way, where did all these Form-2's come from...oh well! From plebe summer cruises up the Severn and midnight dips in Lejeune to an 8th wing limo rendezvous, Boz left no regs unscathed. From roof-top talks, to the matzos, Tracy in Cali and nameless on the jetty at Kahala Beach, we've been through much and have much left to see. See you in P-Cola, Cali, and Hawaii. Always Best Boyz. E.V., Kai, O.B., C.H.

Thomas MacMurray Callender IV
Liverpool, New York
Submarines

Tom came to us from Liverpool, NY; but he has Orange Blood. Plebe yeat was spent under RFC but by youngster year he had seen the light. Also in youngster year: sparring partners in boxing and judo, Road trips, busses with sunroofs, and in need of air freshners. Second class year: crew libs, Wheel of Fortune workouts, circuits, CRASH-B trip, more circuits, "oops I didn't mean to leave rubber", driving lessons, " "In search of a first boat", IT's, yards, 1/c summer, TC's off the market, milk runs to Injun Country, triathlons, three stripes and no money, black cars with big engines, jump bench. I'm glad we were opposite sides or we never would have been as close. Death from below. PTC

Francis Xavier Castellano III
Belport, New York
Surface Warfare

LISA! LISA! LISA! LISA! LISA! LISA! LISA! LISA! LISA! LISA! LISA! LISA! LISA! Frank came to us fron 12th Company via Long Island. Youngster Year FX succumbed to the Dark Side, playing poker and smoking cigars with the boys until he finally saw the light and came to the ATB's. FX held out in his Chem major just long enough to see the HO H.O. During second class year, FX met his first unsurmountable obstacle, i.e. the shelf. Individual training (and testing) by his coach allowed him to pass with flying colors. FX also found out that his girl was a proficient auto mechanic as she demonstrated by skillfully removing his front bumper with a telephone pole and placed it in the back seat. USAA says "Strike One." Firstie year, FX proved himself in his leadership role as company adjutant and further distinguished himself second semester by earning a "B" on the PCR (TAKE TWO!). FX turned his back on his first love NFO and selected the mighty fine surface line. Good luck to you and Lisa, may you always have fair seas and following winds. WSS,LAR,ERNIE p.s. Lisa, We knew the date!

Todd Anthony Douglas

New Albany, Indiana
Marine Corps

Justice
That Justice is a blind goddess
Is a thing to which we black are wise:
Her bandage hides two festering sores
That once perhaps were eyes.

by Langston Hughes

Kurt Wilson Eglseder

St. Michaels, Maryland
Submarines

Kurt Egl (as in bird) seder (as in tree) has proven to be capable of making quick, complicated decisions in the blink of an eye. However when it came to his personal life, he just couldn't make up his mind. After graduating from high school, Kurt first tried college, then working, then the Navy, before arriving at USNA. Starting out as a EE major, he quickly saw the light and switched to Math, and then to Easyography. His indecision continued into 2/C year when he asked not 1, not 2, but 3 different girls to the Ring Dance, changing his mind about the first two dates and eating two sets of airline tickets. To study or not to study was another of his favorites. He often went to bed at 1830 one day and stayed up the entire following night. Yet he still managed to excel despite all of this turmoil. The things I will remember the most are cookie fights, the trip to N. Dakota, 'The Admiral', losing bets, 9 different dates in 9 weeks, wrestling, and of course that precious duck (to bad you broke its neck). Fair winds and Godspeed to the best roommate a person could ask for. LDM

Gregory Brewer Eytchison

Alexandria, Virginia
Submarines

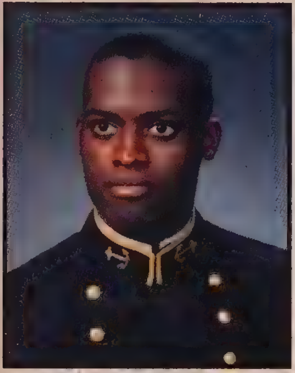
Appointed from Virginia, with a brief stop in Naples, Etch-a- Sketch was a veritable sun-god as a mid. In constant pursuit of rays, gamma rays that is, Swetch has struggled to be Orlando bound since day one. His real love lies not below the waves, however, but high above the clouds, as evidenced by the numerous aircraft photos hidden behind the Trident poster. Precomms assured Etch of his bubblehead status, despite the fact that he almost missed 'em while taping off his shoelaces. Etch's "cool pose" - plaid shirt buttoned at the neck, geekers gleaming, hands firmly on the hips - gained him inVariable popularity with the ladies. Parental figures were not as impressed, however, but then, we all have to make decisions in life... Always one to boost class spirit, Swetch regularly kept his pulse at 90, especially when using both lanes, but managed to reach clinically dead conditions on the sink one evening. In truth, Etch has been the best of roomates, classmates and friends; an "officer and gentleman" to the end. Say, when are you moving out of the room? How about tonight?! RPG

Ronald Paul Gorman Jr

Newport News, Virginia
Navy Pilot

As you can see from the pictures, every hair on his head is hemp (or brillo). The man whose favorite quote for the first 3 1/2 years of his academy life was "I'm never going to make it through this place" has in fact made it with flying colors. It's funny how RP, Gorholmes, G-Holmes, RPG, Homeslice, Pipes, BB-61, is known as "the boy" to everybody except himself. When Ron came to 33 from downstairs, it looked as if this "3.9" Marine Engineer was following in the steps of Rickover. Instead, 2 days before PreComms, he came to the realization that subs don't do barrel rolls and Kelly McGillis never slept with Hyman G. Of all the boys in 33, Ron will be remembered the most not just because of the Army-Navy parties with the Gorholmeses in Philly, the relentless struggles to avoid failing the mile and a half (which he aced) or his membership in the "I puked in Kai's car" club, but because he has both the biggest guns the Navy will ever see. Don't worry, RP, "We hug!" Always remember the words of Sakahrov, "The ball is in your court, Mr. Gorman." HI MOM, HI DAD! WJT, RVP, GBE

Christopher



Gerald C Graham
Birmingham, Alabama
Marine Corps Pilot

To a friend that I love more than any brother. One who combines the attributes of a soldier's will to fight and a Christian's enduring patience. I dedicate this poem to you. SEMPER FI

Still Here
I been scanned and battered.
My hopes the wind done scattered.
Snow has friz me,
Sun has baked me,
Looks like between 'em they done
Tried to make me
Stop laughin' , stop lovin', stop livin'

But I don't care!
I'M STILL HERE!

by Langston Hughes

Larry Maurice Halvorsen
Ventura, California
Naval Flight Officer

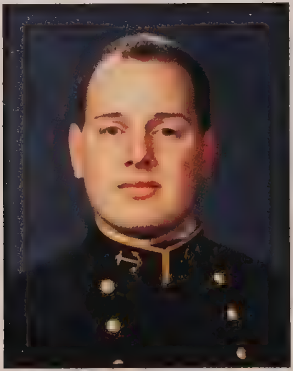
Laaaaaary came to us from Dirty Thirty via California. During Youngster year Larry started showing off his Computer Science genius on Duncan Donuts' computer, his contribution to Army Week. For three years he continued his prowness in computers by playing every computer game known to man, while devoting all-nighters (starting at 2300) to finish his programs for class the next day. What about social life? Youngster Year was the year of the "weekend women" for Larry. He finally found stability second class year at an all girls school in Mass. We believe this was only insurance for the Ring Dance, because soon after, with Larry's financial troubles, he exchanged his mega phone bill and 7 hour drive for a local call and a 15 minute drive to Betsy's.
Larry will be the only ATB to leave us for P-cola, a 20/25 NFO.
Good Luck to a true 9 and Diver.
FX,Ernie,WSS

Christopher Alan Herring
Lisbon, North Dakota
Navy Pilot

CH beat out 2 cows and a sheep to recieve his appointment from North Dakota, where he was accustomed to sleeping outside during the winter months! Chris came fired up making a great first impression to the herd in 33rd from skate 17, by upholding outstanding uniform standards in Smoke Hall of course. Chris' quick wit kept us constantly laughing, and introduced us to such great friends as Mr. Brain, the flying squirrel, and the peach. This econ major has made quite a name for himself in the financial world. He is the preferred costumer of every credit firm and loan institution on the east coast. His strong mind for money matters has seen the profitable purchases of his rapelling gear and his Corvette. Don't worry CH, you'll use one of them someday. Whether you're hitch hiking to Fort Story, returning leftovers from Kai's on your birthday, playing as the 5th-semester "new guy" in Navy Rugby, or joining the 4th year youngsters, we will never forget living with you for 3 years. Thanks for taking care of O'B with his wisdom teeth! I'm sick and tired of the boys. Kai and O'B

Lisa Anne Kirkpatrick
Arlington, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Lisa left a Catholic school upbringing and Riverside to come to the school of justice. Plebe year in 1st Co. ended with hopes of stripes but she was "hand-picked" to come to 33rd. Youngster year: red-light sessions, spag-nights, splash-downs, Bubbles and Lipps, and the change from sweat to casual but competent. 2/C year: Group 4, Marlboro men, taps at 0001, 0-1 - 0-3, black Tuesdays with flowers by J.T. and grandma's support, how could she go wrong? With her easy smile and Southern accent she fooled our parents into thinking: "What a nice girl." 1/C year Lisa finally found her true love-a white Toyota Supra. She knew that her leadership wouldn't be appreciated in the hall or loft and did her own thing: soccer road trips & lax-(chix w/stix). Lisa found silk shirts, suede pants and leather jackets - black always. Miz Diva always had a good ol' time in town, at Frannie O's making friends and never buying drinks. We know you'll have your dream: PATRICK'S - KIL, KIRK, or FITZ, just remember TAF but TAWU! and if you mess with the bull, you get the horns. Love ya, Turt & Peanut



Jeffrie Robert Lund
North Ogden, Utah
Naval Flight Officer

Jeff came to us from the uncharted wilds of the American West, Utah. Unfortunatedly there are none of us here who knew him as one of those lower life forms, a Plebe. Jeff was origionally a member of the Class of 90-2. As he is exceptionally bright (as an Aero Major he must be) he took a two year vacation to the fun and sun of Northern Canada. Returning as a second class he was somewhat of an enigma. Though a quiet chap he had managed to draw the attention of a certain young bellydancer who was fond of sending PINK hearts to demonstrate her affection. This lady accomanied our hero to his Ring Dance, whereupon Jeff just managed to avoid eyes that dreamed of diamond rings. During this period Jeff concentrated on academics and managed the supreme feat of holding an F in EE till the final when he managed a C. Jeff was also known as the 33rd Co Admiral as he led the NAVTAG team to honors each year (Unfortunately there was always a missle with his name on it). Now as Jeff heads for the Florida I send my best wishes for the future both with bellydancers and aircraft-RMS.

Lawrence Dean Martin
Glendale, California
Submarines

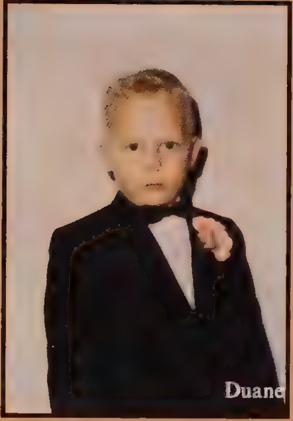
Larry "VGEPers have it hard with two spring breaks" Martin. Larry came to Annapolis after two years at Cal-Poly Pomona, and, as a result, he has to be the first aero major who did not have to take wind tunnel here. With Larry being a California native, I am sure his next first will be to found SCNA- the Southern California Naval Academy. No bio on Larry would be complete without mentioning his fiancee, Jenna. Since meeting Jenna, Larry has not come off of weekend liberty with more than 30 seconds left to taps. I sure hope he can make it to work on time after they get married in December. Fair winds, calm seas, and the best of luck to you both! KWE

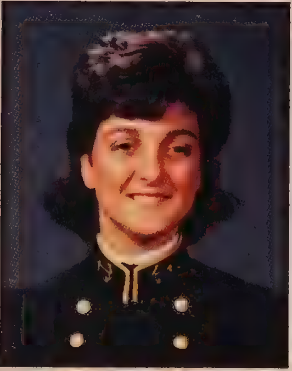
John Michael O'Brien
Crestwood, New York
Navy Pilot

"There can be only one" - thank God! This 6'5" Irishman began his rise to stardom youngster year by taking first place in the Halloween costume contest hands (or was it pants) down from the top of the Rotunda! Drained from a rackademically rigorous 3/c year, our little O'B took a semester off at the gray vacationland on the Hudson, where he aced his first of 3 semesters of EE. Before leaving his Alma Mater and returning to Navy, he managed to earn his A* vs Navy Rugby. Always in pursuit of renowned accomplishments, O'B secured his place in famous Naval quotes by uttering "My pants fell down." After his 1/c cruise, the Ace was ready to attack 1/c year. He led the way being first to get thrown out of a bar, crash the "Daisy Duke", and discover green women from Calif. But no matter what the mishap, be it broken bones, broken cars, or broken hearts, one phrase could sum up the entire situation: "O'B did it!" Well, for all those chicks that dig you, we hope the right one gets to see the 'Rock. By the way, is O'Brien Irish or Polish? I'm sick and tired of The Boys. YIPPY. CH. RPG

Amy Jo Oliver
San Diego, California
General Unrestricted Line

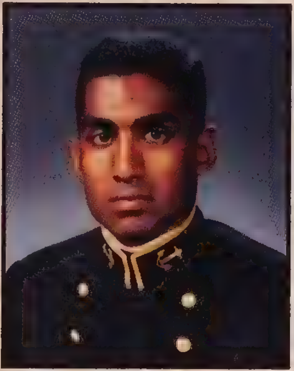
Our scrubface peanut arrived from CA. via 19th. Life 3/C year was spent at the boathouse where she found her better half? She disappeared on weekends, back by 6:28...Are the blinds closed? Kathyrn: Crew with J.C., spandex, last 4 strokes vs. Ithaca, Rosanna Danna, Most Inspirational Rower twice, Gold at Vails, win nationals 2 yrs in a row, cooking at CDR's. 2/C year: ESI with ASR, the WOOP couple, SAFETY ZONE. The arts and crafts queen often said: "I can make that!" As a firstie, FREE at last (Opus is dead), Amy Ju was above reproach wearing her MCP heels. The A-framed, bottomless pit with her Merle Norman in hand, definitely lived with b......! Always headstrong, it was AJ vs. the Brigade. She gave in with the 10,000 Maniacs but never wanted to buy a duck! She made the hit with her high performance sports car that took her to Disco Dewayne and the Reed Rodeo. She was always up bright and early at 0720, even after a long night beating. AJ heads for Iceland but can she fit it all in one seabag? Good luck, we love you, but don't call collect!! Turt & Lipps





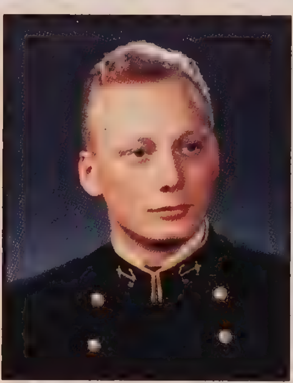
Donna Marie Pensabene
Brooklyn, New York
Cryptology

Donna Marie followed her bro to USNA via NYU, who else would type his papers? Pinto-bean and Salad bar played plebe in 10 co. Sailing with Keith took her to Nat'ls, too bad Ed! After a USNA vacation, she moved up to 8-3. The Turtle was born--sorry we woke you! 33rd's famous dining in helped Donna get acquainted w/the herd. Soon, Mama Pensabene was cooking spag and watching TV with Pez and the 8-3 elite. Romance developed--"First a little NAV, then Boats, then Ring Dance." The 6-man room was complete. 2/C year--Committed, drunk, and dancing on tabletops, Turt began her 3rd year. The romance that would NEVER last continued, poor Mother Cabrini! 2nd semester the final trio got the barn of justice. Randy-(Greg Sr.) left, finally DMP got a break. Plebe detail--the swingers, "In Your Eyes," TAF & TAWU, and The T. The fall brought Lumpy and Lame-O...and 10 days(finally a real mid). It was the year of the anti-hook, creative bickering and Tom's Queen of Ill. Service Selxn shocker, "Crypto, what's that?" Cap'n Morgan helped. We'll miss our little WOP! Aloha, Lipps & Peanut



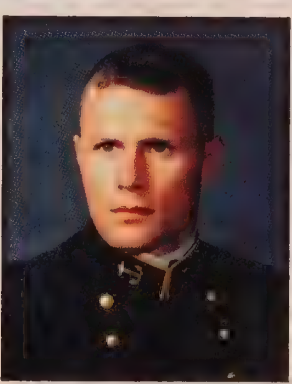
Robert Venkat Pragada
Chicago, Illinois
Civil Engineer Corps

He was just a tall dark kid from Chicago - underprivileged, under educated, malnourished. He got the break of his life to come to USNA and made the most of it. He immediately became the success story of the Academy. His road to greatness began in the 14th Co. nurtured by the likes of Barthoff and Smeets. The return of the Brigade after 3/c cruise brought Bob to the 33rd Co. He was a couple days late coming from the Gulf (don't forget your camera bag next time). His popularity soon became so far reaching that you can imagine the jubilation in 33 when we realized that he was in fact in 33 - not 34. He was known to all by a different name - Habib, Habob, Holmes, Haji, Ghandi, Raoul, Swami, Sire-Esquire, Camel Driver. To his closest friends he was simply known as H. Bob was always to be on the brink of unsatness although he seemed to pull out a 3.9 in the end. He excelled in other areas as well - he played rugby and met chicks (lots of chicks - amazing because he's so dark). Good luck in Seabees H, and remember - Be Bold and Do the Right Thing. RP, Willard & Sketch



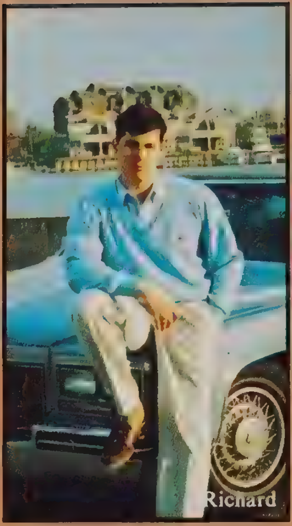
Duane Allen Sand
Lancaster, Minnesota
Submarines

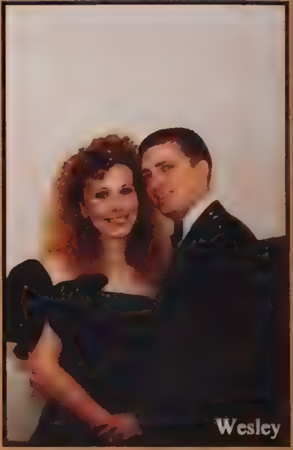
USNA is most certainly not a large school, but it is a big step if your high school graduating call is smaller than a platoon. The Great Sheep came to us via the enlisted Navy Nuke Power Program. From plebe year cheerleading to varsity football punter, to three regimental stripes as a firstie, Duane was every woman's dream; except the women of the Brigade, not that he didn't try. He sought much advice from the three stooges, but usually got abuse instead. Dew-Wayne, where's Ree-Run? Duane managed to get nuke power again, quite a feat considering he was a comp sci major. Weekend days at the Reeds found Duane pulling out fence posts and cleaning stalls--gee, just like home!! We know that the fleet is getting a great submariner, and North Dakota a determined politician a few more years down the road. Good Luck, Duane!! WJS and AJO.

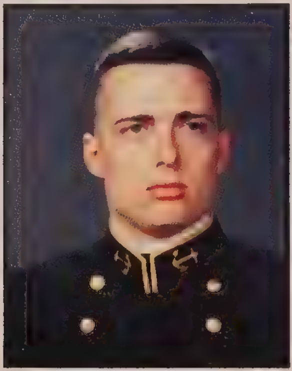


Walter John Scott
Beaver County, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

Walter John, it has been said, is an individual not lacking intensity and diversity. Of strong, Irish descent, Walt perservered through what most would consider a 'challenging upbringing' with very concrete goals in mind. Excelling at both WVU and enlisted E.T. School, Walt came to the academy ready to work. Everyone knows the Irish like their beer, women and song, and Walt is no exception. Being roommates for three years, complete with 'Irish Temper', I will never forget things like Maggies, Secrets, and applying kalomine lotion in the most bizzare places. General Gray, you want pride, enthusiasm and hard working, you got it. Good Luck, Walt!! DAS.







Wesley Scott Smith
Binghamton, New York
Submarines

LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! LIZ! ...need we say more? Yes!

Wes came to us from Double Deuce via Bing-ham-ton, NY. Upon his arrival to 8-4, a tremendous decision had to be made which would affect his life here at the Academy greatly. Luckily he chose the correct fork in the road, thus becoming the founding father of the ATB Club and the Wall of Shame, poor plebes.

Despite his origins in the Nuc power field, former petty officer Smith became a History major thus allowing himself plenty of time to pursue his two loves: his Sweetie and Vintage.

Additionally, Wes found his niche as the Supreme Conditioning Squad Overlord where he trained a wide spectrum of mids from the most out of shape four-striper to the lowliest of plebes. ADM Demars took him back and he will be returning to his Nuc roots in Orlando with his wife and his money.

Lots of luck and kids to you and Liz!
ERNIE,FX,LAR

Richard Mark Stacpoole
Lusaka, Zambia
Navy Pilot

Mark was born on January 12, 1868, or at least he should've been. Scion of a colonial family, he is British to his very centre. If he was not so proud of being an American he might condescend to be a Brit. Being so international he naturally chose polysci, which is fortunate because he can't use a calculator, but boy can he write. He hasn't had the best luck with women; on one occasion he tried to make the great jump and kill his single life but was unsuccessful. After this attempt, he found many other women to ease his pain and on occasion infuriate their boyfriends causing them to threaten grevious bodily harm. He is still seeking that dreadful jump. He holds 3 records: most girls, favorite Plebe target, and most roommates no longer in the Navy. (Most only last one semester) He is well known for his conservative views. He has a nice habit of keeping his roommates up debating some moot point like the realitive merits of country music over popular music. Overall he is a great roommate (if you can survive) and a good friend. Good luck at P-cola and take a calculator. JRL

William Joseph Tumulty II
Stevensville, Maryland
Special Warfare

Coming from over the Bay Bridge and skate 27, this Rip Van Winkle wanna be slept through a 3.98 and an astronomical No. 8 class rank in aeronautical engineering. After two and a half years of grueling battles with his pillow and his onomatopoeia, he came to the startling realization that "USNA was not as fun as Va Tech." He also discovered, after much consultation, and a senior year binge that turned his thoughts from TTT's and road races, that "ya know, fellas" smoochin' wasn't as bad as he thought it would be. Even when Willard was in his "don't stress" mode, one could find him blitzing through showers, playing the same disc for a month and making formations in 2.5 minutes. Before finally using his car loan in March '90 to buy a - 67 Mustang? 68 Firebird? Plymouth Sport Fury? - '86 RX7, of course, he spent the first 3 years pushing the Dart to the edges of the envelope. But through all the "priority" lashings, you stood out head and shoulders above the rest, Weelard, and you will certainly serve the SEALs with distinction. You're destined to be a hero, Will. RVP RPG GBE

Matthew Ernest Woods
Higganum, Connecticut
Surface Warfare

KRIS! KRIS! KRIS! KRIS! KRIS! KRIS! KRIS! KRIS! KRIS! KRIS! KRIS! Matt would do anything for Kris, even put his hand through a concrete wall! And it worked! He got a broken hand and engaged, what a bargain! Woodzy came to us from Hotel 24 via some unpronouncable place in Connecticut that even stumped General Huston. "Ernie" set new highs for room standards which will never be matched, not even by his wife. Academics have always been Matt's forte, from Chem to Engine Math,...yeah Woodzy, "D" stands for "done." This gentle giant was by far the most considerate member of the Herd. From putting up with the 8 hours a night sleep of his roommate to convincing a lost plebe to stay. Just don't make him mad. First class year gave him his own platoon, and then the prestigious position of company drill. He also set the record for the most consecutive duty weekends. This Oceanographer and fellow ATBer turned his back on the Nuc types to follow his calling to the sea, a true SWORRIOR. Good luck with life, the sea, and Kris. Just please don't live in cinderblock houses.
FX,WSS,LAR

James

Lawrence

Manuel

34th COMPANY

Lawrence Kai Yeh
Silver Spring, Maryland
Civil Engineer Corps

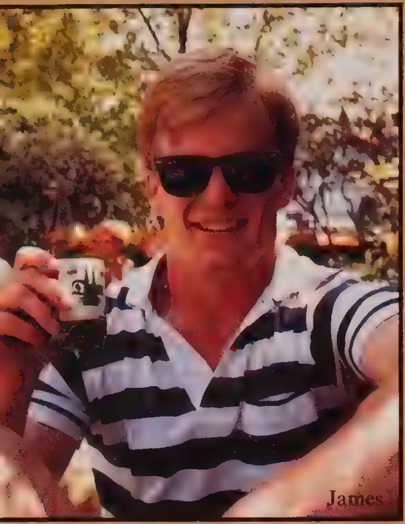
Yippy quickly became popular. He has taken out almost everyone on birthday binges and food feasts, which were later returned to the back seat of his Oldsmobuick. After walking on to the soccer team, Kai determined it was too rough a sport for him and took his talents to the Rugby pitch to play a kinder, gentler game, thus assuring himself a CEC billet. Don't worry, prosthetic limbs are just like the real thing. Kai was an instructor too, he taught his peers key Chinese phrases which will always be useful in life! His 2/c year, Kai learned how to make rain; merely loosen the screws to his targa top. Kai will make Reef Points as being the only mid to get stood up because his date couldn't find a babysitter. Kai, it has been a great and wild experience living with you. We will miss you choking yourself with your toothbrush and being fourth year youngsters together. Class loyalty to the end, Kai's $90 birthday fest in '90 will immortalize Chartreuse and Pine Tar. Is there any whipped cream for my peaches? Don't ever forget your socks! I'm sick and tired of "The Boys." O'B CH.

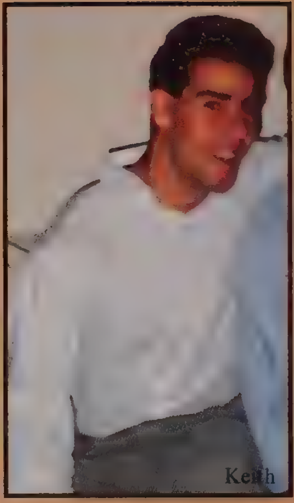
Manuel Barba Jr
San Jose, California
Naval Flight Officer

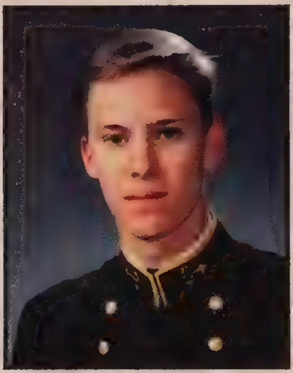
Little Boomba came to THE CLUB from San Jose bringing with him his personal attributes which have become forever etched in our memories. His laugh, that could be distinguished from any other, & heard from miles around. His appetite to devour anything in sight, especially his roommate's chow packages. The Mexican culture he introduced to us, through food of course. His ability to sleep through formations, classes, alarm clocks & almost through his suprise birthday party. When it came to women, Boopa was a real Don Juan, it only took him four years to finally get one that wasn't more than 1000 miles away. How could we forget his gastrointestinal disorder which fumigated 8th wing. Manny's last year took him back to the football field, but he failed to continue a chain letter & he suffered a separation in his shoulder & consequently the football team. Finally, he demonstrated his professionalism here by doing the left-right disco & inventing a new parade rest-all during platoon drill competition. Thanks for all the good times & companionship--good luck. DRL.

James Anthony Bartelloni
Annandale, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

It was a choice between USNA and priesthood for Rambo; Jim liked Kathy too much to be blessing babies so he came here to Canoe U. Never quite sure why he was a math major, Jim had some tough semesters, & a summer session. Time he could have spent with Kathy (leave-same thing) found Jim off the Russian coast, in Crabtown, or at Bullfrog. He managed to keep his spring breaks however, which found him in Fla, CA, or "saving money". Bart has traveled a lot; like a dog, he lets people know where he's been. His territorial boundaries include the trash can, my scuba gear, & a cornfield on the way back from Salisbury. This tensile stress relief usually follows something like a rugby banquet or company party. And yes, your credibility was shot swamp monster, Rugby got Bart serious about being in shape. He would even skip dinner (i.e. dessert) to work out, & managed to get in some frictionless wind sprints and pushups on the NJ Tpike. His love of computer games Rerack led him to his final huh decision, Navy NFO. Good luck in life, I'm right-you're wrong, Mark. Bye.







David Burgess Blackman

Newport Beach, California
Special Warfare

Dave hails from the beaches of California. There young Dave, the only Californian concerned about skin cancer, learned surfing, sailing, and other So-Cal survival skills. His parents, Bruce and Pat, tolerated Dave's antics for 18 years before sending him off to the boat school. Here Dave pursued his sailing interests as a varsity sailor, sailing at Nationals, and a NARC major. Dave worked hard during study hour and finals, painting figurines, reading novels, watching movies, and drawing bizarre portraits of his roomates. He enjoyed alternative music...HIS! Dave was destined to be a seal, as evidenced by his praticing underwater jacuzzi OPS with team member, Bentley. Sorry for the skip-and-go Heidi's. Enjoy the surf, sun and icy waters of Coronado. "Run while you still have legs!?" MKH,DIZ

Daniel James Brunk

Madison Heights, Michigan
Submarines

The Chunkster comes to us from Michigan, although no one ever knew it because he never spent any time there because of crew. He made it through the years with Ellen only because of the dear love of his parents and their sleeping arrangements. (Dad with Dan, Mom with Ellen). His "Father Knows Best" pajamas, and coffee mug will make him the perfect father when the happy couple finally ties the knot. Chunk-one was the ultimate striper, both during Plebe summer and AC year. A PCR stud, it is rumored that Dan helped write the first class exam. Dan loved to study, as witnessed by his EE party in the back shaft. He had to show everybody his knowledge, especially in the wardroom. Brunkster is the ultimate warrior and had plenty of time to hunt submarines while a member of the club. Dan will be the next CNO. With Ellen behind him and his total determination, there is nothing but smooth seas and following thermoclines for Dan. His K-car, and love for "those damn youngsters" will be his foundation. You are awesome Dan, a great friend. Bart

James Michael Conway

Akron, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer

Jim came to Navy after a year at U. of Cincinnati. It took only one 4000 to acclimate him to a military lifestyle. Jim has been a member of some select groups such as NADSAP and the BSC. He took his membership in the BSC a little to seriously,Ms.Bush! Jim became an honorary member of the sailing team on 1/c cruise. You can cut weight for 150s and still eat "Carry out". Who is that on the 50yd line? Lets not forget Army/Navy '87- dancing on desktops 2 for 7, the tough guys at scuba school. Life for Jim has been anything but mundane. It is because of his jetset lifestyle that he will have an advantage over other NFOs-having logged many flight hours to Bowling Green. Speaking of Margie,I would trust Jim with anyone but my sister. Favorite movie "Throw Zikas from a Train".Youth Hostels-Hey thats not the bathroom! From company HRC rep to conduct officer to systems major, Jim has succeeded in beating the system. "Jim can't live in the backshaft again."Hope that project works. You are destined for greatness. AB KBD

Keith Bently Davids

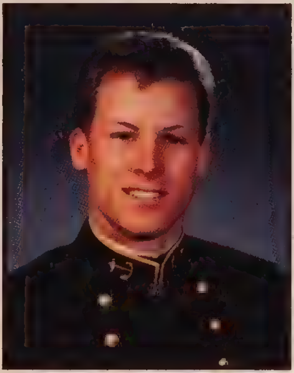
Miami, Florida
Special Warfare

Keith spent plebe year crawling on the ledges of 8-4 to get back to his room by 0700. He excelled in sailing earning 4 All American Honors as well as 3 stripes. Lunar dreams of Guam. Who could forget blender Olympics in Newport or the showers at J.Fonts and Yale. Then there was his low budget Olympic campaign. He managed to escape the grip, but the psycho at G-town sent boxers and made a midnight visit. With all the summer school he has majored in poli-sci, Chemistry, Calculus and EE. One Ac board, Dants list and 2-5000's later, Bently is a SEAL. Good luck it's been great, roomie. Later. AB. Jimbo.

Christopher

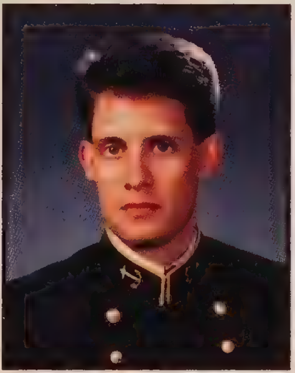
John Martin Daziens
Eaton, Ohio
Navy Pilot

John was born to John and Martha Daziens. After his "plebe year" in Playboy 21 John was assigned to the Club. John will graduate with major in Ocean Engineering despite the hurdles thrown in by the likes of Wild Bill, Beaver and Kriebel. It was at this point that this young Ohian was "leftover" to the hands of foreign cultures the world over. For some reason the Ohian decided to surround himself in the laundry of an Oahuan, for this he was branded with the name Diz that stuck like white on rice. Sticky rice was a foreign idea along with fish jerky and Pigeon English, "We go beach now brau." John like many of his stories was "blown" out of proportion on Hotel St in HI. Other of John's stories included such feats as "I got slapped... the pork queen's beautiful; Suzy's just a friend...the hickey...uh?" Youngster and second class year found John taking a sojourn with the Maureens and firsty year he wondered what happened to his loan, simple algebra Lisa + Alfa- =Loan. Good luck & Godspeed, you were a great roomate. You own the air.



Christopher Mark Engdahl
South Bend, Indiana
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Chris began his tour with THE CLUB by being almost a day late. Car thieves don't care if you're the Brigade Honor Chairman. His 3 years as Honor Chairman made him a shoe-in for 5 stripes, or was it his 4 years on Varsity Baseball that made him a shoe-in for 3 stripes. Security officer was his true calling anyway. "Where's the bell? Who cares!" Since baseball was so good to him, Chris tried his hand at Hockey, but "Stiff" and pneumonia made sure that that didn't last long. The penalty box will miss him. Unfortunately, Chris had the same type of luck with women. "Darth" reared his ugly head at the CAPS game, and another relationship came to an end. Then there was Elaine...what a bundle of joy, but the icing on the cake was (and still is) Michelle. She has the longest reach of anyone in the world. Even though she is in Texas, she still manages to pull the ring in his nose. Through it all, Chris made USNA life fun. The impulsive spending sprees, road trips, late nights, waterskiing, etc. will never be forgotten. God help the nukes. Friends forever. JFT



Eric Carter Feagler
Omaha, Nebraska
Naval Flight Officer

Something about the altitude, or the cold air of his Colorado/ Nebraska past did permanent damage to the Feagameister's rational mind. From day one of youngster year something was different... I can't believe I caught the fat spud in the act... Of course it only got worse... Has anyone seen Feags? Most people get lost in G-Town once, but few wander off every time...I pulled it beacuse I couldn't find you guys... And worse... Seen a fruit basket or the brain, how about a pulsing heart?... Fwop fwop fwop, guess what this is... Finally, the Pirate's fascination with things better kept out of the light was culminated one warm night in a nearby pool... Wrong!... No Right!... His latest intrigue was discovered while straining in a local gunshop, now he's seldom seen in these parts. Funny though, those I'll never get married jokes have sluffed off...enough said. Anyway, all the best and there's still time to plan for that double wedding... See you in the sun - RJH

Richard Joeseph Haberlin Jr
Marco Island, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

Exposure to the hot Florida sun has cooked many a brain, Rick's was no exception.Throughout the Club he was known for his bitting humor & ego (Midn God).Youngster year Rick made it known that he had two loves in life, sailing & drinking, which took up most of his time.While his many calls to Linda and her trips to Annapolis took all his money..make that three loves.That same year Rick learned a valuable lesson in Ft. Lauderdale, never hitch a ride from Howard the Homo.Rick's dream came true 2nd class year, a boat called Avenger, which he sailed fast & furiously.Albeit a capable sailer he was also known to play bumper boats with the Yawls..and found himself on the carpet many times.There was rarely a dull or quiet moment around Rick.He was quick to thrash and relentlessly persue a victim about marrage or YP's until.. Exhibit A quickly dethroned him as co-pres of the eq opp club & a diamond ring made Linda his wife to be..Sorry bud no chance of a double wedding..Better you than me..Sail Fast and Good Luck!..See you on the other side..don't knock it till you try it - ECF

Merle Keli'iolono Hagmann

Waimanalo, Hawaii
Naval Flight Officer

Haole boy's story began back in '85 with BOOST. Here he refined his skills at strawberry daquiris, iron-cooked grilled cheese sandwiches and messhall workers. "Smackman" entered the 11 company, leaving his postal career for plebe company CDR to hone such leadership skills as submitting ac-summary sheets--good practice for his next 3 years. The beach called the sun worshipper to Ocean Engineering where he met such personages as Danger Granger, the Beave, Wild Bill, the human Q-tip, and T-T-Templemeyer; and his study partner ("whatcha need?"). Lono liked leave time. Youngster year the frisky one jetted to Texas. Segundo year, Va. Beach & Christian!! Firstie year Lono learned juggling--playing ball with Cathy and laps around the track with M/LTJG Terri. Daytona '90 he celebrated his B-Day with Chris, or Lisa (what's her name?). Aloha, "TGIF, Have a great weekend!" These times are ours forever and more good ones shall come. DIZ, DB.

Robert Frederick Hall

Fullerton, California
Submarines

(Micro) Chip would be a more fitting name for Bob, the certified genius who loves his computer more than life itself. Though if I had my way, it would have attended Airborne years ago. How long does it take for a Zenith 248 to fall 75 ft given an initial thrust? It took a year to build the vaunted 8328 HMWHC, and less than a year to destroy. I'll never forget those authorized (?) day trips. And what about Loyola and those YP trips to Baltimore? It seems like for the past three years you have been either fixing computer problems or creating them. If you had stayed awake in class once in a while you might have saved both of us an all-nighter or two. As I type this, with you in your natural horizontal state, I'm reminded that engineers must study more. How could someone whose major requires organization be such a slob? When was the last time you folded laundry? Or sent OUT laundry? (Tricia's doesn't count.) It's good to know I'll see you in the fleet. I'd say 'Fair skys and smooth seas,' but that doesn't apply, so I'll wish you 'Happy Hunting.' KMK P.S. Tie your shoes!!

Kenn Mar Knittel

Golden, Colorado
Submarines

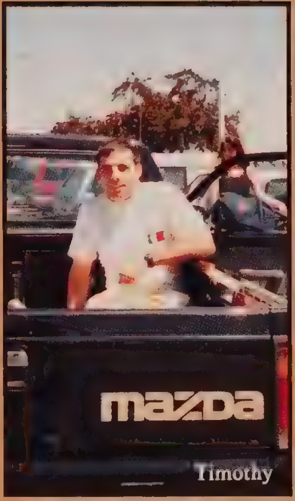
From the outside, it may seem as if Kenn is the perfect example of a midshipman and an officer. Those of us who know him well can paint a different story about him. Kenn always does things in a way that are just slightly different than the accepted norm. His craziness over the TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES surprised everyone. His fascination with that liberal, commie, pinko sport know as ultimate frisbee still bewilders me. Still despite all of these minor deviations from the norm, I still figured Kenn to be a mostly normal person. Then one day last Easter Break, WHAMMO!!!, he surprised everyone by popping the question. Admittedly Julie is a wonderful girl, but to actually use the M-word just blew everyone away. I was constantly trying to convince everyone that it wasn't a joke and that Kenn was very serious. Oh well, another one bites the dust.

Kenn, I wish you the best of luck in the future, especially during all of those years of wedded bliss. I hope that all of your dreams and plans come true. Take Care. RFH

Timothy Giro Leonard

Sasebo, Japan
Naval Flight Officer

T.Leonard.A man destined to be a father who just hasn't had any luck talking a girl into it yet.T's kids are doomed to a life of catch in the back yard & full court/full contact nerf hoops with Dad.If T ever gets any bigger than 135 lbs.,he could be a real hazard to his children.A true leader of the boys,T could turn a bunch of 80 yr, old schoolteachers into a championship intramural softball team.Just give T his basketball,baseball glove,tennis racket,2 kids,wife,bowl of ice cream,& his car & he'll be all set.Anyone(I guess that means everybody)who's ever gotten a ride with T knows what a great driver he is.Thanks T,for living with the Chunkster,for keeping up with Mike,for taking that great Batt staff job,for keeping the front shaft youngsters in line,for teaching & motivating Co. sports teams to greatness far beyond their means.None of us will ever forget the way your face turns violently red at the mention of the word alcohol let alone when you start imbibing. Good luck finding that special girl. Let's just hope she has a good jumpshot and likes to camp and fish-.MES,RRU



David Roy Lerch
Coopersburg, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

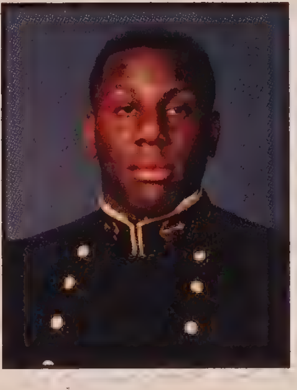
The Doctor, Lerchum to me, claims to have left his hometown of Coopersburg for the rigours of the Navy. But a 3 hour drive from USNA now and an 8 hour drive from Newport after graduation will help him to eventually accomplish the drive in five hours. Quiet most of the time, he has worked diligently many nights to finally achieve satness at the end of his last semester, interestingly enough just in time for Cinderella libs. We can now be sure of his future happiness. Playing football for four years has taken its toll. To sleep he must turn near midnight but before miday, the daily ritual of a nap must also be included. And speaking of rituals, what is it that he is drinking, what else but a Dr. Pepper. But who is flying vs. who is buying, game of raquetball did you say? We must also understand that Lerchum arrived with a profound appreciation of music, yet Led Zeppelin and Yes are two music bands that he continues to appreciate. Thanks to the Doctor and his parents, his roommate was able to continue on as did most of the back shaft. Thanks for all, until next time. MBJ

David Edward Lowe
Satelite Beach, Florida
Navy Pilot

David came from the space coast with a suitcase full of Hank Jr., a football and the fastball of justice. After passing up a chance at the show to come to Annapolis he had his "Real Plebe Year" in 19th. That same year he earned his first of his eight varsity "N"'s in the last year of the Tranquil era. David then went into second semester and became a real two sport athlete, earning his first baseball letter while making his only spring appearence on Navy's football fields. This afforded him the opportunity to view the inside of his knee, with the help of navy Medicine and the scope. He then went to the papers to vow "I shall not return" to spring ball, and never did. A man with a great nack for having fun and raising kane, he will best be remembered within the confines of the Club for his discus demonstration with the mates desk. Hacker could sure move the women, but none will ever out rank the Lt.Col. The night of the four thousands stands out and I still marvel at your tree climbing ability. See ya at Trader John's in P-Cola. I've got the first round. TJM

Timothy John Millen
Northville, Michigan
Marine Corps Pilot

Tim came to us an unpolished specimen from the outskirts of Detroit, but leaves with a better understanding of life after living with this redneck for 3 years. Not that his neck didn't have some red in it. Don't let his mild manner fool you. He spent 4 years prostrate to the higher mind or was that a certain few on the gridiron? Not to be denied, he stuck it out and we all truly admire him for his courage. But this courage did not hold only to athletics. You see, the two of us could never go out because we always got in trouble in our younger, rowdy days- at least 40 days for 2 nights between the 2 of us, most to him. We were natural roommates because we had the same approach to academics-2.0 and go. Then they go and change the system on us, can you believe that? I always thought T. was mixed up, especially when he went to BullFrog. But he got us all when he went green for real. They're looking for a few good men still, but they truly found one. See ya where the aquila fly, buddy. Hacker



Darren Van Morton
Los Angeles, California
Navy Pilot

Darren began his long naval career in 1983 at Boost.Fate, however,was not on his side.Darren did not make it through Boost because of his SAT scores. Moving on to bigger and better things he tried his hand at being a corpsman in the Navy for two years.After that,he finally smacked his way into NAPS.Darren played football at NAPS (if you really want to call it that) and his plebe year.He then found his true claim to fame on the Track Team.Darren was a hammer/weight thrower where he was loved by Coach Cantalo.His hard work and dedication finally paid off by earning his varsity letter.Being a Corpsman in the Navy;Darren had aspirations of being a doctor by majoring in Chemistry. Finally,the Admiral told him to try English.Presently,Darren has written numerous articles for Proceedings Magazine and is writing a book.He also took up psycology on the side.He always offered his wizardly advice even when not requested.Darren was not the smartest Mid,but he had perserverance.The "Dancin' Bear" will make a fine Naval Officer.Good luck in flight school,you deserve the best!!

Scott Austin Parvin
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Navy Pilot

Coming straight from the hot, spicy land of Louisiana, Scott Parvin came to Canoe U. to be a hero, and I see nothing that will stop him from doing whatever he is out to do. In our brief years together, I found that living with a honest to life saint is no easy task, especially if you are a sinner like me. It is truely a miracle that we stayed roommates for so long. "Starvin-Parvin" will be remembered as a man always on the move to save a soul and to find a perfect soul-mate. Scott's very quiet when it comes to his adventures outside Bancroft Hall, but then again, it's rare that he ever goes out! Yet, he is always short of time, and always keeps his friends awake at night (yawn!!) Thanks for all the memories.. the football games, the times at Elenor's, the raquetball lessons, the corny jokes, and the stupid puns. Always together, sharing everything and forever friends. Best wishes-- H.R.

Hyo Rhee
Raleigh, North Carolina
Surface Warfare

Leaving his home in Raleigh, Hyo came to USNA with a burning desire to do everything, see everything, and experience it all. In short to be a modern day renaissance stud. He accomplished this by trying out a couple of majors (heck with dyns. go Gen. Sci.), countless sports, and many girls. Plebe year, the Hyo-ster taught me tennis, borrowed my racket, played his walkman, and made the bet. After that, life was a continuous pursuit for SAT grades, a fast car, a beautiful girl, and the red sweatshirt-well, 3 out of 4 isn't bad. He did great at Bulldog, but next time Hyo, don't be so nice and let the air out of your pants when you go swimming. Thanks for all the horror films, trips south, evenings at Eleanor's and my ring dance date. Keep on sweeping those girls off their feet (yea-hiptoss!) and take care because I could never ask for a truer or better friend. Best of luck at SWOS. DDH

Matthew Eliot Simms
Troy, New York
Submarines

Mattie, Mottet, Holmes, or TPH, the penultimate misplaced Californian, with his long locks & sideburns, ridiculously oversized clothing, & an attitude that takes nothing (particularly himself) too seriously, astutely hides his NY state origins, erudite upbringing, & his genuine concern for those who've earned it. Epitomizing the absent-minded professor, he stays awake for days on end, sometimes writing papers, but usually just roaming the Hall shepherding his bike team charges. When his batteries die, he will sleep-ANYWHERE-whether this be inside the mate's desk or in the inviting arms of Ms. Lynch et al. He developed a disorganized bike club into a national force, demonstrating that one need not appear organized to have the world wrapped around your finger. A supportive & extremely understanding friend, the Brigade will sorely miss the talents of the snowboarder who put his election posters in the stalls, as he follows his grandfather's footsteps to command submarines in the Silent Service.Destined for greatness, his talents will rocket him wherever he choses-4YTBTB-Thanks

Leif Eric Steinbaugh
French Lick, Indiana
Naval Flight Officer

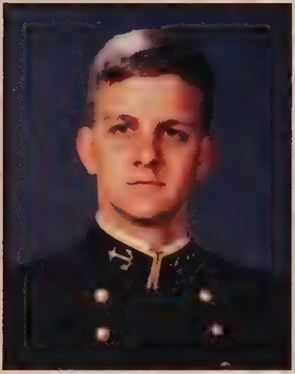
I was born, I came to the Academy, I graduated.

Roger

Joseph

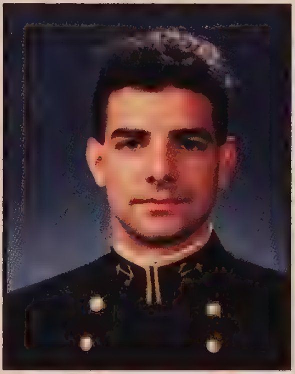
David

Mark



David Alan Streight
Gambrills, Maryland
Special Warfare

Four years here never started out worse than a plebe year summer 1-day roommate with a 3-yr old son and new wife. With that auspicious beginning these are the highlights: TB and the Sasquatch in 18; a 436 for 500 and an N*; Lou's horde in Key West; Rox and MB; "their house-my education"; 3/c cruise bars in Sicily with men as women; the Canal and 60 days lv with HS Thompson; Club 34 JFT/LES/CME; VaTech ftbl game; Easy Al and the One-eye; NO FUN 0530 swims and the end of an era; MB/JFT in FLA-Dania & Hollywood; 2/c summer GP5 poker all-nighters; "I hate the regular Navy"; Go Navy Cycling- spend a semester in an arm cast; "Just call me crash"; VT ski; stitches in Sacremento; MARCH 7; Shannon in SJ; the B-race; the Cu-garr; "The Hunt...the tug!; "I hate subs"; XFEST '89- slam-dance heaven; LANL land of plenty; 2 fine weeks with the seekers of the grail; "No more cider!"; Admin???- own phone, own room; PT; NAVY 19 ARMY 17; ski again; Crazed Weasels; KD's in SJ; Always Brothers- CLUB 34/90- Thanks fellas; Thanks FOG; "You'll get nothing"; "Are you high?"; "See you in the funnies"



Joseph Francis Testa Jr
Bel Air, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Joe came to USNA through the Foundation program where he first excelled at Essex C.C. (His pursuit of gouge began early, since his dad is the Dean) Known to all as the GougeMaster, he kept TAWNY(roomate#2) from failing. "Sir, you gave full credit for that answer on 72, 76, 81, 87 & 1988s tests" If not found organizing his gouge, or hiding it from the N-----s, Joe was working out or girl hunting: (i.e. Terri, Ralita, Chrissy, Paula, Judy, Kelly...the list is long, blonde, and ignorant. Tak & Stanley helped Joe survive Plebe year sans underwear but THE CLUB called & Joe had found a home. firstie priveledges (taken 2nd & 3rd class years) brought many memorable roadtrips. TestHolmes is headed to P-Cola (unlike his huge, bulky, godlike, great with the ladies, roomate) nuc school was not for him. Whatever Jet type you get, youll leave your mark (much like on the New Jersey Turnpike & Hack's bro's car) Good luck in the Navy...not the kind youve had with Ralita and Roberta. A great friend is an understatement when describing you. Take Care Buddy, CME,.....Alpha Bravo, CLUB 34!

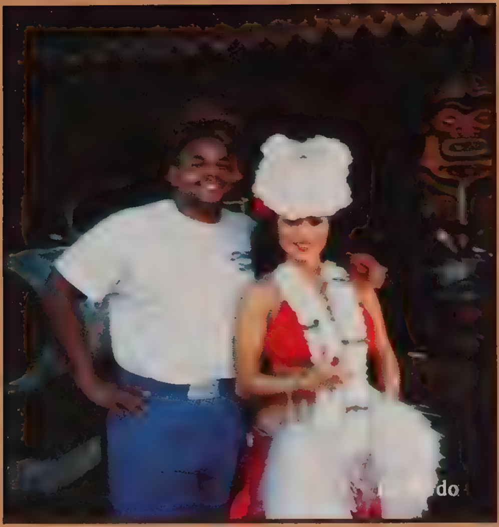
Roger Roland Ullman III
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania
Special Warfare

Caroline,Susan, Amber,Pam,Lisa,Kristen,Stephanie,Deb,WW,Tara.A veritable plethora.How he juggled them all without dropping any we'll never know. They were either Fatal Attractions or they avoided him completely,Rog could never get what he wanted.He was so happy/surprised that Veronica was on the phone one night that he dove out of the top rack almost to his death.Nice job,Bethesda.When you get right down to it,Rog was pretty hardcore:no elevators,no cookies,climbing 5 stairs at once,SEALS,MiniBuds,Bulldog,crew,top 20 in the class.If he hadn't flagged organic(HUM/SS elective)youngster year he would have graduated with a 4.0.The piece de resistance of Rog's career at USNA was 1/C year.No classes,a short oceanography paper,an easy company job(P.E.?),permanent white compatibility with the new Co officer,making friends in the company through P.E. tests & weight standards,no troubles with the ladies,Rog,you practically had the year off.You deserved it after being such a screen plebe summer.Lucky Bone and I saved your rear.Peace.MS

Mark Edward Watkins
Fairfax, Virginia
Submarines

Fatkeens,Mark, came from Connecticut, but his true heart lies in Waycross Georgia. But now he lives in Fairfax. It must have been in Georgia where he developed his laid back attitude and thus the ritual of studying in the double mattress, pillow, blanket rack. Never much of a worrier, he would party until he fell asleep. Either in the Winnebego, under the stars, outside sandy beach park, talking into a phone at mwc, at EE study parties, service selection night(you will consume with me), in the car at Key West, and always in the bush with his roomate. His Sambas will lead him to greatness in the field of croquet. The only thing holding him back is his inability to admit he was wrong when I was right. HIs concept of relative motion(Near things go by fast, fast things go by slow) will catapult him into the mainstream of nuclear physics. He has been a true, honest, enduring roomate, who will make it to the Ultimate heaven and on the way become the first skipper of the SSN-21, and President of the U.S. I hated WHFS, Neil Young Rules, and thanks for the CD player

35th COMPANY



Edwardo Leo Wilson
Rochester, New York
Surface Warfare

Edwardo (Wado) Wilson's naval career started on a lazy day in 1985 near the city of Newport. He played football and basketball. He finished NAPS. Wado's outlook on the Academy was set by his plebe year company, Sweet Sixteen. He never had a plebe year; he stopped chopping and giving chow calls. If there was one thing he learned from plebe year was to run, to hide, to do anything except work. When drill came, Wado was nowhere to be seen. Wado was a popular guy with many nicknames: Eddylove, Cupcake, G-Bigs, Special Ed, Gouge. After he bought a Supra, he refused to do homework, or clean his room. The Admiral, however, suggested in a soft but stern voice that it would be in his best interest to reevaluate and get with the program. He did! At Present Ed is the President of the Midshipmen's Black Studies Club. He has done great work with race relations. When Wado is focused, he can get any job done. Because of his efforts, the Academy's perceptions of minority clubs have been up scaled to the highest level of acceptance. Feel Proud! Wado will make a fine officer. Good Luck!

Louis Wayne Arny
Alexandria, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Skip came to us from Alexandria, Virginia. He rowed here for two years on the lightweight crew team and was known as 'Lou' by his teammates. His reign of terror second class year was suitably followed as squad leader for second set plebe detail. When crew ended, weekends began. 'Skimpy', don't forget our sick visits to Harvard, because we know Chris won't. Also, 'Skimpy', don't forget midnight study breaks which consisted of a wonderful assortment of handstands, flying squirrels, mixed fruit, and bowls of fruit. Skip stopped his visits to the Dant's house. This judgement led him to a more sacred place or should I say savvy delicacy? "Now ain't that right Skimpy!" Skip, always ready to take a Heavy Metal break, predominantly listened to Neil Young and The Dead. Let us not forget visits to your house on the weekends and the 'wicked boss' time we had during Spring Break, which capped off with the Toyota Baja. Skip left company area for the last semester in order to serve long days as Sixth Battallion Commander. Good luck in flight school, my friend. Jim.

John Louis Bastien
Duluth, Minnesota
Medical Corps

John came to us from NAPS with some preconceived notion that just because he was valedictorian there, he would do well here, and he was right. He never studied, but those good grades came from somewhere, which is probably why his two roommates were always unsat. There was more to John than his academic prowess; his musical abilities for example, as Shannon could attest to (you must have really impressed her at D&B for her to let you drive her car in the yard, while you were still a PLEBE!) John moved on to greater audio-visual experiences as his Academy career progressed. First there was the stereo system from hell, and when that wasn't enough, the home entertainment system with TV and VCR in his locker. (We were surprised you'd spring for something that expensive, Bastienbergowitz, but then again the VCR belonged to the wardroom) After striking out with his Ring Dance date, John was offered a second chance. Maybe you'll find the right one on a racquetball court at USUHS. MANOK! MANOK! OK?! OK?! MJSK

Stacey W. Dannenberg

Yuma, Arizona
Navy Pilot

Stace- My first memory of you was on youngster cruise where you were the Navigator, armed with the ever-present clear plastic bag, (usually full of your recent meal). Who would've thought you could get lost on an island while looking for a beach? You started youngster year as a CHEM MAJOR (Oh No! Not That!) Yes, Stace, you willingly subjected yourself to such horrors as 3 hour labs twice a week, organic chem with those little symmetric structures (chiral??), Analytical with errors 5% (Right), and your favorite...P-Chem!! How ever did we make it? But chem wasn't your whole life at USNA, for you were Captain of the Volleyball team, and blocked every hit you could. Way to go Wilberta! Then there was that "little" incident that put a restraint on your liberty for quite some time...but for the most part, you were great! I shall really miss all our notes. Best of Luck! Jen. Special thanks LCDR Gattuso, Lt Ackerson, Lt Brandquist, MTO(L), BSF, JH, JUR, TH, TKH, and DJR. Love you Mom and Dad. Good Luck Navy Volleyball...Get Some! CAM SSM SWD

Scott Thomas Davids

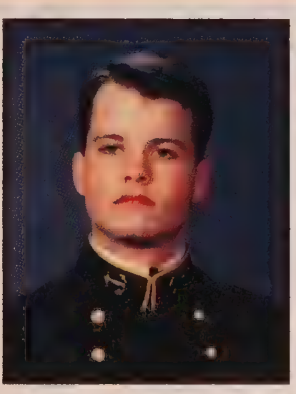
San Carlos, California
Marine Corps Pilot

Scott, affectionately known as Opie, came to the academy after a brief interlude at MMI at which he was a member of that "elite fighting force"- the Swamp Foxes. Scott, the ultimate romantic, had an eventful four years: "feel my neon-colored big hair, it's soft as a baby's ?#&, "oh well it looks like another trip to the Dubliner," the Army date who brought her own. Remember the Winnebago trip to Boston(thank God for insurance), camping in the bus (Hey buddy!), the first place finish in Penn State Iditarod and "Scott shot at UVA." You did a fine job as the proud proprietor of "Scott's VW Soup Kitchen"(Long Live Ann Marie Cotton!), company PETA rep, and creator of fine anatomical baby heads. Spring breaking in Dover MAC terminal was unforgettable (Squaw Valley, no thanks!) Luckily, the next year you made it up by working the geriatrics ward at Trader Jon's and carousing with "Granola Head" in Florida You have really been a great friend Scott. Good Luck in "the Corps," it definitely has one of the finest, Just remember Scott, the order was to use your own paper! JJD

Mark Wayne Dixon

Kalamazoo, Michigan
Submarines

Pinhead started out his time in 35 with a gungy haircut and a self-styled nature. He spent most of his weekends trying to escape from Navy, but not from MATH (which led to everything but the stars). Invading Yugoslavia without a passport, Mark found the meaning of life in a freezing mountain stream. He did have a distinctive air about him, just ask Chris, '90-1 (note the MATH), his roommate second class year. After two summers of camaraderie aboard submarines, thoughts of the Marine Corps and Cryptology fell by the wayside. First class year saw the arms of nuclear power waiting to embrace him (MATH), even as he was being embraced by the arms of another. As his hair grew longer, his skill in bridge and tetris increased as well (MATH, MATH, MATH, MATH, MATH). When he returns to Orlando, perhaps the natives will understand his Michigan mumble. May the hunting be good down under. SMKJ



John Joseph Driscoll

Greensburg, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

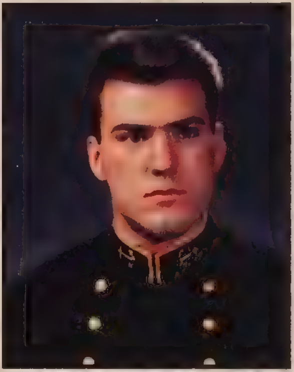
The Burly Irishman made his impression early in 35: "John, you have to start going to class." "I think I'll lay down for a minute, I'm really tired." John on road trips: PSU and the ice attic, making his own slush in Jim's truck in UofD, "I'll just sleep out here in the bus, I'm really tired." Pigpen at his best 2/c summer: "What do you mean where is the stereo? I said I was sorry you big Dork!" John in Pensacola: "She's really mature for her age." Sure Pumpkindoodle. 2/c year: "But I did my laundry last semester, I'm really tired." Little Boy and the Granola Heads: Bonnie was his favorite. The moon blocked Jon Bon's view of the London skyline. The New Order concert - Who the hell is stabbing me? First class year: Tobacco? Can I see some ID? Can I see your license? What's that V stand for? "But I'm losing my hair! I'm Burly!" It's 1530 - Post watch. What's your name?! Maryland Educators visit the hall. Warm Guiness and Hairy Chicken. Do your Brent Brown at the mall. Door: Thanks for the laughs -they will never get old. Good luck Shreddin in SCal. Party Hardy Whooh!! STD

Brian Scott Filler
Bismarck, North Dakota
Navy Pilot

Brian came to the Marble Monastary from the frozen wastelands of North Dakota. Just how many times did you hear "You're the first person I ever met from North Dakota?" Who'd ever thought we'd end up best of friends considering how much you "bugged" me youngster year. Anyway, you started youngster year as a History major and were exposed to the different music tastes of Sasquatch and TAB. A certain redhead took up most of your weekends, but since you didn't have a "real" major, this was not a problem! If only I'd followed your footsteps and got my "rule breaking" out of the way youngster year, instead of 2nd semester of first class year! Your help in weps leaves something to be desired, but you made up for it by helping me with my first model. Best of luck flying those paper airplanes! Much love and thanx...Stace

Timothy Larry Gamache
Burlington, Vermont
Naval Flight Officer

Tim travelled to USNA from Burlington by way of MMA. Plebe year his hamstring took him off the football field and into the weight room where he began his quest for the Mr. Universe look. Youngster year began with a bang at Roosevelt Roads and continued with 1/C liberty for the rest of his stay in 35. That year he saw the light and dropped any green ideas for life as an NFO. Spring break created a 'special friend' for Tim and several other company classmates. He bounced back 2/C summer with a California stay that produced enough experience to last a lifetime. His various PSU road trips included lost hour boxing matches, marathon parties, and a swim in Nittany Springs, 1/C year he briefly entertained Surfside's own 'Little Sally'. A homecoming misadventure put Dayton on Tim's top 10 list. "Hey, want to go to a dance?" He later ran all the way to Vermont to catch some great skiing. Symptoms of 8-1 disease appeared briefly late in the fall. Fortunately a Maryland educator came into the picture to save the day. To a great roommate, best of luck in P-cola. SPM



Robert Todd Garretson
Cincinnati, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer

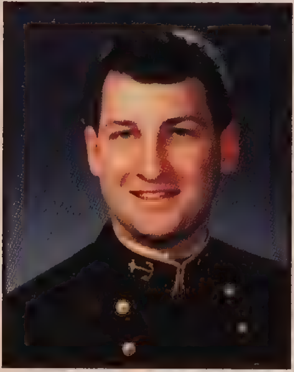
Rob comes to us from Cincinnati. Although a recruited football player, Moondog made his mark on the rugby pitch gaining All Military and All East honors while participating using a spare parts body;"A minute, Sir" Although Nigel strived in his Economics Major we will remember him as Robnoxious with all his shear talents; such as Service Selection Night,"Rob go ahead, do it!", Tap hits at Lizards, Late night study breaks with Jim & Skip consisting of Gorgon's tricks, handstands, occasional Organ art and Parading the Beef, the Vous Crew with Pace & Sully, Dining-in poems."A minute, Sir" Bighead is also quite the ladies man with his left curve. Who can forget weekends to Tennessee or Hopkins or the Nannies, even Joe Paterno's niece. He summed it up in New Orleans;"I'll carry you anywhere you want to go" He always went that extra mile even down less traveled roads."A minute, Sir" All said and done it has been a great time in three fife. Best of Luck in Pensacola and remember MCPR....SASQUATCH Thanks to Mom, Dad, Matt and 733, the MWQ. Couldn't have done it without ya!...Rob

Michael Houston Harmon
Jacksonville, Florida
Intelligence

Moral Oral came to the Academy from Jax, Florida (The SOUTH), Boasting a sky-high QPR (the poli-sci major had nothing to do with it), Misha left us behind first class year to pursue a career in an intelligent community, Georgetown U, Maybe that's where he'll find the girl of his dreams--Hey, there is life after K.T.! Oral maintained the image of uprightness, but how about those 6-bagit staff proflicks, or when the lights went out, was that a 1 or a 10? How 'bout them Bronco beverages! And there were more parking violations to come. Speaking of violations, Oral had difficulty fending off his Bumbling Oaf of a roommate second class year. Is that where you got all those moves you showed on the lightweight football field? Or was it the aerodynamics of your shaved (but huge) chest? Mike was always willing to help a friend in need, provided you caught him while he was still awake (i.e. before 2200). Visiting Florida, we realized Mike comes from a good Christian family, with lots of Southern hospitality, but Mike, WHO WON THE WAR? 2XJ + KSM (math)

Kevin Richard Hawko
Laconia, New Hampshire
Navy Pilot

"Some of it's magic, and some of it's tragic, but ..." Ah, shut up--we've had enough of Buffet, already!! Who else would love Buffet but an avid sailor. For four years, he bagged out of drill, sipping cool ones on the river while the rest of us sweat our b#!$@ off. Speaking of sweaty, what happened to Betty? Evidently, stripers had priority and so did the biggest member of his crew a.k.a. Sharmu. However, none of these wonderful catches made the Ring Dance. This choice was saved for a high school track "buddy." Maybe when he gets over his greatest love, Connie, he will find that good cooking runs in the family. When he had free time, he enjoyed driving his car and hunting deer. However, that was rare because of his special friends in the mech E. department. G.E., however, did bring good things to life--at least for one semester. The following semester brought three stripes and many firsthand micromanaging experiences with the Felch. Perhaps this is what inspired Kevin to stay away from the silent force. Best of luck in the air, Kevin!!! SMJMJ

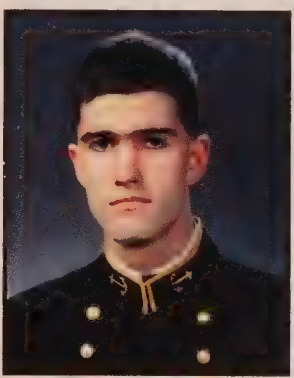


Kevin Scott Kingery
Aiken, South Carolina
Naval Flight Officer

The Kingerthing arrived at USNA ready to follow in the steps of Fish by becoming the family's second TACAIR pilot. But those last minute CompSci projects (and games) forced him, and his bad eyes, into the backseat. Now he makes the best of it looking good in his nerders and new hairdo. ("Oops! Stop laughing or I'll take the guard off!") Kevin arrived at USNA with Diane on his arm and is leaving the same way, except they're wearing rings now. (Congrats! We still think we should get to smack her. "At the same time!") K-Doggie was perpetually late, but always seemed to get there in time to avoid trouble, at least BIG trouble. This went along with his theory: Never do anything early, it only causes trouble.(Yarch, TAD!) Never studied, always made good grades (good enough anyway).-"That's our Kevin!" We thought we had lost him 1/C year when Di moved up, but that only happened on the weekend. (For some reason he always got back at the 5 minute chow call -in civvies.) Kevin, you're the best friend we could have. We wish you and Di all the luck in the world, you deserve it! MGM/DRM

Chris Michael Lemmink
Cincinnati, Ohio
Navy Pilot

After a grueling plebe year in Sweet 16, Rat came to 35 and made a new home, but not with the Ready Room (although he helped keep them apart for a semester). Youngster year was full of alot of late nights, just because (THE HALL DRAG, bobsledding, and Bruno's b-day party). Roadtrips to Penn St. in Opie's bus - thanx for saving me from Roley Poley Guacamole and the Q-tip! What were you doing in the attic? Second class year started 2 doors down in a much cooler room- "What's that AC doing in Stamm and Lemmink's room?" The Stamm bro's on the rugby pitch, and women aplenty- Monica, Maite, Tawana, etc., and Jill from Pitt- "What do ya mean we can't? We already are!" A couple of close calls during dead week- "It's not frat. She's a second class!" and "You don't know me, but do you want to go to Ring Dance with me tommorrow?" First class year and we're finally given the privileges we've always taken; Chris has a new love in town with a hot tub - what a scream. What a psycho! "Never burn your bridges!" Joy wasn't but Navarre was. Thanx for the memories! How about a few more?! DJS



Samuel Lord Jr
Bainbridge Island,
Washington
Surface Warfare

Sam, the stealth man, has the bragging rights of reporting to USNA with a playmid centerfold (guess who?). He quietly made it through plebe year in Fun One and moved his covert operation to tree-fife. He has continued to be quiet and always will be quiet--even when quietly drying off in the shower with his quiet towel in the mornings. Although he was quiet in Bancroft, he made his presence felt in his professional duties (i.e. PCR stud, Self-help guru, and NL303 award recipient (WOW!)). On weekends, he lived at his sponsor's house (hmmmmmmm), which was the site of his salad feast/21st birthday party. Whatever happened to her? Speaking of girls, Sam was attracted to women half his height. As a rule, Sam never dated anyone taller than his CD collection (hmmmmmm, a frigate out of Japan???). This didn't seem to change during his first class YP cruise to the Bahamas--must have been nice to have someone to see the Bahamas, Florida, and other "exotic" ports with. By the way, Freddy, where are you hiding all of the food you eat. . .?--JKMJM

NAVY
William

Sean Patrick McHugh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

When we first met Sean "Red Dog, Phil McCreviss" McHugh he presented the image of an all-American boy. One trip to PSU changed all that! Many things about Sean have been revealed at PSU, i.e., his favorite ice cream flavor is Heath Bar Crunch, he is a professional tag team wrestler, and he takes the road less travelled when the chance presents itself. When EE prevented trips out of Annapolis, Sean could occasionally be heard saying "Let's go to Franny O's". His excursions to town often finished unexpectedly, one of the most memorable results being a fun little pig roast in the Annapolis parking garage. Sean's experiences with women led to: important purchases—identity crises-just who is Eric?, and frequent flyer miles. As one of the major stockholders of Coors beer Sean spent his weekends doing product evaluation. Always believing in the phrase "Wine, women, and song", Sean was singing the blues after his lumberjack imitation on the way to Army first class year. It's been lots of fun, and it's been really interesting. Best of Luck TLG

Dale Robert Minich
Leesburg, Florida
Submarines

Dale "Hey, I'm a 3 Striper!" Minich showed up on the banks of the Severn from Sleezeburg with a desire to drive subs and long hair. The 7th Wing barbers fixed one of his problems. And, not being able to cure the other, we watch Dale head down to Orlando for Puke School (after a nice long TAD assignment of course). "Remember, watch the needle VERY closely ENS Minich!" "Yea, sure, NO problem..." (How many times have we heard that!) After a rather stormy plebe year in 10th Dale was "lucky" enough to wind up in Tree-Fife and start out fresh. First semester youngster year w/ Scott and Dave allowed him to brush up on his ability to sleep through limited nuclear war. Then we wound up with him. (Why US?) The only redeeming qualities we saw at first were the stereo and the fact he wasn't a Group 3 major. Then, after he let us touch the stereo without asking, we decided he wasn't THAT bad. Second Class year brought the training committee. ("I'd better get stripes out of this!") He got them, and the libs. Never saw him 2nd semester. Wonder why? We wish you luck in everything! MGM/KSK

Matthew Guy Moore
Huffman, Texas
Surface Warfare

Matt came to The Group 2 Ready Room with a sordid past. First as a high school salutatorian (did she really think that X was always equal to 2?), then as a graduate of the Stalag, and finally as a survivor of shoulder surgery and life with Chris and Tom (you remember Bruno). Matt brought the surface leg to our Service Selection Triad, the progressive musical taste, the obsessive personal hygiene (gee that's the fifth time today and it's not even noon yet), and the need for utter silence when he slept. He also was a late bloomer with women, but what a bloom! After a sorority sister setup, a trip to SDI, an eventful 1/c Cruise (what about Seattle?), and a trip to Army's ring dance, he was up to speed and ready to get back together with Melissa, best of luck. As the organized one, he took on the hopeless task of teaching me to spell, be prompt, and not to sleep so much. Too bad for Matt, I wore off more on him than he did on me. Matt and Dale had a stormy first semester but came out O.K., but as extended roommates (the CO's office is in between). Thanks for everything. KSK/DRM

William Kenneth Moreno
Las Vegas, Nevada
Naval Flight Officer

Kenny came to USNA from sunny, downtown Las Vegas a year early. He came to USNA as one of the youngest members of the class. He moved in with a prior enlisted Navy and a Marine, who promptly scarred him for life. Rooming with Scotty for a year was certainly a growing experience. Then, we went to Ocean City, where Ken got into a wrestling match with a tequila bottle. This is where he learned to turn himself inside out. He also tried a little crew and boxing. After his appearance at summer school, he was a much expanded person. So he tried powerlifting, but his back decided that it didn't like that. It did like Eva though. Then came another roll through Summer School. Not the flamer, Ken tried to concentrate on first the Clinging Vine, who he met at a party, and then his young young lady. Often heard 2/c year, "She'll be 17 in a month." Then he found his two true loves, Karate and the girl from S.B. Finally, he was 21, and to mark the occasion, he displayed his talent once more, with feeling. Good luck, squirt, you're a big boy now. Don't get too airsick. Lizard

Margaret Theresa O'Neil

Edgewater, Maryland
General Unrestricted Line

Mild mannered Margaret made the long trek from Edgewater to the twenty-first company. Plebe year gave her the usual troubles with the added spice of battling the Nazi roommate from hell. She survived by taking many trips to Deirdre's room and running outers during liberty. On her sail cruise to New England, she earned the title of 'Mad Mags, the Wave Warrior' -- "Mags, we don't want to go that way!!" -- "I know, but we make two more knots in this direction." Living so nearby, she often opened her home to classmates to kick back, relax, and make chocolate chip cookies. But something changed first class year when every Friday afternoon Margaret disappeared to somewhere in North Jersey. Having been without her love since youngster year, who could blame her. They'll marry the first weekend in June. We wish them all the best. Here's to you Margaret, a dear friend and a beautiful, gentle, fun woman with a heart as big as a house. CJ DVG

David Michael Padula

San Diego, California
Navy Pilot

The man who puts down everything to help anyone. Dave is a big football fan especially at SU games and giving O-4's beer showers. Dave has tried many things: sushi at UVA, Beefeater at PSU along with dropping on floors, and poetry at dining-ins. Over Thanksgiving all those girls pinched, "Don't worry my roomie is big and will protect me!" A magnet for pie, girls find him irresistible. Dave has earned the name "Shroom". I taught him a new dance and some new vocabulary words (smoker). I have known him for four years and he is one of my best friends, don't worry Dave one day we'll both be financial wizards. Trump has got nothing on you. Thanks for cleaning the room for inspection while I was at practice. (I suckered you didn't I) Dave I said I wanted a vanilla yogurt from TCBY. It's 1155 where's Dave, going 60 on West st. Dave it is 25 after 7, time to get up for formation. Good Luck in PCola, biking and wind surfing and some day you can fly my lear jet! REP

Conrado Sandoval Parker

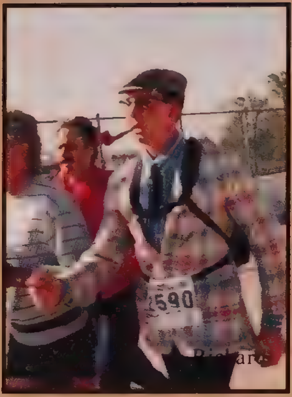
San Diego, California
Navy Pilot

Hey let me tell a story bout a guy named Parker, he's not white but a little bit darker. He came to the states at the age of eight--he looked around and said . . . Today's my birthday? Hey Jun, wake up! It's midnight! The popeye laugh, the largest belly this side of the Severn, and the gremlin face all belonged to this legend from where else but sunny San Diego. Jun, a.k.a. the Filipino Palamino, spent four years at the academy entertaining anyone and everyone. Although he crashed and burned with single E (???), Poly Sci (QPR-high) provided more success with the art of gouge (which he perfected) and his trustworthy Walkman(s). This fine instrument was used to record class, EI sessions, and even axe boards. Is that the Sup or Memorex? In all seriousness, Jun is one hell of a person. He goes out of his way for just about anyone and always does so with a smile. I sincerely wish you all of the best, Jun. You've been a great roommate and a great friend. JLB P.S. May your wife never put her underwear on the sink!

James Donald Raab

Beachwood, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Parading the beef in the Jersey surf, Champ found himself in Stalag with Chubby, Wampa, the Little Boy, and T.V. Head. After cruise with Chubby and the potato locker, "UNSAT Jim" came to 35 a diligent worker trying to get the grades to avoid his fateful career, despite teachers whose faces found themselves on our dartboard (That's out of 100?). But this did not keep Yimmy from giving the Witching Hour handstands, Santa, Gorgon, wet floors, haircuts and cut hairs, ice-molds, Metallica, Zeppelin, and those talking heads. Soon everyone was in our room for a laugh or a fight (shoe-trees). On the weekends Jomby let It out at Harvard (What does Chris think?), at UVA where it rained on the dance floor, at Loyola...or at Katysburg...BDA? In light of chickenpox and chickenhawks, Sally and Gretchin, John Paul Fighting Cock and Howdy, Gimbay is a great friend to all of us and a determined person bound to success as a Shoe, NFO, Jag, or surf camp instructor...well perhaps the Felch and Polyphemus would disagree. Good Luck, Jim! "Ride your wave to the end"-LWA...BaBaBa...Ooh



Gregory Andrew Reppar
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Rep came from the football capital of the world, Pitt. We were plebes in slack six. His biggest concern all year was the chances of living w/ Broderick. We ended up in 35. Greg picked the room early "Hey where's my stuff? That dude moved it when he stole your mattress "Don your OBA's, there's a tree alarm in here". He was then distinguished as king of video. The fellas know what I mean. I can't believe we only got one on that great deal. Rep, you're always rackin "Shut up Bernie or I'll give you a forearm shiver". T-giving in Pitt "It's reverse Awshwitz" The BIG guy is with me. You should have taken him. I still owe Doug for that one night --Doug, the next one is on me! Next came Sharon, the love of his life. To bad we all couldn't see the dance in the red valentine! "Why don't you stand there and play..." He started off as linebacker (one of the best we had to offer), but moved to defensive line. He's still our MVP.--sack vs Citadel, fumble recovery vs Pitt, and beating Army. P.S. you STONED Hayward. You have been the best friend/roomate ever. GET BIGGER THAN EVER. DMP

Richard Joseph Ryan
Coral Springs, Flordia
Navy Pilot

Brother Dick, what a career, where to begin - the Hall, your domain: Projects Weaver & West; Mugs, chairs, rugs; Durst's dirty laundry; Sheats & Pillowcases-Demore you see him...; Training flicks & boytoys; Head Harmony; Kerty (Big 35) graffiti ; Captian Browneye; Jamaican bobsled team; Flying squirrels; Talking heads; Serv. Sel. "haircut"; Franz & Fat Bottom Girls; Remember Polyphemus; Kleptomania; Batt Drill-never UA; Thanks for the stripes & Cocktails; Holmes; Joe Weider-your so 'uge; 43% Unsat; You clean the floor. The love quests: Mel Tillis, Mulatto, Come back to Jamaica; Flordia Mom; Uncle Rick's Cab; Loyola bound; The Dark Side; Book of Ruth. The saga continues at; IHOP; Love Shack; N.C. Zoo, road wack-duty sock; cat toys, love darts, bad Ricky Bad, your gonna put that where? Outside our Monastery the adventure continues: Stylish Bay run; the Bare essentials on B.C. roadtrip; Rt 50; 2pi-/lambda-SDT; Moosedog; That's nice; Your,re a great friend with a gift - humor. Good luck in the air, thanks for everything - Your Eternal Brother - J'TRO.

Lyle John William Shay
Grand Junction, Colorado
Surface Warfare

Tiring of the western life in Colorado, Sasquatch came to Annapolis to terrorize the Eastern seaboard for awhile. After a brief stint as a lineman on the football team, the big man floated around to various company sports before finding a home on the Rugby pitch. Lyle was followed East by his sister, which seemed to do wonders for his social life. When he wasn't busy chasing the women of Loyola, Buddha could be found worshipping some other spirits, at times finding himself making sacrifices at the porcelain altar. Lyle's search for the ultimate keg took him on many adventures (Rugby trip to Mexico; Winnebego remodelling, Nifty 50 in P-cola, and Ring Dance with a girl named Guiness.) Lyle amazed us all with his uncanny ability to always know how many people were in our class, due in large part to his academic prowess. (SAT 1 of 8 but I'll still graduate.) We know how you feel about the Navy, so fair winds and following seas my friend. Best of luck in all you do. Moondog.

David John Stamm
Strongsville, Ohio
Navy Pilot

Dave left Strongsville for Navy in 1985, but made a one year stop at U of Kentucky along the way. He came to 35 from the halls of 10, and made a new start with Bullethead and Opie. Thanks for saving me from T.B. Up all night for the Hall Drag. He made some waves in Rockville, "Hold on, I have to throw up." Tight squeeze on the floor. Spring Break: scuba, sunburn, Key West, "Give me the damn keys!" Opie and I sleep on the street. Take the BUS to PSU. Nice toilet, Paul, I'll use it later. In Philly on the 4th, he made his own fireworks. Rugby trips. We need some A.C. The room feels great. Brandquist! Stamm Brothers. Dave Scamm:"Lyle, is that your hand?" Green Impala. $13,500 for 130. Porsche. It usually takes 12 min., but it took longer in Sean's driveway. Thailand, Sabailand, Why do they call you Fudge? Dave left his Knees in Fells Point. PSU again:"Did he kick me, too?" Nice chin. I think I'll get another earring. Dave, she may be 4'11" and have a kid, but you haven't seen anything yet. Wanna fly? We have to make it to Graduation first. Sure,Sure. Thanks for it all. CML

Mark Satoshi Sumile
Mililani, Hawaii
Surface Warfare

Mark came from the untammed islands of Hawaii. Before his time at USNA, he spent a year at BOOST in San Diego, where he learned there is more to life then booze and gang wars. Mark spent plebe year in 13th Co. where he earned a reputation as a tough guy who was always quick with the smile and a damn good artist. He spent his next three years in 35th Co. During his stay at USNA, I'm sure he'll remember: the Shari soap opera, songs at night, untold hours of computer games, expensive ski vacations, cheap knives, jealous husbands, As the Boto Turns, the contagious comic book addiction, a brief trip south with Ty & Mike, the varsity soccer team's loss, a bad year for the PCR, ring problems and hospital point, "Why my company deserves to be Color Company," Plebe year's "It's not over till it's over," Melo's disappointment, creative "she" drawings. Thanks for the memories Mark, the world is your clam shell, take it and run--well, leave me some. MPF

Alisha Dionne Thurman
Kansas City, Missouri
General Unrestricted Line

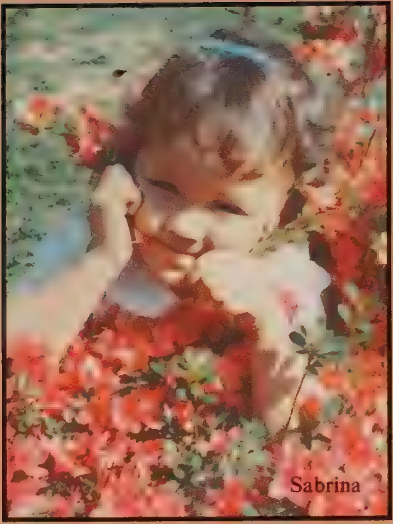
Now, this is the lady who will rise at 0500 to go running with some out of shape classmate, go to class and take her own mile and a half test later that afternoon. Then she'll run over to the swimming pool and coach someone through a swimming test, then she'll come back to the hall and hold study hour in her room for classes she isn't even taking. She has a beautiful spirit when provoked by some unsuspecting victim at choir rehearsal. Did I mention her name was Alisha Thurman, well I meant Malloy. Their first child was a four legged kitten, Sampson, who is coming along very well. I would be remiss if I didn't mention the laughter filled time we spent at BULLDOG, standing across from each other on line. A moment didn't go by that she didn't pull some innocent stunt to make me laugh and get into trouble. She refuses to accept this idea, but she'll be a mother of at least 5 before she leaves this old Gray dog of a Navy. Alisha, I've been meaning to tell you to work on your driving skills, especially getting over curves in an attempt to turn a corner. LYLAS VB.

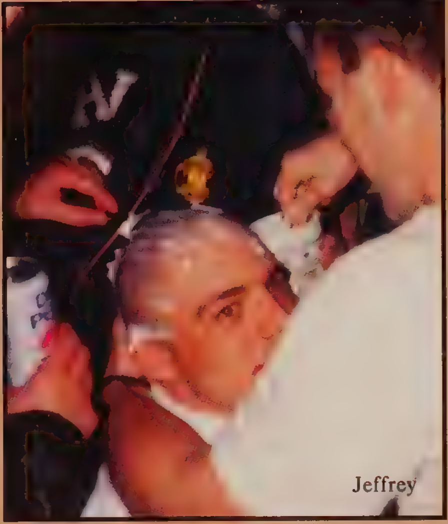
Michael Allen Warner
Memphis, Tennessee
Submarines

Jethro descended upon USNA from the backwoods of Tennessee, bowie knife in hand and coonskin cap atop his balding head, with a year of college at Memphis State tucked under his coonskin belt. A distaste for the Corps, the world's biggest drug free back, and a ring in his nose were all he had to show for it. What happened plebe year, we may never know, as all his roommates are KIA. Youngster year he breezed through academics by studying with no lights and going to bed before 11. Second class year he left the mushroom factory and got a new ring in his nose at Delaware, giving up all his potential for an otherwise hedonistic life. Finally, first class year rolled around and the highest ranking dark sider took office. If only the striper board knew what i know (yak). I relish the moment you return from your first underwater deployment sporting a new paunch. People who knew hethro will remember him as professional and dedicated. I will remember you as a LOYAL brother, destined for baldn (uh-). greatness. Forever your faithful roomie, DICK.

Cecily Anasia Williams
Arlington, Virginia
Supply Corps

To write a bio of disconnected thoughts and reminicenses would not do justice to a friend like Cecily. Sure, we had our fun times in Gospel Choir, the Black Studies Club, and powerlifting (re: both of us losing our balance at the Annapolis meet), but I will remember Cecily best for her sensitivity, caring, and most of all her determination. She believes that with the support of God, family, and friends, one can achieve the highest goals, AND she lives it. Thank you, friend. —Dornea
I'm very grateful to my God who made all this possible; my parents who's love and support carried me through; my brother whose motivation constantly encouraged me; my dearest friend, Jorita who is always there; and all my close friends who pushed me through the hard times. —Cecily





36th COMPANY

Jeffery Brad Wilson
Perry, Michigan
Marine Corps

Known to all of us as Lizard Head, Jeff came to USNA from that thriving metropolis, Perry, Michigan. He's famous for parties at his sponsor's house, where he was completely exposed to all, plus a few grass stains. And at the last one...hey, were'd the keg go? Being an Aero major came naturally for such an airhead. Just what did that girl on New Year's eve look like? And remember Penn State? "You scare me! Stay away!" Then there's always the Notre Dame Closet Caper. For one who just exudes GUNGE, Lizard should do well with the jarheads, never mind what they said at Bulldog. With a trashcan for a memory, Lizard could tell you anything about anything, just ask him. Or don't, he'll tell you anyway. Favorite drink: Bud. Favorite sayings: Beer me! OOH-RAH! I'll clean it later. (Hey Lizard, when's later?) Favorite color: camoflage. And what's that highway by your house? Sixty what? Well, four years in the same company, two in the same room, and we're both still alive. Good luck; OOH-RAH! WKM

Kenneth David Bates
West Simsbury, Connecticut
Naval Flight Officer

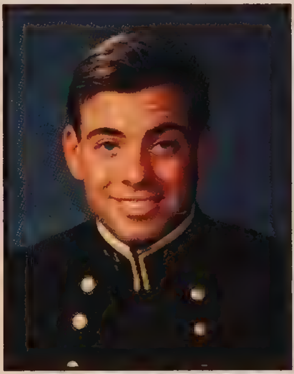
Ken comes to us from a state smaller than most counties the rest of us live in. The transition from home life to Academy life was eased by the close support of his brother and the soft comfort of white works. Before escaping from slob central second semester 3/c year, Ken had already established himself as the grand master of rack, especially during study hour; this still holds true today. Though his love life fluctuated, it could not match his sometimes drastic mood swings. Second class year Ken showed his true prowess taking heat from the Rocket and flaming on plebes. Despite his demonstrated ability at heat transfer, Ken ignored his true calling and chose NFO. You won't be spending Christmas at test depth. We wish fair winds and a competent pilot to our good friend.

Sabrina Susan Bell
Reno, Nevada
Surface Warfare

We would have never guessed that this cowgirl from Reno was a Navy brat. And who would have known Sabrina could talk unless you lived with her? A soft-spoken woman to most, "Bean" could converse intelligently on virtually any subject. Sabrina always had time to listen and offer advice, and could giggle in an instant. The invisible plebe of Thirty-Fifth company sure got attention when she substituted Donald Duck for our regulation brushed gold earrings. Her career in Navy gymnastics ended second class year when she broke her foot (couldn't you think of a better way to get out of march-on Bean brain?) First class year found Bean invisible again, due to a sudden intrest in powerlifting. But Sabrina was someone we could always have fun with- those Friday night pizza and pictionary parties, the ant farm in Pensacola, visits to the Bell ranch with Ma and Pa Bell, and those drives to the Jersey Shore. (Have you registered your car YET?) We love you, forever friends, God bless you, DMM MKW. Bean, three yrs. together is not gone, I'll always be there. CJ

Richard Scott Bonney
Severna Park, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

R. Scott Bonney, the man without a chest or beard, but just ask him about either and he'll tell you he's huge! Scott lives about a stones throw from Gate 8, but he'll still tell you it was rough being a plebe, especially with his mother following his upperclass around making sure they didn't abuse her son. Some of Scott's favorite expressions have been and will remain for 7 dimensions to come: "I understand the theory and the concepts, I'm all over that stuff, it's the math I hate" and "I think I'll wait for Renee until I grow old, even though she is a woman and can't make up her mind." Scott loves to run and when he asks you to go on a short jog with him, be prepared for about 12 outers. Of course he'll go slowly for you and not break the sound barrier right away. There is only one problem, when he is done running, he walks like a pogo stick. That's alright though, keep bouncing Scooter, someday you'll be huge. NRC Good luck Richard! Al



Adam Kennedy Bovshow
Santa Monica, California
Submarines

Adam Kennedy Bovshow..: alias "the Bov", the only person I know whose top priority is keeping his tan. Bov is the ultimate Californian; where the sun is warm and the women are hot. He has been my roommate for most of my time here at the Academy, and because of that, I have knowledge of most of his Far East conquests. Some day I am sure he will meet the right one. As for his future career in the silent service, if anyone can make the sub corps hard core -- it's Adam. Besides, aren't they putting tanning salons in the newer subs? Over the past three years, we have been through many experiences good and bad, and I know it will be hard for me to say goodbye in May. With luck on our side, maybe we will both be stationed in California. I love you like a brother. Good Luck. HCG

Andrew David Alan Burden
Pebble Beach, California
Navy Pilot

Andy, 'Spouse', came to Canoe U. from the land of fruits and nuts after a year of prep. school with 'Troff. He lettered three times in sailing-Bermuda on Connie, XO of Avenger, and Skipper of Insurgente. Thanks to Bill, Rick, Garron, and yes even Pods(B-C). Burden hated studying- preferring sleep much more. Maybe he'll get his wish- P-3's (and racks). If he wasn't a prisoner of Canoe U. or with his 'wife'(Eve), then he was probably scratching his way up some desolate rock face in Yosemite. Someday maybe he will even make it to Everest as he claims. Three years with a dirty nasty leg WOP (WithOut Papers) was an experience of a lifetime- thanks NRC. For Burds, the ultimate goal is to be happy in whatever he does. Poli Sci- QPR high! History is bunk.

Nicolo Russell Candela
Millington, Michigan
Navy Pilot

Nick came to USNA from somewhere outside of the Motor City. After forgoing a career path in the family's cement shoe business, Nick settled into the 33rd Co. Coming straight to the Boat school from high school, Nick did not have an "attitude" but he soon developed one. He was frequently known to stay up all night doing mulitcolored graphs and once had to be hospitalized from dehydration and exhaustion (i.e. sweating too much). Well, the petting and sweating techniques payed off as Nick service selected 37th in the class. His tour as Company Commander was indeed interesting. (He's writing a book called "My Struggle"). He is a whiz with women until he gets what every man wants and then he puts on the puppy dog personality and loses the edge. He has been a great friend who was always willing to lend an ear to an old man in distress. SAT

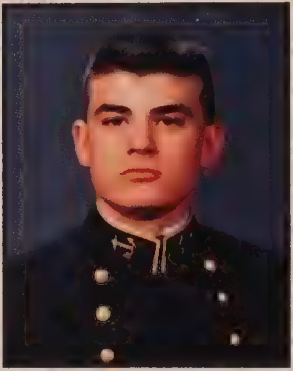
Christian

Alejandro

Hugo

Louis Anthony Carvalho
Glen Burnie, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Louis, a man of many sports, known to all as a master of the cross country course, 150# football field, and finally the cycling team — even the Pistol Team wasn't out of the question. His athletic ability is only matched by his ability to irritate his roommates. A future aviator, good luck and see you at the top. In 20 years, you'll know where to find us. MAP BRK



Christian Frederick DeFries III
Mission Viejo, California
Marine Corps Pilot

Christian, just call him FDR("D" girls), came to the test from a small, layed-back, town in Cali- Mission Viejo. What a test it was; first the Roaring Twenties, Gomboy, Aero eng., Ocean O, Ax-Boards, Gen. Sci., and Bulldog(Ooh Rah). To fly or not to fly was the long standing question, for that matter the only question that mattered in his mind. Too bad he loved the gridiron so much as a teen, we could have all avoided the struggle. Chris was recruited for water polo and finished his career as a three-on-three enthusiast. Academics may not have been his forte, but leadership and friendship were. Chris was more than a friend, he was like a guardian angel, always there when you needed him and ready to do all he could for you. Unique he is but Mugs and Spike will forever be identical. Girls? Raw subject. Except for the Del women, forever friends and teachers. Service selection came and Marine Air it was. The good times are just beginning, on to TBS and P-cola. Good Luck in the corps, I don't think you'll need it. Semper Fi. MDR & SPIKE

Alejandro Jose Garcia
Arlington, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Little Alejandro Jose Garcia entered this world with more hair on his head than many of his classmates will ever have (not to mention names, Nick). Even from the start the bouncing Bolivian baby was finicky about his bristles, so his mom learned quickly that the only place where her boy would be guaranteed a weekly haircut was in the military. Al was promptly shipped off to Fork Union, where the young FUMA Daddy spent 4 yrs. working his way from a lowly unfrocked Pvt. all the way up to frocked Private. He then spent a year at NAPS, where he honed his military skills to butter-knife sharpness. As a Pleber in 33 the sum of his 5 years of pro-knowledge made him the constant center of attention. Friends like Bill and Nick were so amazed that they followed him to 36 for the next 3 yrs. and there saw Al earn a lasting name for himself in the "under a thousand club" as he quickly went through Mech E, General E, and finally General Science. Now, with Tammy's help, Al seeks the ultimate goal: Anchorman for '90 (and 1000 1$ bills) and a SWO-divated job on the ship of hard Knox. RSB

Hugo Cesar Gutierrez
Houston, Texas
Marine Corps

The "Huge Man" came to the Naval Academy with the goal of being a lean, green, killing machine. He has remained true to his word. When the roving youngster barber shop came around to give him a slight trim on service selection night, his K-bar served as a useful deterrent. Huge has some interesting past times, including his alarming behavior at Maryland frat parties and his shattering performances in Georgetown. As far as music, it would seem he has a certain passion for Stevie Nicks. Huge is an avid fan of the beach and "taking a tan," but not of the shark and rip tide infested Pacific Ocean. (Swimmer--get out of the water!). Huge has a strange habit of falling into delirium and citing quotes from movies he has seen in the last decade. His favorite place to hang out and drink on Superbowl Sunday is in a tree by a local grade school across from the Stadium. Though he is a "Mech-easy" major, he is usually in the rack by 1030, unless, of course, he is on the phones or in the wardroom. Watch out for the O-course ropes at Quantico!

Mark Allen Hoff

Watsonville, California
Navy Pilot

Former college student, Mexican food enthusiast, photographer, Eagle Scout, weightlifter, triathlete, rastafarian, Californian, Police/Sting fan, mountain climber, coffee drinker, east coast advocate (yeah, right), francophile, European traveler, oceanographer, lover, aspiring naval aviator. These are but a few of this man's many titles. He's been away from the Golden State almost four years and has loved every minute of it. (Haven't you Mark?) Hofferdog arrived at this wonderful place from Watsonville via Cal Poly SLO. Mistake or good career move? You make the call. He was a pretty motivated youngster when he came to 36 but got smart 2/c year by hooking up with Tracy and deciding to go Navy air. It's safe to say that he had a change in priorities. As Pensacola beckons, Mark will have to give up all those things so dear to him: door slams, transom runs, zero degree mornings, and nightly study hour intrusions. This guy will definitely get the most out of life. "Let's roll muchacho!" MPW

Eric Robert Hofmeister

Toledo, Ohio
Submarines

Eric came to USNA from the land of the Mudhens via the local model shop. Arriving in Roarin' 20, Eric's helping attitude and generous nature soon landed him in trouble. Always quick to cover for a classmate, Eric was awarded the dubious honor of all-calls. And being so quick to learn from his mistakes, Eric roomed with his nemesis youngster year... and 2/C year. Unable to gain command in the German Navy, Eric stayed on and entered the Mech E. major to improve his skills in Risk, model building, and cigar smoking. While camping, Eric revealed his favorite Navy guy, Captain Crunch. Who could forget those weekends at A.U., making new traffic regs with Bill. Alas, 1/C year saw the addition of a new fascination, the girl in the pink & white of Ohio road trip fame. Finally, Eric revealed his true love, money. We wish Eric all the best and maybe a little sunshine at test depth.

Michael Louis Jensen

Myrtle Beach, S.C.
Naval Flight Officer

Mike, alias Ensign Jensen, came to us from (of all places) Myrtle Beach, SC after a short stint at the other end of 8-2 in 35th company, and will soon be off to Pensacola. Soccer was his bag, company and battalion, whenever he could get it. After somehow avoiding each other for two years, we became roommates after first class cruise, which worked out pretty well. The plebes hadn't broken him- now it was my turn. He had, at this point, become rather attached to his future wife out of some necessity: she still had a car after he managed to roll and total his own. With the insurance claim settled, Mike was able to start making plans for THE WEDDING (his, not mine). I just wonder what they're going to do with a collection of computer books that would make even Nimitz Library jealous. We all wish them luck, though I'm sure things will work out great. We'll see you on the flight deck! JLS

Christy Johns

Alexandria, Virginia
General Unrestricted Line

When she wasn't working at becoming the next Albert Einstein, she was conscientiously working her heart out on her baby, "the Lucky Bag." ("Sweat, who me?") Christy may have been continually frantic, living amidst her organized chaos, but she always found time for those deep, heart-to-heart talks, earning her title as the Brigade Psychologist. We'll remember "Sarge" by Scrabble, her camera, her Daytimer, hives, bagels, food in her braces, Jane, talks in T-Court, early morning rock-n-roll trivia, psycho meetings, her quick wit, and her heart. Christy is top candidate for the Most Improved Player Award, living proof that Jesus Christ changes lives 180 degrees, times 90! She has more friends than anyone we know-- who else got 8 cards, candy and flowers for Valentine's Day and doesn't even have a boyfriend! We love you! P.S. 'Woops!' we mentioned him! SAM DMM KLD

David Lee Kayea
Apopka, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

Dave, also, known as "Streaks," came to the academy as a hard-charging, go-get-'em Marine-wanna-be. Little did he know that he would be corrupted by his roomie, the Sidewinder. Dave, with my help, perfected the skills of racking at all hours, putting long hours in the wardroom, and playing practical jokes on "the Beaner." Upon entering our room, you would never find us studying IF you could find us at all through the rubble. Yet, Dave was somehow able to maintain a 3.0— must have had something to do with him being a history major. Dave came to realize that Navy Air held a more promising lifestyle, so look for Dave "streaking" across the sky at Pensacola. DER

Brian Rene Keith
Syracuse, New York
Supply Corps

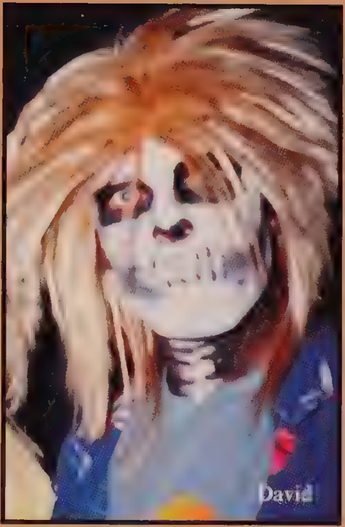
Brian, the best lacrosse player to ever graduate from Navy, was known by many names- Jake, Flamingo Kid, BK, Chiquita, Stork, and finally, the Invisible Green Monster. Jake's reputation was known far and wide, but he was a superstar at Omar's and especially McGarvey's. The White Shadow was challenged by many women, but in the end none could tame him. A brother to many, (including his dad), but a roommate to only two. The Corps will be a far better organization with the addition of its finest new member. Do it for Dancy. MAP LAC

Dianna Maria Manzoni
Paulsboro, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Although she admits to being from New Jersey, Dianna emits a brightness that has touched us all. No one could have guessed that behind that soft voice and those inch-thick glasses lurks a will of steel that doesn't accept talk from anyone. That strong will served her well in cross country and crew, but she still wasn't able to evade the hordes of strange men who pursued her (Re: a particularly long semester of ballroom dancing). Luckily, Mr. Wonderful finally appeared and we could all rest easy. Her endearing quirks were talking in her sleep, not smiling in pictures (gee, do you have BRACES?), and jumping onto desks when mice emerged from her con locker, which often doubled as a hide-out when a certain graceful gentleman stopped by. "Gosh, I don't know where she is." Helping out whenever she could, Dianna even tried her hand at doing Lucky Bag. Things that remind us of our time with Di: Pictionary, Scrabble, Chinese food, pizza, Broadway musical soundtracks, her accent (how do you spell "wooder?") and trips to "the Shore." Thanks for caring, we love you. CJ SSB

Christopher Mosakewicz
Woodbridge, Virginia
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

Chris made the short journey to the Naval Academy from nearby northern Virginia. Plebe year went quickly for Chris, aided by the fact that none of his upperclass could pronounce his name or find him standing under his desk. Moscow moved forward to 3/c year and the comfort of an engineering major. Chris also developed a passion for rugby, fieldball and other forms of physical abuse. Chris ended youngster year as reigning sun tan king after falling asleep in Daytona, turning yellow, and being a hit with the woman. The ultimate planner, Chris has become adept at putting 150% effort into projects and watching them go slightly askew. Ever since plebe year, Chris has been the ultimate SWO, culminating in his selection of CG and Nume (I guess they don't have Nuke battleships). We're sure Chris will succeed in the fleet and never run out of energy, and we wish all the best to a true friend.



Christopher

Vera Michele Perry
Hopewell Junction, New York
Supply Corps

What is essential to understand about Vera is her deadly, unmerciful excitement to inflict the most treacherous revenge upon the enemy. For example, "No wonder you flunked out of systems, [illegible]!" Secondly, would be her capacity to hear that undiscernable noise coming from her RACK. "Vera, you have a spare moment before class, formation, aerobics, come rest yourself," said her rack. A witness, her own CO. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM. "Vera there?" "Is your roommate sick, she's always sleeping?". Thirdly, would be the cool calmness she always exudes, hardly any emotion, until that bolt of horrendous laughter strikes. But I cannot leave out her quiet self assuredness. Silent, but deadly. I would be remiss for not mentioning her keen instinct to sniff out a SALE. She's a great friend who kept me in tears of laughter, especially her dissatisfaction during football season and her dainty fall off the curb. To sum her all up, "Look, don't be messin' in my BIDNEZ!" V.B.

Mark Andrew Petroff
Plymouth, Michigan
Submarines

Troff hails from outside of Detroit where he arrived at USNA via prep school and a stellar high school career. Known as the greatest leader to graduate from USNA, who can forget COMGRU12 (OOH, Taz, what is it going to do in here next, snow? and the "big picture"). His honor and integrity are only surpassed by his incredible age and his ability to make a buck at anyone's expense. Gekko will join his submarine brethren after his wedding to the lovely, little Eileen. See you at business school. SAT BRK LAC

Joseph Polanin
Carteret, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Joe,
The U.S. Naval Academy is overflowing with creative people. I'm glad you're not one of them.

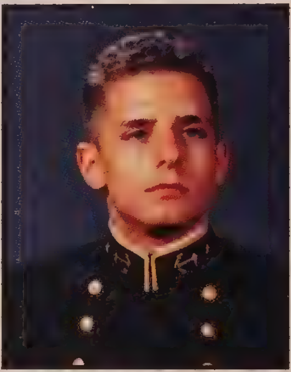
J.J.W.

David Eric Raby
Annapolis, Maryland
Surface Warrior

Better known as the "sidewinder", how can one describe this man. Even after being his roommate for three years, which many find unbelievable, he is still a mystery. Dave's home is in this lovely city of Annapolis, yet ask him to find his way back from the mall and he is hopelessly lost. Dave's a good man and a lot of fun to room with. Our room has never experienced a dull moment, or for that matter, a clean moment as he usually dumps his garbage and clothes on the floor where it will remain for all eternity. He came here to the Academy as a recruited golfer, which is a joke if you've seen him play, but since has switched sports to one in which he excels- wrestling- which better fits his "Gumby-like" physique. My standards in women never rubbed off on him as he seemed to have a goal of receiving the brick every weekend; at least that is the excuse he used for what he was seen with. Dave made Mother B somewhat more amusing with his off-the-wall sense of humor. Good luck in Charleston and on the high seas. DLK

Max Roland Reck II
New Oxford, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

After breaking the mold at NAPS, Max came to USNA with high hopes of being the ultimate bubblehead. Sadly, Max's education in his one-stoplight town did not prepare him well enough for Navy academics. Max disappeared youngster year only to resurface at the start of second class year avowing his new favorite holiday: February 14th. Next, Max escaped the Axe boards and valiantly led us North in the infamous Reck party van. Alas, Max never really got enough to eat at home or at tailgaters, and never regained that lost weight from High School. Max reintroduced us to America and the social elite of the Club. That's probably why he bought a Japanese car. The Mighty Mo just won't be the same when Max takes over as turret officer, but hopefully they'll adapt to his "neat-freak" attitude. Good luck Max, and we all wish that your dad could have made it to have been the guest speaker at graduation.



Jonathan Lee Salkoff
Huntington Station, N.Y.
Surface Warfare, Nuclear

"Jonny K.","Slackoff" or Jon, hails from Long Island and joined the 36th Company after starting out in 19. For reasons known only to Skip, he quickly picked up the name "Jonny K." After a year with us, he went off to the Coast Guard Academy to see the puddle pirates (and to become one of them from what I hear.) Jon entered firtie year in a bit of style - an attempt to "train" the plebes, and then it was off to England. After a brief taste of the married life, Jonny K. was sent home packing. Will anybody ever know the whole story? Probably not. Now he's off to Orlando, and the women down there are getting ready to welcome him. Perhaps one day he'll be able to use a microphone without stumbling. One thing's for sure; he'll always be a good friend. DLT and I thank you for the friendship and fun. Good luck in Nuke school. P.S. "Don't forget to knock!" MLJ

Michael Lynn Shirer
Wooster, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer

Swimming into Chesapeake Bay, Mike spied the Naval Academy and decided to check it out. Alas Mike's fins didn't hold up, and he was destined to live on land with the rest of us mortals. After 3/C summer in disguise, Mike returned to USNA to learn some useful foreign phrases such as "No hurt cool Ott." Mike continued to make friends such as Phil, Sherm, and Pete; too bad none of them stayed at Navy very long. Mike introduced us to the culture that was missing in our lives: every line in Caddyshack, Ohio, Zach and the boys, "shoving off", face down in the alley and other tactful drinking skills. By the way, who was John Galt? Mike attained his goal of Navy NFO, now all he needs is to find that perfect woman made of cheese. We wish Mike fair winds and following cheese, by the way, did you ever get that sweater chit?

Cary Garnett Smith
Boise, Idaho
Navy Pilot

Bow of the foul four but stern of the shack. Long hours at Hubbard Hall=No Accountability, how convenient. Pigpen hails from the Potato State. Baltimore Harbor recon. No underwear allowed in the back of the bus. You're not really a mid are you? Used orange raincoat, a good find? What would Aretha Schwarz say? He's wearing Converse glow-in-the-dark hightops, a purple bandana, green frogskins, and row trou- "No he's not retarded," he's just going to Truxtun Park to play with his mountain bike. Chevy-Dick Cepeks-Mastercraft- Connelly slalom with shampoo=$60K worth of gear for $12K in debt-a 7% on Engine Math. Fix the trailer, SINK the boat. Apple juice and bagels. All-you-can-eat breakfast bar at Bob's for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Gene the top down machine-Cary how is the eye? "Go work out LOSERS" Rosy and his sweetheart on the tandem bike. Everyone drop. WE FEW, WE HAPPY FEW, WE BAND OF BROTHERS.

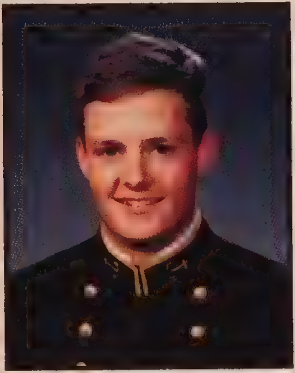
onte

William

Steven

Steven Albert Tazza
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Supply Corps

Out of nowhere, DB17 came from the city of pig iron and football to the Boat School directly from high school where, I might add, he ruled supreme. All that changed when he arrived at USNA and he was forced to work his way up from the dregs. Although he will tell you he doesn't sweat anything, he can be quoted as saying with much regularity -- "How old am I?". One time we cut him in half and counted his rings, there were at least 150 and the potential was there for many more. Let it be noted, however, that all those ancient times he did experience, paid off. By his senior year, he managed not only to start at Defensive Back but managed to lock horns with some of the nation's finest wide receivers. Through it all, Tazza and his most loyal supporters, his family and Wendy, have not lost sight of the ulitmate goal - 6 figures and that condo on the beach. See you at Business School Yeah Tazz! NRC MAP



William Capehart Walke III
Hinsdale, Illinois
Navy Pilot

Bill is still trying to grow his hair back from plebe year, that is why we all call him Beaker. Bill is presently aspiring to be the next John Travolta, but until that great day of success, he is content with being an epitome of an engineer. Bill has time and time again shown his dislike for books and writing papers, especially Plato and other good friends. Oh, what fond memories there are of Bill throwing Faulkner off 8-4 into the tennis courts. Billy has also taken a special liking to the tailor shop and the cobbler shop over the past four years. His pants are always to big and his shoes constantly resoled. Bill started getting prepared for independence when he arrived here from Chicago. He has since accumulated enough household appliances to fill a small kitchen. He is also pretty handy at wiring! We unamimously vote Bill most likely to be a househusband. NRC

James Joseph Wolf
Lackawanna, New York
Surface Warfare

Jim,

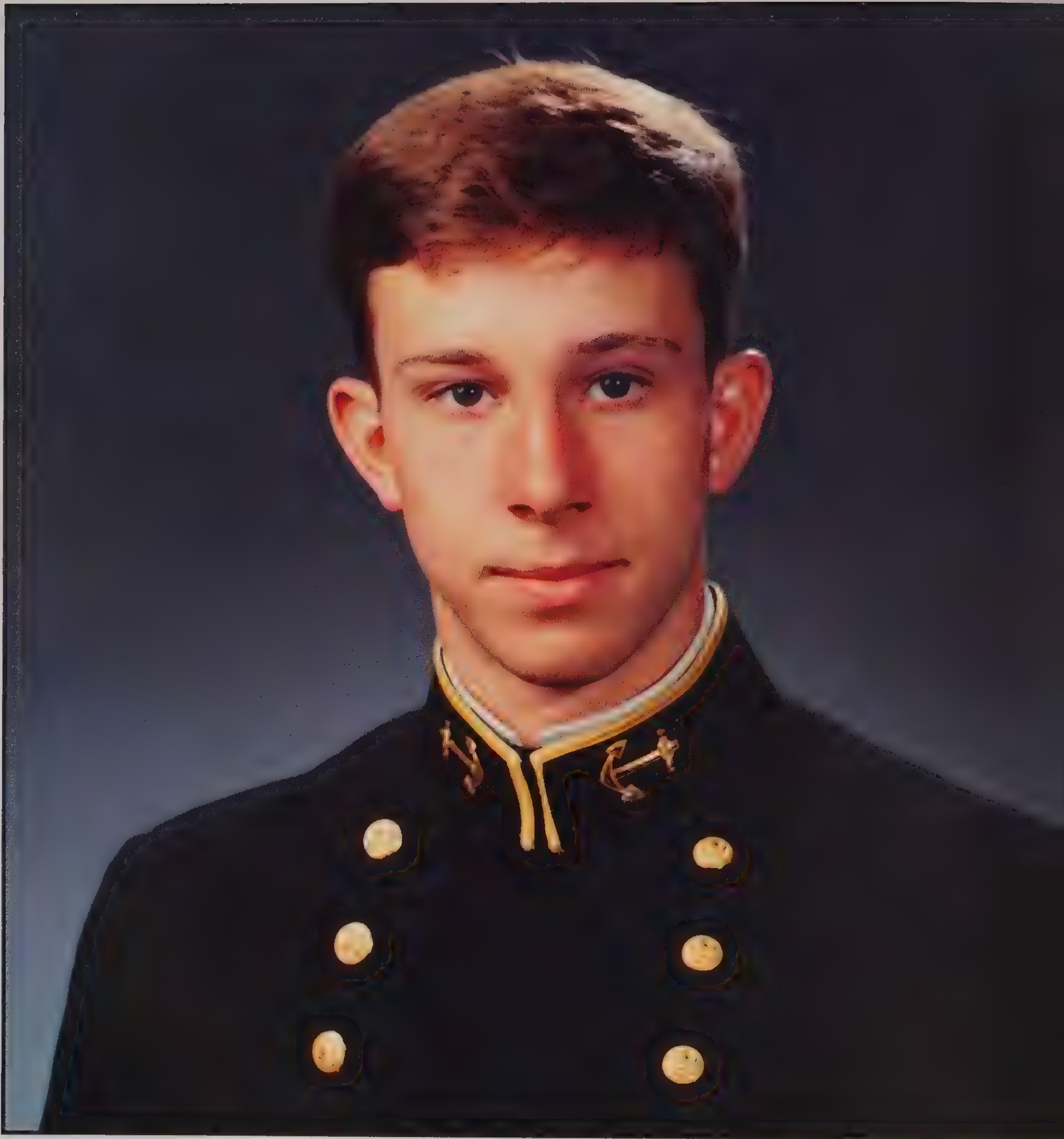
30 May 1990: A day that will live in infamy. Back to life, back to reality.

J.P.

Monte Patrick Woodfin
Clarksville, Tennessee
Navy Pilot

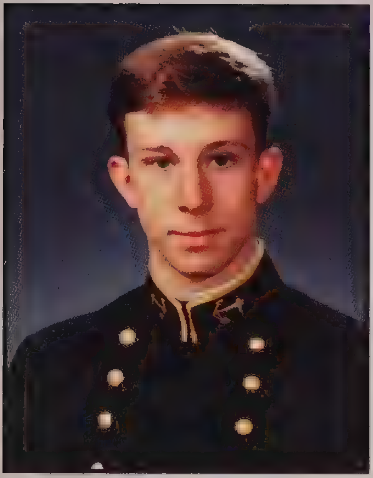
Is this guy really from Tennessee? Somewhere between Clarksville and Annapolis Monte lost his accent, developed an ear for Irish rock, and a stomach for Mexican cuisine (no ketchup, thanks). His southern heritage was contaminated even further as four California roomates wore down his resistance to Mexican beer, hot salsa, and reggae music. Although he won't admit it, he now sings Bob Marley in his sleep. After a stormy plebe year in Form 2, (it was almost over before it began) Monte settled into 36 to relax and hone his talents. A true coffee achiever, he managed to turn even Mark to the caffeine darkside. Golf enthusiast, NFL armchair potato, history fact machine, impressionist, Monte continually strives for new ways to relax and have fun. Neither the Youngster Hell Week nor the Kent State tumble could dampen his enthusiasm. A future of naval aviation and ironman triathlons are mere stepping stones on this man's road to greatness. Just do it. MAH

In Memory

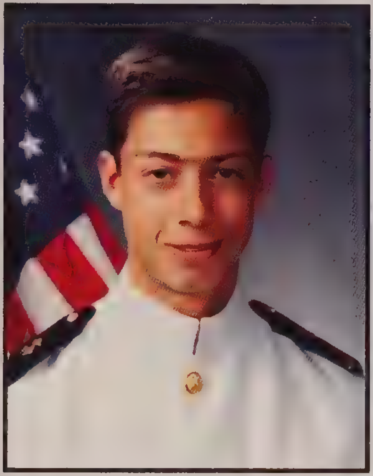


Robert Patrick Packowski
Class of 1990

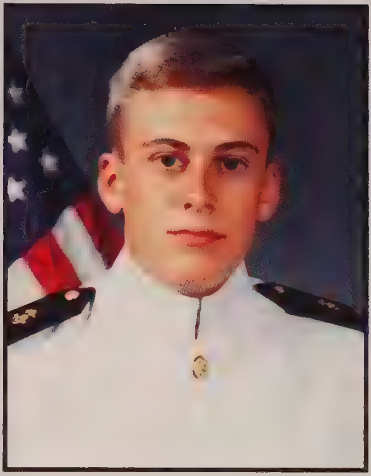
# of Our Shipmates



Robert P. Packowski
Class of 1990

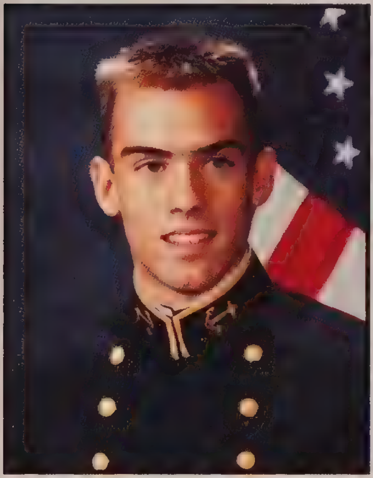


Andrew G. Myers
Class of 1991

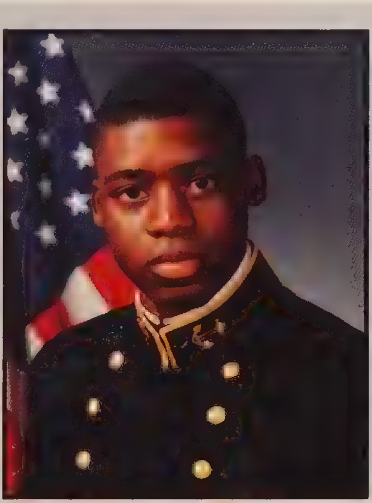


William J. Donovan, Jr.
Class of 1991

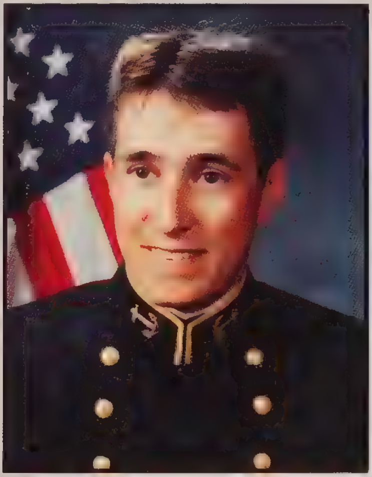
Traditionally, only the midshipmen of the graduating class are included in the Memoriam pages; however, this year we lost six of our shipmates, and the Brigade felt this loss very deeply. Robert, Donald, William, and Andy ran on the cross country team together. We thought it fitting to keep them together. Rob Barr inspired us to always reach out and take hold of our dreams. Steve taught us all what it really means to never give up hope. These young men touched our lives and will not be forgotten. With these pages, we pay tribute to them.



Donald L. Landry
Class of 1991



Robert L. Barr, Jr.
Class of 1991



Stephen M. Janson
Class of 1992

Those We Left Behind

ADAMS, SEAN PATRICK
ADAMSON, MATTHEW JOHN
ALCAZAR, ADRIAN
ANDERSON, CHRISTOPHER LYNN
ANDERSON, TY CHRISTIAN
ARK, BRIAN JOHN
ARVIZU, MARK ROBERT
AVILA, DAVID LOUIS
BARDELL, DARREN LEO MARSHAL
BARILAR, COURTNEY ANTOINETTE
BARNES, MORGAN LEE
BARRANCO, PAUL SAMUEL
BARTEL, KENT ALAN
BELL, QUINTIN ROOSEVELT
BENISH, GREGORY LEO
BENITES, RICHARD JASON
BLAKE, DAVID IAN
BLEAKLEY, JAMES MOORE
BLOUNT, DAVID DILL
BLUM, JOHN ERIK
BONACCI, JOSEPH R.
BOND, JOSEPH COLET
BOUGHTON, RICHARD LAMAR
BOWMAN, PAUL DAVID
BOYETT, CATHERINE ELIZABETH
BRADLEY, MARNIE CHRISTINE
BRODERICK, SAMUEL DAVID
BROWN, ANDRE DARNELL
BROWN, CHRISTOPHER WAYNE
BROWN, KEVIN MAURICE
BRUNO, THOMAS ARTHUR
BUNOSSO, ANTHONY THOMA
BURBAGE, SHOURONN ALETHEA
BURGOS, MANUEL
BURKHALTER, EDWARD BENNETT
BURROUGHS, MICHAEL DELANE
BUZZELLI, PAUL JAMES
CAIN, ANDREW LEE
CAJATI, MARIO CRAIG
CAMPBELL, PATRICIA CHRISTINE
CARDINAL, KATHYANNE LUCIA
CARPENTER, BRIAN AARON
CARRIER, KEN EDWARD
CARROLL, STEPHEN PATRICK
CHADWICK, CHARLES ANDREW
CHALMERS, ALEXANDER TAGGART
CHATEAUNEUF, KEITH RICHARD
CHAUDHRY, NASEER AHMAD
CHINCHILLA, ERIC ARTURO
CHIPLEY, DONALD HOLDEN
CHLARSON, DANIEL LEE
CHOU, TIMOTHY GUYNEMER
CLAYTON, SCOTT ALEXANDER
COCOTIS, PAUL ALEXANDER
COOK, CHARLES LAMAR
COPLAND, ANN ELIZABETH
CORRAL, HECTOR FRANCISCO
COSGROVE, AMY ELISABETH
COSTON, DARREN MICHAEL
CRESPO, MICHAEL JOHN
CROLL, TRAVIS JAY
CRONIN, PATRICK SHAUN
CROWLEY, JOHN FRANCIS
DAGGS, STEVEN MICHAEL
DALLEMAGNE, PAUL C.
DAMICO, CHRISTINE MARIE
DANIELS, PATRICK DUFF
DAVILA, RAFAEL ANGEL
DAVIS, TIMOTHY LEE
DEAL, DANNY CHRISTOPHER
DECHANT, CHRIS LEE
DECKER, MICHAEL PAUL
DENBY, BRIAN VANCAMP
DEPAUW, TODD CLAYTON
DESIMONE, JOHN JOSEPH
DEVINE, JOSEPH MARTIN
DICKINSON, LARRY ALLAN
DINEEN, CHRISTINA MARIE
DODD, ROBERT E.
DOYLE, STEVEN MICHAEL
DRAKE, RANDY ALAN
DREES, JEFFREY ALLEN
DUBBS, ROGER BRUCE
DUNCAN, CLARENCE ROLAND
DUNN, RICHARD PAUL
EDWARDS, RICHARD ISAAC
EHLAND, MATTHEW JUDE
EICHSTEDT, DAVID BRUCE
ELLIOTT, MARK CHRISTOPHER
ERNST, NORA LOUISE
ESPINOZA JACOB H.
EVANS, CHRISTOPHER TRAVIS
FALCO, ANTONY PATRICK
FARIS, LEAH MICHELLE
FARMER, STEPHEN RANDALL
FASCHING, MICHAEL JON
FENZL, GEORGE JOHN
FERNANDEZ, JAMES PHILIP
FERRARO, ROBERTA LYNN
FERREIRA, ANTONIO MARIO
FISHER, DAVID DEAN
FITZPATRICK, JOHN FRANCIS
FLOWERS, DAVID BRANDON
FLOWERS, JON LEE
FLYNN, BRIAN ERIK
FOERSTER, JAMES JARED
FORD, KELVIN ANTONIO
FOX, JAMES NORMAN
FREDERICK, CALVIN RUDY
FULLER, RITA JOY
GALLAGHER, SUSAN CATHERINE
GALLAGHER, TERENCE
GARD, DAVID ALAN
GAREY, PATRICK JAMES
GENTRY, JOHN MICHAEL
GIBBONS, SCOTT FARRELL
GIBBS, TODD A.
GIBSON, PHILIP MICHAEL
GILBERT, MICHAEL JOSEPH
GOODMAN, DOUGLAS GRADY
GOSSETT, MICHAEL ALAN
GOULDING, TRENTON EVAN
GRAZANO, VINCENT EDWARD
GRIFFEA, TANYA LEILANI
GROCHOWSKI, RICHARD SCOTT
GROSSHOLZ, MICHAEL L.
GUZMAN, LEONARD TITO
HANLON, MARY ELIZABETH
HANSEL, MARYANNE MULLIGAN
HAPTONSTAHL, STEPHEN ROBERT
HARRIS, BRUCE MCBRAYER
HARRIS, RACHEL FRANCES
HART, BRADLEY EUGENE
HAYDEN, LANCE ALAN
HEATHERMAN, WILLIAM JOSEPH
HEMPHILL, PATRICK DONALD
HERR, MARCO FRANCIS
HERRIN, VINCENT EDWARD
HITT, CHRISTOPHER DUANE
HOFMANN, BRIAN THOMAS
HOLLEY, DARRELL MAURICE
HOLTER, PETER THOMAS
HOPKINS, BYRON KEITH
HOWELL, LELAND ANDERSON
HRABA, PETER JAMES
HUBBARD, ROBERT LOWELL
HUDAK, JOHN CHRISTOPHER
HUDSON, CHRISTOPHER BRYAN
HUNKAPILLER, DEAN ALAN
HUNT, HAROLD DUKE
HYNDMAN, JOSEPH EDWARD
INTLEKOFER, PAUL SCOTT
ISACSON, KENNETH JAMES
JACOBSON, KATRINE GRAM
JANOSKY, MARK JOSEPH
JAUCH, KEVIN RONALD
JEFFERSON, SHERMAN JOSEPH
JENKINS, PETER ROBERT
JENSEN, MATTHEW PEARSON
JETTON, WILLIAM WINSTON
JOHNSON, JAMES FRANKLIN
JOHNSON, MICHAEL CRAIG
JOLIET, JEROME LEO
JOYCE, MICHAEL JOHN
KANE, CHARLES PAUL
KANE, PATRICK CURTISS
KASPRZAK, FRANCIS JOHN
KELLER, GREGORY BLAKE
KELLER, TIMOTHY JAMES
KELLY, BRIAN DAVID
KERSTEN, DOUGLAS JAMES
KINGSFIELD, RAYMOND EARL
KIRK, BRADLEY DION
KOCHER, LESLIE ANNE
KOENIG, KENDRA LEA
KRAFT, MICHAEL LOUIS
KUDZMA, JOHN CHARLES
LABUDDA, KENNETH DWAYNE
LAMBDIN, THAD PHILIP
LANDY, GRANT ADAM
LANGE, ERIC CHRISTIAN
LARSON, DONALD PHILIP
LAVALLEY, ROBERT CECIL
LEE, SUSAN
LEYBA, LINDA ISAIDA
LINDSEY, EVAN BURK
LOMBARDI, JOHN CYREL
LOPEZ, MARCOS
LOVETT, CHARLES KENT
LUDWIG, SCOTT WALLACE
LUNDSTROM, CHRISTOPHER JOHN
LUPTON, STEVEN TODD
LUTTON, DEBORAH ANN
LUXON, KEVIN JAMES
MALACHOWSKI, KAREN ANN
MALIN, MICHAEL JOSEPH
MARA, JOSEPH DAVID
MARTIN, ANDREW ALAN
MARTIN, JOHN DAVID
MASTERS, JEFFREY LAWRENCE
MATHISEN, MARIO ARTHUR
MATOFSKY, ROBERT HENRY
MATSUMURA, MATTHEW TODD
MCCUE, JOSEPH CHRISTOPHER
MCGAHN, DONALD FRANCIS JAMES
MCGARY, DAVID FRANK
MCGAUGHEY, CARRICK BRADFORD
MCINERNEY, WILLIAM GEORGE
MCMILLAN, JENNIFER MARIE
MELO, NILO SANTAMARIA
MERCIER, ALEX PAUL
MILLER, JON DAVID
MILLER, MICHAEL RICHARD
MILLER, TODD DAVID
MILLER, WALLACE TODD
MILLS, JAMES ROBERT
MITERKO, DONALD JAMES
MONTGOMERY, EDGAR PARK
MORGAN, DONALD ALLEN
MORGAN, ROGER DALE
MOROCO, PHILIP ANTHONY
MORTIMER, JAMES RONALD
MORTON, CHRISTOPHER WILLIAM
MYERS, JENNIFER LEE
NELSON, DONALD DALE
NELSON, KENT WILLIAM
NESSETH, HANS CLIFFORD
NEWPORT, WILLIAM HOWARD
NOBREGA, JOSE RICARDO
NORDMANN, MATTHEW MICHAEL
OFLAHERTY, SEAN PAUL
OH, HAN SUK
OLIVER, PERRY LEE
OSOGWIN, MICHAEL JOHN
OUELLETTE, PENNY LYNN
OWENS, THOMAS NELSON
OWENS, TODD GARRETT
PALMIERI, NICOLE AGNES
PALOMO, ENRIQUE SALVADOR
PARDO, JAMES ANTHONY
PARK, MOON JIN
PARKER, BRADLEY ALAN
PASCHKE, MICHAEL PAUL
PATTERSON, WALKER DAVID
PATTON, NANETTE SUZANNE
PEREZ, RAYMOND
PEREZ, TRACEY LYNN
PERKINS, ROBERT HARRISON
PETTUS, SAMUEL LARRY
PHELPS, JANHEIN WEBER
PHILLIPS, SCOTT DAVID
PIERPONT, KRISTA LYNN
PITTMAN, DAVID LOUIS
POWERS, JOHN JOSEPH
PRAKOBCHATI, SUCHATE
PRICKETT, MICHAEL FREDERICK
PROUDFIT, JAMES ROBERT
QUINN, JOHN JOSEPH
REEDER, JEFFREY TADOR
REVERING, ERIC WILLIAM
REXROAD, JAY ARON
REZAC, JASON ALLEN
RICH, ROBERT HAROLD
RIVKIN, DAVID AARON
ROACH, SHANE CHARLES
RODRIQUEZ, PABLO R.
ROJAS, ALVARO ENRIQUE
ROSEN, CHRISTOPHER JAY
ROSS, CHRISTOPHER AARON
ROTONDI, RICHARD PAUL
ROWE, DAVID ARTHUR
ROY, GERALD MEAD
RUETER, STEPHEN FRANK
RYPKA, ROBERT ALLAN
SAMMONS, STEPHEN DAVID
SANCHEZ, PEDRO ALBERTO
SANDERS, DARRIN BUD
SCHAVE, JASON ALLEN
SCHEININ, ADAM BRET
SCHLEGEL, PETER JAMES
SCHOEN, ANDREW CLARK
SCOTT, ARTHUR ALEXANDER
SCRUGGS, CHARLES LANE
SENGER, JOHN MIGUEL
SERMONS, HORACE JUNIOR
SHARER, ROBERT WALTER
SHAW, KATHERINE MARIE
SHAY, DAVID CHRISTOPHER
SIEMENS, PAUL TIMOTHY
SIMON, MICHAEL IRWIN
SKOKAN, ROBERT DAVID
SLAMP, PETER EUGENE
SLOAN, STEVEN BRETT
SMELTZ, THOMAS EUGENE
SMITH, BRIAN LEE
SMITH, CHARLES STEVIN
SMITH, MARY JANE
SNYDER, PAUL JOSEPH
SOFIELD, GEORGE WILLIAM
SOLOMON, JOSEPH DAVID
SOMERVILLE, BRYAN THOMAS
SORIANO, ARIEL PATRICK
SORREL, EDWARD ALEXANDER
SPENCE, ELIZABETH TIFFANY
SPENCER, JUAN MIKKLENSON
SPITZNOGLE, JON CHARLES
STARK, DANIEL KENNAN
STEMMLE, JAMES PATRICK
STERNER, CINDY LYNN
STONE, STEPHANIE ELIZABETH
STRINGFELLOW, ANN MARIE
STUKES, MARSHALL W.
SULLIVAN, PAUL JOHN
SUPAN, TIMOTHY DAVID
TAMBLYN, JOSEPH BRIANT
TEED, LARRY ANDRES
THEBERGE, JAMES PATRICK
THOMAS, CHRIS EUGENE
THOMPSON, CRAIGE OTIS
THOMPSON, JAMES EMIL
THORWARD, BRANDY CRYSTAL
TISDALE, MICHAEL SCOTT
TOBIAS, LISA MARIE
TOYRYLA, MICHAEL DAVID
TREVETT, ANDREA LYNN
TUCKER, ELIZABETH VAUGHN
UNDERWOOD, DANIEL JOSEPH
UTNIK, RICHARD CASEY
VANDERBUNT, ADAM JAMES
VANDERBUNT, DEREK CHARLES
VAUGHN, WILLIAM KENNETH
WAGNER, JOHN RUSLING
WCISLO, ROBERT ALAN
WEAVER, RAYMOND LAWRENCE
WEINBERG, JAIME HOPE
WELSH, JAMES PATRICK
WERTH, ERIC ANDREW
WHITE, KIRK SANDERS
WHITE, TIMOTHY WILLIAM
WILKERSON, JOHN ELLER
WILLIAMS, THOMAS RICHARD
WILSON, WESLEY WADE
WINKLER, JORMA BRUCE
WONG, GREGORY KAI
WOOD, WILLIAM J.
WOODY, STEPHEN SEAN
WORTHINGTON, JOSEPH WILLIAM
WRIGHT, WILLIAM JOSEPH
YARBROUGH, YARREN RAY
YATKO, STEPHEN ALBERT
YETISER, TARKAN MURAT
ZAPOLSKI, MARTIN JOHN
ZEICH, TODD ALAN

JOSTENS

Color In A Black And White World

JOSTENS